





With the Review

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HISTORY

OF THE

TENTH REGIMENT,

VERMONT VOLUNTEERS,

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE OFFICERS WHO FELL IN BATTLE.

AND

A COMPLETE ROSTER

OF ALL THE OFFICERS AND MEN CONNECTED WITH IT—SHOWING ALL
CHANGES BY PROMOTION, DEATH OR RESIGNATION, DURING
THE MILITARY EXISTENCE OF THE REGIMENT.

BY

CHAPLAIN E. M. HAYNES.

PUBLISHED BY THE
TENTH VERMONT REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

1870.

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TO THE READER.

THIS work, such as it is, now committed to the citizens of Vermont, and, so far as it may concern them, to the general public, and especially to the friends and surviving members of the Tenth Regiment, was authoritatively assigned to the hands that have performed it.

It was the great good fortune of Vermont to have such Executives as Governor FAIRBANKS to put the State into line, Governor HOLBROOK to bear up the standard during his terms of official service, and Governor SMITH to close up the struggle and bridge the chasm to returning peace; and that during all of this trying period, her exchequer was under the experienced care of Hon. JOHN B. PAGE, as State Treasurer, since an honored Governor of the State. These men performed distinguished service for the State and the Nation, in the faithful discharge of their civil offices, and to their acknowledged ability and patriotic endeavors, with the universal sympathy and coöperation of all loyal citizens, those in the field were vastly indebted. We trust that we may ever hold them in grateful remembrance for their valuable services.

The author has apprehended the difficulties to be encountered in undertaking to present the history of a single Regiment, where all of its military operations, its victories and defeats, have been shared by similar and larger organizations, but they have not been mastered. No attempt has been made to give undue prominence to this organization to the disparagement of others from the same or other States; still the TENTH REGIMENT and its operations have been the particular subjects of the following pages. Hence the descriptions of battles,

where we were but a fraction compared with the whole engaged—a grain in the vast weight that crushed the Rebellion—the somewhat detailed account of marches and of time, the careful references to movements and position, and also to commanders, have been more to present these subjects than from any judgment that he was competent to deal skillfully with the vast material that lies waiting for the real historian of the war to gather up and embody in a form which shall tell,

“When many a vanished age hath flown,”

how the Nation was assailed, how it struggled and was saved.

The author claims none of the honors that he has so freely, and it is hoped, justly, accorded to those who bore muskets and girded themselves with the sword; his the pleasant task to record these honors and brave deeds for those whom it is feared would suffer them to be forgotten. He is aware that he repeats the earnest recommendation of others when he here expresses the conviction that a similar service should be done for every military organization that went from the State and served in the War of the Rebellion. Each should have its own particular history. Something of this kind, worthy of the name, has been done. Lieutenant BENEDICT has given to the State “*Vermont at Gettysburg*,” embracing, as its title indicates, a brilliant record of the Vermont troops during that brief though important period of their experience. But Colonel A. F. WALKER has performed a more laborious and worthy task in his admirable account of “*The Vermont Brigade in the Shenandoah Valley*,” which is all that it purports to be, and thoroughly exhausts the material furnished by that brilliant campaign. Major WAITE has published a book entitled “*Vermont in the Rebellion*,” in which he has made allusion to all of the organizations from the State. But that his book is made up of mere allusions, brief sketches and outlines—all that he intended to do, doubtless—it is feared will render it somewhat unsatisfactory. Personal histories are wanted, perhaps not of men nor of regiments—but something similar to Colonel WALKER’S and Lieutenant BENEDICT’S, which would tell us of Vermont in the Peninsular Campaign

and of the campaigns of 1864 and 1865 with the Army of the Potomac, and an account of the noble service of her sons in the far South; then our duty towards the men who suffered and the men who perished for our beloved country will have been, in one measure, accomplished.

As it will be seen that the roster of non-commissioned officers and enlisted men is imperfect in some respects and incomplete in others, it may be well to state that it was impossible to make it entirely perfect, on account of the lack of information. As, for instance, a great many more men were twice wounded than are so reported, because dates of their wounds are oftentimes wanting. It is incomplete in regard to some instances of transfer, and in regard to every case of discharge during or at the close of the service, because these things were deemed to be of minor importance; but it is believed that the name of every man who was ever connected with the regiment will be found in this list, and had it been practicable much more would have been said of them and of their gallant service. Those names with the officers' roster, showing simply the changes in rank and the time when their service ceased, have been taken from the published Reports of the Adjutant-General for 1864, 1865 and 1866. The record of wounds, not found in the body of the work, have been taken from unpublished official reports kindly furnished from the office of Brevet Major-General WILLIAM WELLS, Adjutant and Inspector-General of Vermont.

The author is indebted to the friends of Adjutant JAMES READ for the use of a diary kept by that officer from May to September, 1864, which has been employed to verify, and sometimes correct, his own, covering the same dates; and to Captain GEORGE E. DAVIS for notes furnished for a part of the seventh chapter. To the friends of officers who were killed in the service, he returns brief biographies from the reminiscences which they so promptly supplied. The biography of Lieutenant B. B. CLARK, a brave soldier who was mortally wounded at Cedar Creek, has not been prepared because material for the same *could not* be obtained.

There are some mistakes, which the reader will please correct by reading on page 49, fourteenth line from the bottom, "enemy" for

“army”; on page 63, “straggler” for “struggle,” and “Brock road” for “brook road”; on page 95, seven lines from the top, “ten” for “three”; and in every case “Ramseur” for “Ransom,” in the account of the Battle of Winchester.

E. M. H.

APRIL, 1870.

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THE TENTH VERMONT.

CHAPTER I.

THE Tenth and Eleventh Regiments Vermont Volunteers were recruited simultaneously.

On the eighteenth of June, 1862, the following despatch from the Adjutant-General of the Army was received by the Governor of Vermont :

“We are in pressing need of troops. How many can you forward immediately?”

The Governor* replied to the Secretary of War :

“The Ninth Regiment is nearly full, and will be ready for marching orders in some ten days. Probably the Tenth could be recruited in some forty or fifty days from this date (June 25). If the Government needs the Tenth Regiment, and you make direct requisition for it, we will raise it.”

The War Office thundered back :

“Organize your Tenth Regiment.”

On the first of July the President issued his call for three hundred thousand more troops, and both the Tenth and Eleventh were to be reckoned as a part of Vermont's quota in this call. A few hundred men were already enlisted, but recruiting stations and principal recruiting officers were appointed for this regiment as follows: On the tenth of July, at Burlington, Reed Bascom; at Waterbury, Edwin Dillingham; eleventh, at Rutland, John A. Sheldon; twelfth, at Swanton, Hiram Platt; at St. Albans, Charles G. Chandler; fourteenth, Derby Line, Hiram R. Steel.

The companies were all organized according to the following dates, and with the following named officers as captains:

- Co. A, St. Johnsbury, July 11, 1862, Capt. Edwin B. Frost.
- " B, Waterbury, Aug. 4, 1862, Capt. Edwin Dillingham.
- " C, Rutland, Aug. 5, 1862, Capt. John A. Sheldon.
- " D, Burlington, Aug. 5, 1862, Capt. Giles F. Appleton.
- " E, Bennington, Aug. 7, 1862, Capt. Madison E. Winslow.
- " F, Swanton, Aug. 6, 1862, Capt. Hiram Platt.
- " G, Bradford, Aug. 12, 1862, Capt. Geo. B. Damon.
- " H, Ludlow, Aug. 8, 1862, Capt. Lucius T. Hunt.
- " I, St. Albans, Aug. 11, 1862, Capt. Chas. G. Chandler.
- " K, Derby Line, Aug. 12, 1862, Capt. Hiram R. Steel.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonel—A. B. JEWETT.

Lieutenant-Colonel—John H. Edson.

Major—W. W. Henry.

Adjutant—Wyllys Lyman.

Quarter-Master—A. B. Valentine.

Surgeon—Willard A. Childe.

Assistant Surgeon—J. C. Rutherford.

" " —Almon Clark.

Chaplain—E. M. Haynes.

The regiment went into camp at Brattleboro', Vt., on the fifteenth of August, and was mustered into the United States service on the first day of September, with one thousand and sixteen officers and men.

During the time intervening between our going into camp and the date of leaving the State, the regiment was practiced in company drill almost daily. The men were supplied with old Belgium muskets, which they used while gaining some knowledge of the evolutions in infantry tactics. These they also carried to the seat of war. They were old rusty pieces, heavy and not fit for the most unimportant service of the soldier. Some of the men tried to scour them up, and others looked upon them with too much indifference to bestow a moment's labor upon them. It is doubted whether one-half of them could have been discharged under any circumstances; and yet it is well remembered that the Adjutant and Inspector-General took occasion to reprimand some of the men because their old "fusees," as they contemptuously called them, were not in good order.

These days were also occupied in otherwise equipping the troops, and supplying them with a complete outfit for a camp and campaign in the field.

Looking back through the years of experience that followed these brief days of preparation in the peaceful camp at Brattleboro', we must be amazed at the amount of *impedimenta* that each officer and enlisted man called his own, and no doubt expected to take with him to the field and carry to the end.

The Quarter-Master's supplies and the ordnance stores were such as were usually issued. Calling to mind now the loaded form of a soldier of that day, how enormous he seems! How could we suppress the exclamation, "Equipments, where are you going with that man?" Their heavy square knapsacks, haversacks, cartridge-boxes, canteens, and huge rolls of woolen and india-rubber blankets, and these

all strapped over their forms, made to look ungainly by loose-fitting coats and baggy trowsers, presented them rather as caricatures than the well-shaped men that most of them were.

But each man had much more in his possession than could be reasonably embraced in quarter-master's and ordnance stores. There were few who did not have a writing-case of some description, with a good supply of stationery ; many had several books, the works of favorite poets, a hymn book, prayer-book, and the Testament. They had finger brushes, tooth brushes, hair brushes, and combs—which last-named article they hardly needed, unless it was to scratch their heads, for their hair was cropped too short to do much at combing it. Each man had his fancy bag—many were tri-color, red, white and blue, with various compartments for thread, yarn, needles, pins and buttons. Many of them had bottles and packages of patent medicines, which were industriously circulated by quacks who came into camp, or furnished by careful, prudent mothers who lived away among the hills, who had always treated the ailments of their boys with root-and-herb drinks. These, however, were used “on the sly,” against the “mild” protest of the surgeons, for the fatal malaria and contagion of strange climates and the camp.

Other things they had also, which were neither books nor medicines—but the inventory is already too large. Where all these articles were stored, and how transported, would be difficult for the argus-eyed Quarter-Master to determine.

There was an irrepressible desire to accumulate “luggage,” and it was not subdued through months and years of service—only afterwards the articles accumulated in the enemy's country or elsewhere were said to be “confiscated.” This penchant was no less observable in the officers than in the men. They had more privileges, were allowed more

transportation. In fact, an enlisted man had no transportation except his strong, willing back. Each captain, at the start, was entitled to a chest in which to transport the tools and books belonging to his company. Other officers also had these chests. There were fifteen or twenty of these large boxes, about the size of a respectable carpenter's tool-chest, all iron-bound and painted blue, bearing in front the respective company's letter, under which was painted in black, "Tenth Vt. Vols."

Each officer had a trunk or large valise, usually a trunk, weighing from forty to a hundred and fifty pounds. Many of them had tables, mess kits and mess chests, camp-stools, fancy cots, and patent water-proof mattresses. Each company had twenty A tents, the company officers two wall tents, and the field and staff officers one wall tent each, making in all several cords of tent-poles, and unestimated bales of canvas.

All this, we knew, was destined for the field, and we thought for long campaigns and distant camps. How woeefully we were mistaken! What havoc and ravages were made by the Quarter-Master! What ever became of nine-tenths of this splendid outfit no mortal can tell. The regiment had a library of two hundred volumes, presented by Captain E. B. Frost, which was kept, through some difficulties, for nearly a year; but it was at last reluctantly abandoned, and is probably now stored with the Chaplain's camp-cot, chairs, table, et cetera, with many pleasant memories of the officers of this regiment, at the house of a good old Quaker in Maryland, near Pooleville. And so all along the marches of three years of service — some of them sad and dreary, if not hasty, and many of them grand and triumphant, those things collected at Brattleboro', and carried from home, bestowed by kind friends, became scattered through ten States of the Union, just as the energies and

strength of many a noble man, wasted away forever, in the hour of his country's need.

There were other scenes at the camp in Brattleboro', that all of us who are living will long remember—among them, perhaps, the preliminary steps of a regiment in the art of war, the service incident to this experience, guard and police duty, discipline, and all that might tend to a good military organization of volunteers.

While here, the men were allowed brief "furloughs," and the officers a day or two "leave of absence," to arrange matters of business, to revisit friends, and bid them a sad or cheerful farewell. We took in turn their blessings and pledges of devotion for years to come, if stern war would spare them the opportunity. Wives and children, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, came to cheer the dear boy, and kiss him, and bless him, before he went away to meet the fate of the battle-field, the rebel prison, or the more universal destroyer, disease. Maidens came to meet lovers and renew, now less slyly, the holy vow whispered months ago, among the mountains, that death would soon dissolve forever.

This is something of what pertained to our brief days of camp life at Brattleboro', very much, it is presumed, like the routine and incidents of other camps. It is possible that some of them have not been recorded, but all will be best identified in the remembrance of the living.

While we were uttering these farewells, the Government, whose laws we had just sworn to obey and defend, summoned us to a broader experience and to sterner duties. The regiment left the State on the sixth of September, filling eighteen long passenger cars, and nearly as many freight cars with baggage and camp equipage. We left the railroad station about two o'clock P. M., going via Springfield, Mass., to New Haven, Conn., where we arrived about

ten o'clock in the evening, thence by steamboat Continental, to New York, where we arrived at daylight Sunday morning, the seventh. We were met by Colonel Howe, of General Dix's staff; the officers were taken to the Astor House to breakfast, and the men were sumptuously fed at the barracks at City Hall Park. Here one man deserted. We reëmbarked at New York about ten o'clock, and after a beautiful sail down the harbor to Perth Amboy, went by rail over the Camden and Amboy Railroad to Philadelphia, and so on to Baltimore and Washington, where we arrived on the evening of the eighth. Left Washington next morning; crossed Long Bridge and arrived at Camp Chase same day. It was an old camp, near or upon Arlington Heights, where a hundred regiments had been encamped before.

We did not like the place assigned us, nor the odor about it, peculiar to such places. Colonel Jewett begged the privilege of selecting another, so we went on beyond, to new ground that had not been occupied by those who had come and gone before us. We cut down the small trees, uprooted stumps and cleared away the "slash," and before night, our tents having been brought along in the meantime, were in comfortable quarters.

Now we supposed that we were in the great army of patriots—perhaps the Army of the Potomac, of which we had heard so much, and of which the nation was expecting so much. The grand river from which this army took its name, and whose waters had more than once been tinged with the blood of our brothers, rolled calmly on a few hundred yards before us. Beyond it we saw the Nation's Capital, and upon and along on either side were the Nation's Defenders, stationed in the chain of forts that belted it and bristled from every highland around it.

New regiments, like ourselves, were constantly arriving and going into camp around us. By and past us rode orderlies; and companies of troopers browned in the serv-

ice, old soldiers of the infantry, grim and greasy, stalked by, looking half contemptuously and half pityingly upon us "raw recruits," as they called us; the clean and gaily-dressed artillerymen passing down to the city, and horrible looking Zouaves, with their red Turkish trousers, yellow-trimmed jackets and scarlet skull-caps with long tassels hanging down their backs—some of them wore enormous nubias twisted ingeniously several times around their heads, for a covering to that part of their bodies. Who ever thought of putting men into this gear? They looked more like trained monkeys than they did like Uncle Sam's brave boys, as they were.

These scenes going on around us, led us to picture, though imperfectly, as after experience taught, the work that was before. Our courage then rose to and mastered difficulties and won victories of which veterans had never dreamed. Men talked of being led to battle. Under the fresh ardor of patriotism which then wrought noble resolutions—and which, thank God! never wholly ceased—under the inspiration of incidents new and strange to most of us, the letters written home to friends spoke of deeds of daring, and high hopes that were never, and never could be realized.

But it would be vain to undertake to tell of the emotions that struggled under the uniforms of these "boys in blue" at this time. Many of them were boys indeed, just from homes they had never left before—peaceful and happy homes among the mountains, whose sides they had climbed in childish glee, and that was the roughest experience they had ever met with. The sweet remembrance of a mother's kiss yet burned on their lips. Why should they rightly judge of what was before them? It was well they could not. It is well that Infinite Mercy curtains all the future from His creatures, in mysterious silence, and yet in hopeful invisibility.

But there are two other incidents which properly belong to this first chapter of our history and experience as soldiers. They came, indeed, before we were fairly initiated, the first at Philadelphia. It was in the generous welcome and hearty kindness of the citizens of that place.

It was midnight when we reached Camden, opposite the city, yet the signal gun announced our arrival, and by the time we were ferried across the river the streets were filled with men, women and children, hastening to welcome us, and give us the cheer of their warm hearts and bounteous hands. The Soldiers' Home, so well known to every soldier, sick or well, who passed through the Quaker City during the years of the Rebellion, was lighted up, and an acre of tables were groaning beneath the weight of provisions, of all wholesome varieties, which were just suited to the wants of rugged, healthy men, besides an abundance of tea and coffee, steaming hot. To all this we were freely invited and most cheerfully partook of the same. This place, we learned, was furnished and supplied constantly with this kind of entertainment for soldiers passing to and from the army, by the ladies and citizens of Philadelphia. Their munificence was wonderful. Few people have any idea how much food a thousand hungry men will consume at one meal, yet we were all abundantly supplied, and there was enough left for as many more; besides, we were told that ours was the *twenty-eighth* regiment that had partaken of this hospitality *within one week*.

Their words of encouragement, also, were profuse and heartfelt, equalling other expressions of kindness. Too much cannot be said in praise of this noble charity, unceasing while there was one left to whom it could offer its sublime ministry. Noble women, it seemed to us, some of them too old, and others too delicate, to brave the chilly air of a September night, crowded around to receive us and assure us of their sympathy and prayers. This spirit was

so warm and so true, and its expression so oft-repeated, that the hearts of children became imbued with it. I saw a little girl skipping about this place, where all loved so well to meet, and with her innocent face turned up to mine she asked, "Ou doing to war?" "Yes, my darling," I said. "Dod bless ou," she replied. And the picture never faded away. Many times, in hours of danger, in camp and on dreary marches, and when the battle raged, it came in visions, the same innocent face and earnest utterance, and with it the Father's blessing. God bless the citizens of Philadelphia! said we all, and so say we now.

At Baltimore we met with the same welcome, and were entertained in a manner that testified to the fidelity and patriotism of the Union people of that intensely rebel city. They did the best they could, and did well. It was dangerous, probably, at that time, to make too great a demonstration on the side of the Union; yet the Union men, although trembling at the fearful odds they knew existed against them, and might break out at any time, were quietly firm, and gave every soldier of the Republic a deep and honest welcome, and thought that he deserved a tithe of all that they possessed. All honor to the Baltimore Unionists!

We halted in the railroad station on Pratt street, where, on the nineteenth of April preceding, the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment gave the first martyrs to the cause of Universal Freedom in America. The bullet-holes in the roof of the station-house were the fierce, fiery eyes of the secession spirit that looked down upon us, and that we faced steadily to the end.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE we lay at Camp Chase the Army of the Potomac was marching to resist the invasion of Maryland by the Rebel Army of Northern Virginia, and preparing to fight the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. The second battle of Bull Run had just been fought and lost under the generalship of Pope. We had already listened to many a thrilling incident of that strange succession of fights by some of the participants in one or more of its engagements. We therefore the more eagerly read the newspaper accounts of the movements of the army under General McClellan's leadership. In the anxiety expressed concerning the campaign, our enthusiasm rose, and we wondered if we should join the march and share in the impending conflict—wondered and wished we might. We listened to the booming of the distant cannon at South Mountain and at Harper's Ferry. The Ninth Vermont Regiment, just preceding us from the State, had been stationed at Harper's Ferry, and the day after we left Camp Chase were disgracefully surrendered, with ten thousand others, to Stonewall Jackson, by Colonel Miles, of the Regular Army, who had once before proved himself a traitor. These were the first guns we had ever heard discharged in actual war, and it is well remembered how the men wished to be there.

But before the fields of South Mountain and Antietam were won, we had broken camp and were off on a long march. Our destination was thirty or forty miles up the Potomac River, at Edwards Ferry, Seneca Lock, and inter-

mediate points ; our duty, to guard the Maryland side of the stream. The march was a long and tedious one for us, requiring several days to accomplish it. The men had never marched before, had no idea of its hardships, and were easily discouraged upon their first trial. Although they started off briskly and joyfully, yet they soon began to bend under the weight of their heavy knapsacks and old Belgium muskets. Three miles from camp they stacked the former in an old barn by the road, and three miles beyond bivouacked for the night. The next day's march was little less fatiguing, on account of the weariness and lameness caused the day before, and from which one night's rest, unaccustomed to such business as the men were, was insufficient for them to wholly recover. Still we plodded on, not knowing what we were to meet, nor was it known whither we were going, except to the officers. This uncertainty and vagueness among soldiers, always necessary, perhaps, was then, as ever afterwards, a great source of annoyance. The commanding officer, of course, had his orders tolerably well defined, and some other officers generally knew the substance of these orders, but it was impossible that all the men should know.

"Theirs but to do and die."

On the third day from Camp Chase, the left wing halted at Seneca Lock, on Seneca Creek, a place on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal ; the right wing went to Edwards Ferry. Company C remained at regimental head-quarters, which were established at a pleasant place on the river, between the two wings, called Pleasant's Meadows. Each wing sent out companies towards the centre ; the left wing one, Company G, below, so the line of pickets extended from Edwards Ferry to Muddy Branch. In this position, or rather in these positions, we remained from the seventeenth of September till the middle of October, Lieutenant-

Colonel Edson commanding the right wing, and Major Henry the left. The Colonel, Surgeons, Quarter-Master and Chaplain were all stationed at head-quarters, whence they radiated in the discharge of their various duties.

On this line we began to learn something of the routine of camp life, while there was little to vary its monotony except now and then the cackling and fluttering of fowls and the squealing of pigs that had carelessly strayed into camp. At this early period of our service the Colonel, with a marvelous attempt at discipline which soon exhausted itself, undertook to hold the men responsible for the presence of these pigs and fowls in their quarters, conduct for which of course they were in no wise responsible; and when these same straying quadrupeds and bipeds began to flock to his own mess table he no doubt learned his mistake.

"Head-quarters" was the most attractive point along the picket line. Here the suttle—that most indispensable source of a soldier's comfort, while it furnishes a sure if not safe means for the investment of his spare funds—was stationed. Men and officers came here from their various posts to impart their observations and receive instructions, and here they came to see the "Doctor."

While here we experienced our first "scare." This was an event that happened to most regiments at some time or other, usually not long after they came into the service. Connected with our scare was a somewhat amusing incident, which will come in in its place.

One Sunday morning—it was the fifth of October—we were all called out by a fierce beating of the long roll, and it was announced that the enemy was crossing the river in considerable force, to attack us. This report went along the whole line, and the men were rallied at the different posts and prepared to resist his crossing or fight a battle. Private baggage was packed hurriedly, and the teams put in readiness to move camp equipage and stores. Companies I and

D, under the cautious command of the Lieutenant-Colonel, were ordered from their camp and thrown towards the river, where, stationed in the cut of the canal, which the rebels had sometime before made tenable by draining it of water, they awaited the further orders of their gallant leader, who was with them, standing bravely at their head, urging them to "hold steady." Now follows the amusing part of the story. To the officers of these companies the position was one of great trial, as they were compelled to remain there several hours after the necessity for doing so had passed, if indeed it ever existed, and it was rendered still more trying by certain recollections of a fine fat, smoking pig, which they had procured the day before, and that was then roasting before the fire for their breakfast. The excitement of meeting an armed foe having somewhat subsided, their thoughts instinctively turned to this porcine preparation going on at camp for a right good Sunday feast. While in undisturbed waiting, before they were so hastily summoned to arms, they had anticipated the onslaught upon his pigship with considerable relish, and with this brown, smoking vision before them, while they lay on the cold ground in this wet and foggy October morning, their appetites were made even sharper for the pig. Soon it appeared that there was no enemy within miles of them, and it was idle to remain there longer. Still the Colonel was unwilling to withdraw his command, though he himself returned to the camp, where he found the pig well roasted, and awaiting the return of his subalterns. Alas, then, for the pig! Alas for the fond anticipations of these gallant gentlemen! They were soon relieved, but there has been a tradition handed down to us by the Captain and Lieutenants, that while they guarded the ford and clung with sublime devotion to the position that had been assigned them on the river bank for hours after the Colonel had left them, that he was banqueting alone.

It was at this place that the first of that long list of men

who fell victims to disease died in camp. He belonged to Company C, Charles H. Dayton, and was ill but five days. It may be spoken of because it created such a sensation among his comrades at the time. They immediately raised money among themselves to defray the expenses of embalming his body and sending it home. I have often thought of that noble charity which then said: "Yes, Charlie, we will send you to your distant friends, to sleep where their vigilance may guard your sepulchre." But it was soon changed to a nobler self-devotion that thought it gain, and even a coveted sacrifice, to die, though left beneath a thin covering of earth, far from home, and upon a spot they had consecrated by a patriot's death.

On the eleventh of October these various detachments were called in, and the regiment went into camp at Seneca Creek, near the place formerly occupied by the left wing. The camp was established about five hundred yards back from the river, and perhaps a little more than that distance below the Creek, upon a strip of land sloping down from a wooded bluff to a swamp in front, between us and the river. This place was once a cultivated field, open at both ends. On the north it reached out beyond the swamp to a broad plain; on the south also it extended beyond this oblong piece of swamp to an undulating field still beyond.

Our tents just filled this space, the officers' and company quarters reaching clear across from the woods to the swamp, and just covered the entire length of the swamp, so that from any point forty yards to the front or to the rear, we were completely shielded from observation. On the right the troops were daily exercised in company and battalion drill. On the left there were some of them daily buried.

Did this location have anything to do with the sickness that prevailed there, and from which large numbers died? Every tenth man was sick—a hundred men were on the

sick-list at a time. Five died in a single night; it was a cold and stormy night, and it blasted some of the weaker ones in an hour. For a month scarcely a day passed that the Dead March did not lead us to a fresh grave. We could not procure hospital accommodations for them, and many were obliged to lie in quarters, and perhaps endanger the health of others. It cannot be shown that any one was responsible for this large sick-list. Surgeon Child said there was an epidemic. If it arose from the location, other regiments were as unfortunate as we, although they were deemed to be in better positions, that is, more healthy localities. So no serious attempt was ever made to change the camp for one less sheltered from the sun and for a less time during the day shrouded in fog. Somehow it seemed to be a time in the period of our acclimation for many of the men to die. It was a sort of *inuring period*—a crisis in which the physical constitution was passing from that of a common man, unaccustomed to unusual exposure, to a toughened soldier. If this is a possible theory, the metamorphosis was too tough for many of them to bear. There was one case, and it is said there were many similar cases about this time, such as I never heard of before. Medical records may furnish many such cases. One young man died whom the surgeons declared had not a single symptom of disease about him. His conduct was strange and pitiable. His name was Frederic D. Whipple, of Company H. He came up to surgeon's-call, and one of the surgeons, after thoroughly examining him and discovering no signs of disease, asked him why he was there?—what ailed him? He said that he wanted to go home. His orderly-sergeant could do nothing with him in his company, and he was finally put into the Hospital, where, refusing to be nursed, after a few days he died, moaning piteously all the time, "I want to go home—I want to go home." Poor fellow! Just before

enlisting he had married a young wife, and his body was sent to her after his spirit had gone to its long home. Surgeon Clark declared that it was a clear case of nostalgia.

While here we were brigaded with the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, Twenty-third Maine, and Fourteenth New Hampshire Regiments, and put under command of Brigadier-General Grover. These regiments were scattered about up and down the river, and thrown back into the country, guarding the cross-roads.

On the thirteenth of November, General Grover having been assigned to some other command, Colonel Davis, of the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, coming into command of the brigade, assembled all his regiments at Offut's Cross-Roads, within fifteen miles of Washington, where we remained until the twenty-first of December, doing little else except practice in company drill, take care of the sick, and bury the dead.

The scourge of death which had been upon us at Seneca Creek followed us to this place, and twenty-five died in five weeks, although we were on high ground in the open field, well sheltered with tents, and under good police regulations. But many of the men were thoroughly disheartened, so many of their comrades had died; many began to think that they were certainly doomed to the same fate. One half of the officers were also sick, and some of them had become so completely discouraged that their usefulness was already at an end.

The weather was cold and wet; snow had fallen on the fifteenth of December, and was piled up in drifts twenty inches deep around the tents, but in three days was gone, so sudden were the changes. The climate was as coquettish as a silly maiden; sometimes it smiled upon us and then it pouted. Little exercise could be taken, and the men had too much time to think of themselves; perhaps they were too much disposed to magnify the evils of their con-

dition, and too willing to conjure up the ghosts of misery. They had not yet learned to be soldiers, nor had they the opportunity.

The time soon came, however, when this cloud of despair, which sat visibly upon the faces of many, began to break away. It came about on Thanksgiving Day, which occurred that year in Vermont on the fourth of December, and of course at the same time in our camp, in Maryland. Some of the simplest and some of the most uncouth, or at least grotesque, amusements were the means of this change. All who were able to stand engaged in some one of them, and from that hour began the improvement of our sanitary condition. Every man's blood was stirred, and we soon learned that we had not forgotten how to laugh or to shout, and we did both lustily. The day was charmingly beautiful, one of those golden Indian summer days, such as are frequently seen in the more southern of the Middle States, as late as December. The sun came out at first so dry and warm that it absorbed all the frost from the air and earth, and then seemed like a sponge filled with hot water, leaking down upon us all day through a misty sheen, and departed at night in the red glory of a conqueror.

The amusements began by a grand game of foot-ball, some participating in the game who had been off duty for a month, and who thought they might never again be fit for duty. One man in particular who had done nothing for several weeks but to attend "surgeon's call" and then return to his tent, to mope the days and weeks away, became conspicuous in the play. He came to Surgeon Rutherford's tent, having thought himself too weak to walk two hundred yards further on to the Dispensary, where the sick in quarters were treated, and asked for a prescription. He came bent half double, leaning upon a stick, one of the most woe-begone looking creatures ever beheld. The surgeon threw him down a foot-ball and told him to kick that. The fellow

was amazed, and said that he could not do it. But he did, and before noon he was observed as a tolerably active soldier—alive and kicking.

We had a foot race, and a shooting match with revolvers. But the most grotesque thing of all was a hog race. Colonels Jewett and Henry purchased a shoat weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds—a real razor-back racer, yet in very good condition. This shoat was thoroughly greased, and let loose for any man to catch who chose to enter the contest and run the risk of greasing himself. The man who should succeed in catching him, and should hold him till the pig said die, was to receive a bounty of one dollar, while the porker should belong to the company that furnished the successful pursuer. All things ready, away went the slushed pig and a hundred men shouting in pursuit, the rest looking and cheering on. At first the bristling quadruped was bewildered; he appeared to think that they meant to drive him, and swine like he stood at bay and faced the noisy multitude. But he saw death in their eyes, and away he went on a race for life. Betting was brisk, with odds on the pig. Two men led in the pursuit, and nothing daunted the rest pressed on, making up in shouts what they lacked in pace. Now one came so near as to clutch at him; down went the man sprawling on the ground, and off again went the greasy monster. Soon he turned, as if to lead his pursuers in a circle. Alas! it was a fatal turn, for that moment he was a dead hog. The foremost man struck him in the flank, and he rolled over, with his four pedal extremities erect in the air, all sanded for two men to grasp and hold firmly, which they did, both at the same time.

The bounty was divided equally between the captors, and very soon the pig was in twain. One half went to Company F, and the other to Company A. But he was not eaten at once, and it was currently reported that A stole F's

half at night. Doubtless they preferred to go the whole hog.

After the racing was all over, the field and staff officers entertained the line officers at a Thanksgiving dinner in real New England style. We had roast turkey and plum pudding, vegetables, sauce and jellies. I doubt if the caterer can tell where they all came from. But it was home-like. Three ladies, wives of officers, then in camp, were present. The occasion was one to be remembered by all who participated in the sports of the day, or in any way observed this time-honored festival.

Little else occurred in this camp which can be noticed here.

On the night of the fifteenth of November, Colonel Davis, commanding the brigade, was warned of the approach of White's Guerrillas, and he ordered off a company from each regiment to look after them. Company B was detailed from the Tenth. On the twenty-ninth, Companies B and H went to Rockville, on the same business, under command of Charles G. Chandler, who had just been promoted to the majority. On the twenty-first of December, the whole brigade was marched to Pooleville, once a thriving village about thirty miles from Washington, but now somewhat depopulated, and showing everywhere the ravages of war. Here the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts and the Fourteenth New Hampshire were encamped, while the Twenty-third Maine went below to picket the river, and the Tenth Vermont above to do the same duty.

We were separated into three divisions—the centre, with Companies C, E, H and I, stationed at White's Ford; the right wing, Companies A, F and D, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, at the mouth of the Monocacy River, to guard the canal aqueduct passing over that stream; and the left wing, Companies B, G and K, under the command of Major Chandler, at Conrad's Ferry.

On the night of our arrival, cold, hungry and weary, report said that the rebels were crossing the river. Such a report disturbed us more in these days than ever afterwards, for the men had not yet seen a rebel, and few of the officers had been formally introduced to one. A troop of White's Guerrillas no doubt had watched our movements and undertook to cross and surprise us; but a heavy guard had already been sent down to the ford, under Captain Hunt, and they discovered it in season to avoid the warm reception he was cautiously waiting to give them.

Here we spent the remainder of the winter of 1862-3, guarding a line of the river five miles long, with little to vary the scene except such things as naturally suggest themselves to men in our situation. We visited from post to post, got acquainted with our neighbors, the inhabitants around us, and killed the time as best we could. The men made wooden pipes, and carried on quite a traffic in them with the smokers; and engaged in other light occupation, which other occupation *was not* altogether confined to the men. All who chose to do so, to the number that came within limits of special orders, went home on furlough. Most of the officers also went away for ten or twenty days at a time, on leave of absence. And so the time passed until the middle of April, not altogether unprofitably. All the books that could be found were thoroughly read. Shakspeare had some improved readings. The Paymaster—the best of all masters—came, and so long as the rebels came not, we were measurably content.

Here Colonel Jewett succeeded to the command of the brigade. But none of the troops were moved until the nineteenth of April, when the brigade was again concentrated at Pooleville. Still some of the troops were scattered along the river in small detachments as before. Two companies of our regiment remained at White's Ford, under command of Captain Sheldon; two at the mouth of the

Monocacy, under command of Captain Platt; and one, Captain Salisbury's, at Conrad's Ferry.

Soon after we came here the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts left the brigade and went off to Washington, and was soon sent to Virginia. The Fourteenth New Hampshire also went to Washington, and had a very soft time of it all summer. Only the Twenty-third Maine, the Tenth Massachusetts Battery, one battalion of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, and "Scott's nine hundred," remained with us. We encamped a short distance from the village of Pooleville, and named the camp in honor of the General Officer commanding the defences of Washington — *Heintzelman*.

Around this camp cluster some of the pleasantest memories of our military experience. It was a beautiful place. We found the citizens kind neighbors, and we were here during the most delightful season of the year. Few men were sick, and their duties were light and the Paymaster came often. The hazy atmosphere that marks the spring and fall of that climate, was in most agreeable contrast with our own more northern latitude, and though possessing less vitality, the light winds bore up the fragrance of green and flowering fields and budding woods, while now they whispered none other than messages of peace. We were strangers to war, and for four months life was one heyday of listless, almost idle, pleasure. Only once were we jostled out of our equanimity.

On the night of the eleventh of June, two hundred and fifty "Rebs" crossed the river at Muddy Branch, came up to Seneca Lock, and surprised a troop of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, belonging to our command, drove them away, burned their camp and pursued them to Seneca Mills, a distance of a mile or more, when Captain Dean, in command of the squad, with less than thirty men, disputed their passage of the bridge over the creek at that place. A part of the rebels finally crossed the stream below the mills, and the

brave band was routed, after killing six of the enemy, two of their officers, and losing four of their own men. The rest succeeded in getting away, and came foaming into headquarters about four o'clock in the morning. The command was immediately turned out to meet the enemy, should he venture further. But he came no further, and we soon ascertained that he had recrossed the river and gone the way he came. But he lurked on the opposite bank for several days, and we did not know but the days of our peace were numbered. Well we might think so. These "rough riders" were a part of J. E. B. Stuart's command, leading Lee's advance into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

We had heard of the battle of Beverly Ford, on the Rappahannock, by General Pleasanton, on the fourth instant. We soon heard of Milroy's tardy and disastrous retreat from Winchester, on the fifteenth, and knew, with all the world, that the whole rebel army was far to the north of us. Now the advance of the Army of the Potomac from Falmouth, in pursuit, made its appearance at Edwards Ferry. Some of us went over there, and heard from the lips of the soldiers the stories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. Every man of the regiment, I doubt not, though measurably secure in the defences of Washington, and not called upon to endure the trials incident to operations in the field, longed to join the glorious army and go with his comrades to meet the invading foe.* Willingly would they leave this place, dismiss this quiet, and march shoulder to shoulder with the men of that army who had done so much to deserve the gratitude of the nation. Those who had been our neighbors at home, now in other regiments from the State, had distinguished themselves in a score of battles, while we had been almost idle on the north bank of the Potomac, and had never yet smelt powder. There was no disgrace in all this, for we were soldiers of the Union and did what the Government required of us, but had the question, whether we

would go with this army to its hardships and, we hoped, victories, been left for us to decide, we should have said go. But the question was not left for us to decide, nor were we long kept in suspense.

CHAPTER III.

WE received orders from General Hooker, on the twenty-second of June, directing us to report at once at Harper's Ferry. We immediately prepared to march, and on the evening of the twenty-fourth moved away from Camp Heintzelman and this part of Maryland, forever.

The place had become endeared to us by many pleasant memories and some very agreeable associations. Many of the citizens came out to bid us farewell, and some, no doubt, to bid us fare-ill—glad to see the form of a Union soldier only in retreat, or in death. As we passed the house of one, Mr. Pleasant, a Quaker family, and of Mr. Trundel, a Roman Catholic family, old and young bid us tearful adieux. The doors and hearts of these families had ever been open to us. The Tenth Vermont, and members of other Union regiments, too, no doubt, were ever made welcome, and while partaking of their hospitality and sharing their friendship, we forgot the privations of the camp. At the house of the former, the wife of one of our non-commissioned officers was a long time sick, and she died there. During the winter of our stay in that vicinity, Mr. Trundel died. In his sickness our surgeons often attended him, and were unremitting in their efforts to mitigate his sufferings, and there was nothing which the family would not do for us. To leave them was like parting with friends. They told us we should never return, for no regiment going up to Harper's Ferry, and so off to join the Army of the Potomac, had ever come back again, to remain. They told the

truth. Whatever may be the changes we shall all meet in life, and whithersoever led by a mysterious and wise Providence, though many of their friends were naturally, once, our enemies, we shall all remember with gratitude the family of Jesse Trundel.

We reached Harper's Ferry on the morning of the twenty-sixth, and went into camp on Maryland Heights. We were halted for the first day upon a narrow plateau half way up the mountain, but were afterwards sent up near the summit, where the ground was so steep that we had to cling to the bushes to keep from rolling down. Here we lay four days, and it rained all the time.

Maryland Heights were very strongly fortified. There were two or three forts and several batteries of large guns; one sat upon the summit, where, like a dog upon his master's doorstep, it guarded the country for miles around. The garrison consisted of the Sixth New York Heavy Artillery, One Hundred and Fifty-first New York, Tenth Vermont, Sixth Michigan, a part of the Fourteenth New Jersey, and detachments of regiments and fragments of batteries from the unfortunate command of General Milroy—in all perhaps ten thousand troops. Brigadier-General Tyler was in command, but was very soon superseded by Major-General French. While here, General Hooker came to Harper's Ferry,—just then, as he said, fighting the War Department eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and the rebels the other six. He wanted this force to join his army; Halleck refused; and just below, at Sandy Hook, General Hooker wrote to Halleck, asking to be relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac.

The place was evacuated on the thirtieth of June. The forts were dismantled, and the ordnance stores sent to Washington. A magazine to one of the forts accidentally blew up, with a terrific explosion, scattering fragments of shell and the débris of the works far around. A large

quantity of ammunition was destroyed, a score of men from the Sixth Maryland were killed ; some of them were skinned alive ; others were thrown with fearful velocity over the brow of the mountain, and hurled down the cliffs, masses of broken bones and bruised flesh. Pieces of flying timbers, iron and stone, came down among us, as we stood in column, near enough to be shaken by the shock, and enveloped in the settling smoke and cinders. An hour later we were off to Frederick, and Maryland Heights were not occupied again during the war, except once by General Sigel a few hours for safety.

At Frederick we were brigaded with the Sixth New York Heavy Artillery, One Hundred and Fifty-first New York, and Fourteenth New Jersey, under command of General Morris, and attached to a division commanded by General French.

Next day (July 2d) we were detached temporarily and sent with the Tenth Massachusetts Battery and a battalion of the Fourteenth Massachusetts Infantry, all commanded by Colonel Jewett, to Monocacy Junction, to guard the railroad bridge, while the rest of the brigade went to Boonsboro' Gap, and the army fought the Battle of Gettysburg.

On the fourth, we again joined the brigade at Crampton's Gap, near South Mountain, whither they had come. We lay here three or four days, and a part of the regiment was detailed to guard a number of rebel prisoners and take them to Baltimore. These were a thousand or more, sick and wounded, with ambulances and baggage wagons, being an escort sent from Gettysburg toward Richmond, and captured by Kilpatrick in Pennsylvania. Dirty looking men they were, the first live rebels we had seen. Some of them were badly wounded and in a dying condition. It was with a sort of grim pleasure that our men marched them off, such as could move, to the depot, where they put them aboard the cars with the sick and wounded, and took

them to Baltimore. Whether they became interesting traveling companions or not, never transpired. Certain it was that the rebels presented our men, and even some of the officers, with *lively* tokens of their esteem, which they carried about their persons several days after their return to the army. One Irishman observed that these presents were "beautiful craturs."

On the eighth, Major-General French was assigned to the command of the Third Army Corps, late General Sickles's, and the troops taken from Harper's Ferry were attached to that corps as its Third Division, commanded by Brigadier-General Elliott. Our brigade was the first of this division, and Brigadier-General Morris its commander.

Prior to this, our regiment and the regiments with us had acted nearly as an independent command, and had thought ourselves capable of creating quite a ripple on the great tide of events which as yet we had not seen. Colonel Jewett commanded the brigade, and his staff was mostly made up of the Tenth Vermont officers. Now we were swallowed up in a vast army, and were only as a drop in the mighty wave that was to surge and roll on, until it swept Rebellion from the American Continent, and rocked the Union till it rested in peace. Let it rest forever.

To render our own movements more intelligible, and this record less pretentious, our history, from this point, must partake more of a general character, and the movements of those parts of the army with which our regiment was associated and by which affected, as well as the causes thereof, must be partially described.

The Battle of Gettysburg was fought on the first, second and third of July, 1863, while we lay at the Monocacy bridge. We therefore took no part in that terrible conflict, though we were actually guarding the left flank, or at least, important points on the left flank and in the rear of the army that did fight and win the battle. On the ninth we

joined the Army of the Potomac, and marched with it as a part of one of its most efficient corps, seven miles towards the enemy; next day, moved three miles further, or rather ten miles to get three, and encamped in line of battle near Boonsboro', a little to the north. Next morning, Sunday, July 12th, the troops were ordered to prepare for an immediate attack upon the enemy; the order *stated* that the General commanding the army intended an attack. Some historians of the war declare that no general attack was ordered by General Meade after he left Gettysburg, until after Lee was over the river. This is not a history of the war, and will not presume to settle the question; but certain it is that Colonel Jewett received an order such as has been above referred to, and the whole division advanced and maneuvered for more than two hours, and was then drawn back to a wheat field near the place we had taken up the night before.

We shuddered at the thought of commencing a battle on Sunday. Men said that no battle had proved successful to the attacking party when commenced on that day, in the whole experience of this army. Some who ought to know have affirmed that this is universally true, and that the whole history of military records is not sufficient to disprove this observation. At any rate, rough-speaking, irreligious men, who were not afraid to fight at any time, did not want a battle begun in earnest at a time the civilized nation deemed holy. We did not fight. The whole division lay in this field through the remainder of this day and the next. On the fourteenth we were put in line of battle again, three hundred yards in front of the camp, on the margin of a piece of woods, where we stood several hours, and then advanced hurriedly, past the enemy's deserted position, to within four miles of Williamsport. We stayed here only one night, and without yet seeing a rebel. They had all gone over the river. Of the splendid army that left Vir-

ginia to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania with such high hopes and promises of victory and its spoils, forty-six thousand and were dead, wounded, or prisoners, and all except eight thousand of this number, wounded, which Lee had taken away, were thrust out of the contest beyond hope of return. The next day we had a cruel march from Williamsport to Sharpsburg. The distance may not be over fifteen miles, but we accomplished it in three or four hours. It was a terribly hot day—a kind of oppressive, sickly heat—to begin with, over muddy and slippery roads, and finally the sun came out, scorching, blinding hot. A large number of the men fell out by the way, overcome and exhausted; many suffered from sunstroke, and some died in consequence. It is reported that twenty men thus died from the Third Corps. Our brigade came to a halt just beyond Sharpsburg, about two o'clock P. M., with scarcely a good-sized battalion. Some of the companies could not make a stack of muskets; the rest were scattered by the way, under the shadow of fences, by the banks of some cool stream; many suffering with blistered and galled feet, and others dying, half way back to Williamsport. The Sixth New York, taken from the fortifications at Harper's Ferry two weeks before, came into camp with only the color guard.

But we cannot follow this army and note its steps from day to day. We crossed the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers on the night of the seventeenth, passed over into the Loudon Valley, and marched by Snickersville, Lovetsville, Upperville, Union and Salem, to Warrenton. At Piedmont Station our regiment was detailed to guard an ammunition train, while the rest of the corps, all of which had been hastened on from Ashby's Gap, were sent up into Manassas Gap, where a rebel force had taken up a strong position, and, as was supposed, threatened to come down upon us. The First Division, General Birney's, pushed through the Gap and attacked; but one brigade, General Spinola's, did

all the fighting, while the rest did some maneuvering and looked on. We were a mile away, in plain view of the fight, guarding the train. On this detour our men and horses suffered terribly for want of food and forage. Some of the men were out of rations, and they offered the lucky comrade who had some a dollar a piece for hard tack. There never was a more destitute and barren place. We were near the village of Markham, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, but it was a perfect Horeb, with no prophet near to command the supplies we needed. Some of the men did confiscate a hive of bees—of bees indeed, for there was not honey enough to decently smear certain officers' faces, as they stumbled over them and dropped it on to their heads, while taking it to their quarters. It was a long time before Captain Platt, of Company F, was quite forgiven for making such a rumpus in camp that night, just because some careless men set a hive of bees on his stomach. The field and staff mess at one moment seemed to be more favored than the children of Israel in the desert, when such an abundance of quails were driven into their camp. We obtained what appeared to be a fine fowl and some eggs, but the purchase turned out to be an old setting hen and her nest. After boiling her from the going down of the sun to the rising thereof, she was too tough for breakfast.

It was now the twenty-third of July; on the twenty-sixth we reached Warrenton, a beautiful old town, embowered amidst great arching elms; it must have been a thriving place before the war, but it is now somewhat dilapidated. We marched through the place with flags flying, and bands playing the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle." The inhabitants that still remained, mostly a few old men, and women of all ages, looked sad and sorrowful, and were very poorly clad. Some young ladies, dressed in rusty black, no doubt for some brother or lover, looked the very picture of despair. Others with some cheap attempt at

style in their dress, had an appearance of contempt and defiant scorn of Yankees that was really refreshing. The colored people danced to our music and sang for joy, shouting, "Massa Linkum's sojers hab cum agin. Old massa say all killed up to Gettumsburg. Golly! guess 'nough left yet."

Two miles beyond the town we halted five days, pitched our tents in a pine wood, and rested joyfully in the shade. We had been marching in the hot sun, and the rains that seemed hot, every day since the battle of Gettysburg, pushing up into the mountain gaps expecting to fight the retreating rebels if they could possibly be overtaken. No man should say even at this day, that they were not pursued with the uttermost vigor and determination. True, along the mountain range, between the armies moving in parallel lines in the same direction, were many gaps, through which armies had passed; but because they were moving in the same direction, and making about the same time, rendered an attack from either side extremely difficult. As, for instance, at Manassas Gap, before referred to: a force of the enemy appeared there, and the third corps was sent to drive them out, while the whole army was halted two days. It turned out afterwards that a brigade of Ewell's men were holding the Gap so that we might not venture up and look through to see the rear guard of the rebel army hurrying past, which they were doing at this time. This gave Lee an opportunity to go round our right flank, which he did, and showed his dirty rebel rags in our front when we came to the Rappahannock. So much may be said of the complaint made against General Meade because he did not bring Lee to an engagement before he got behind a river. A river was not so bad as a range of mountains with difficult passes. The time to have engaged Lee, after Gettysburg, was at Williamsport. Our march now became less hurried; hence the five days' halt just below Warrenton.

Certainly we needed rest, and no doubt often thought of our quiet camps away on the Potomac.

But the summer campaign was at an end, and we had only stopped here while those whose business it was could look out a suitable defensive position to hold while the army gathered up its strength for another struggle in the fall.

On the first of August we moved away, and the Tenth took position at Rout's Hill, about two miles from the famous Sulphur Springs, and about the same distance from Bealton Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. The army stretched from Sulphur Springs to Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock. Our duties were light. Detachments only were sent out to guard Fox's Ford, abreast of our part of the line. Here our men said that they fought one of the most sanguinary battles of the war — with mosquitos; but not one of these pestiferous creatures was heard in camp.

For five weeks we lay in this position, apparently idle, but the forces that create and strengthen armies were not idle. The sick and exhausted by long marches, and those slightly wounded in battle were all recovering. The convalescents in and around the hospitals at Washington and throughout the Free States, were crowded out by the wounded borne in from the field of Gettysburg, and sent to fill the ranks that that terrible conflict had decimated. Recruiting was actively going on in all the Northern States.

Colonel Jewett, Captains Hunt and Sheldon, Adjutant Lyman, and several enlisted men, left the regiment on the twenty-eighth of July, and were away more than two months, gathering those recruits in Vermont, and forwarding them to the various regiments in the field. Large numbers of officers belonging to other States were also away on this duty, many on sick leave, and some on leave of absence. Indeed, so many were away that Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors commanded brigades. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry,

of the Tenth, commanded our brigade at this place for several days. The men were recovering from the effects of exhausting marches, exposure and short rations, gaining strength and increasing somewhat in numbers.

Here the regiment was paid off. The sutler came and immediately returned, for his stock was exhausted in an hour. The men drew clothing, overcoats and blankets, many of which had been thrown away or lost in the toilsome marches of July; a supply of shoes was issued, and such ordnance stores as were needed.

The sixth of August was special Thanksgiving Day, appointed by the President on account of the recent victories at Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

On the seventh of September, the Third Corps was reviewed by General Meade. All reviews are mere scenic displays. This was a splendid corps, and as such the exhibition was good. Our division made a striking appearance in contrast with some of the older ones. It was large, and most of the men had seen little service except marching and reviews. In their new blue uniforms and shining muskets, with full ranks and splendid drill, it was not strange that General French should have felt proud of us, or that some of the older soldiers, who had been put to harder work, should have called us "French's pets." None of the regiments of our brigade had yet fought a battle, although all of them had been a year in the field; they had often been put in line of battle, with skirmishers thrown out—had as good as looked death in the face a score of times—but the order, stern as fate, *advance*, coupling with it death or victory, had never yet in those expectant moments been given. Hence our ranks were full. The Tenth had nearly nine hundred men, the One Hundred and Fifty-first New York as many more, the Fourteenth New Jersey eight hundred, and the Sixth New York must have had eleven hundred. A brigade in the field at that period of the war was considered large if

it numbered two thousand men. Ours had near four thousand. Other corps were also reviewed about this time. It all meant another onward movement, and it soon commenced.

Our cavalry crossed the Rappahannock on the thirteenth, and were immediately engaged by J. E. B. Stuart, whom they drove back and pushed over the Rapidan. On the fifteenth the rest of the army moved, and next night, no doubt, all slept between the two rivers, while the enemy lay just across the Rapidan. Our brigade, after marching three or four miles in the wrong direction, and wandering about half of the night, crossed at Freeman's Ford. Next day, after marching a short distance in column, we formed in line of battle, and so advanced three miles, when we halted, still preserving this formation, on the Springville and Culpepper pike, two miles southwest of Culpepper. We supposed that we were to stay here only till our position could be reconnoitered in front, and then move on or prepare for defence, as the case might be. It finally turned out to have been the purpose of General Meade to move over the Rapidan at once, and there offer battle, or follow the enemy should he decline. But while preparing to do so, the War Department ordered him to detach the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, in order that they might be sent to Chattanooga, to aid General Rosecrans, who had just fought with partial ill success the battle of Chickamauga. This no doubt suspended the proposed advance, and we stayed here twenty-three days, were paid for the months of July and August, and put ourselves into comfortable shape, building shanties of boards, and fire-places of stones and sods, thinking possibly that we might spend the winter here. It was with remarkable facility that the men would build themselves a comfortable abode. There was a large barn near by, almost in the midst of our camp, and several smaller ones not far away, and they were all speedily

torn down and constructed into walls, floors, and bunks for the soldier's cabins. Miraculously sudden would these barns, and even houses, disappear, when the men thought they had a right to them. Rail fences met with the same fate; each man would take a rail, and the fence was gone. Many a time have we seen fifty rods vanish as quickly as one man could pick up a rail. Let an army corps halt in a forty-acre lot, enclosed with a wooden fence, and fifteen minutes later the rails would be in ashes and in embers, and twenty thousand men drinking coffee that had been cooked by the fire they had made.

On the tenth of October the troops were suddenly called to arms by the beating of the long roll, ordered out of their quarters and advanced in line of battle a mile in front of the camp. They were soon summoned back, however, and ordered to "pack up." We then moved about three miles to the south and left, marching very slowly and cautiously, and at dark bivouacked in the edge of a piece of woods. At nine o'clock same evening we were ordered out again, with instructions to move behind the line we had occupied for three weeks, but the order was soon suspended till four o'clock next morning. It turned out to be a retreat of the whole army, and we retraced our steps to Freeman's Ford, its rear guard. Parts of the division skirmished with the enemy while going doggedly back, and once or twice the whole corps was formed into line of battle, so close did the enemy follow upon our heels. Crossing the river, we passed near Warrenton, through Greenwich, down past Bristow Station, across the plains of Manassas up to the heights of Centreville. This retreat evidently was a race between the two armies for the position we gained first. It was taken for the most part deliberately. Only for one day did there seem to be a forced march; then we made thirty miles, moving at four o'clock in the morning and halting at twelve o'clock, midnight. At noon that day we

found a detachment of the enemy near Warrenton, whom we drove out of the way after he had discharged several volleys into the head of our column. General French was riding along at the head of his troops, accompanied by his staff and some of his division commanders, when a party of rebel cavalry dashed up over a hill and fired into him, killing several of his orderlies and wounding others. Sleeper's Battery, Tenth Massachusetts, close at hand, and the Tenth Vermont, were ordered up at once, but we were not needed, for a few rounds from the battery soon dispersed them. The old General did not budge an inch, but sat on his horse when we passed him, brushing away the bullets with his hand as he would have brushed away flies, saying to us, "Shoot 'em, damn 'em, shoot 'em!"

Not yet quite sure, it seems, that the rebel army was all in pursuit, the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps were sent back across the Rappahannock that very day, as far as Brandy Station, and Buford's Cavalry as far as Culpepper, to watch its movements. That very day, also, Lee crossed in heavy force at Sulphur Springs, and headed his columns towards Warrenton and Manassas. Both retreat and pursuit became a little more earnest. On the fourteenth, after marching from Greenwich to within four or five miles of Centreville, just across Broad Run, which the men waded waist deep, about four o'clock, as we supposed we were going into camp for the night, we were startled by heavy firing in the rear. It was from A. P. Hill's corps, as we afterwards learned, that had that morning marched from Warrenton, and had fallen into the rear of the Third Corps, and thus summoned us to about face. But General Warren's Second Corps covering the retreat that day, and being considerably behind upon a road leading obliquely into the one we were pursuing, at that moment came upon Hill's rear. Hill had got between the Second and Third Corps, but as soon as he discovered Warren behind him immediately turned about to pay his

compliments to that gentleman. Of course everybody was surprised, and there was a spirited engagement for two hours. We were at once about faced and moved back at a double quick towards the scene of action. But the gallant Warren did not need our help. Hill was badly worsted, and the battle of Bristow Station was fought and won before we reached the field.

The pursuit of the enemy was at an end. Though he claimed to have occupied Fairfax Court House, he did not come an inch beyond his slaughtered hundreds at Bristow, nor did he stop there to bury them. We saw nothing more of him this side of the Rappahannock until we moved back again, except a brigade of Stuart's Cavalry that looked at us, a little way south of Union Mills, and burst a dozen shells or so in front of our brigade lines.

Lee at once retreated, and on the nineteenth it became our turn to pursue. He took the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and destroyed every foot of it from Bristow to the Rappahannock. Stonewall Jackson had taught him and us how to make this work of destruction complete. A regiment or brigade, sometimes, perhaps, a division, would take their stand along one side of the track, hand to hand, and then, with one strong pull altogether, they would turn a mile of the track up side down at once. They would then knock off the sleepers, pile them up cob-house fashion, balance the rails across them and set fire to the wood. The rails thus becoming heated in the middle, would bend of their own accord, and render themselves useless. The rebels amused themselves by twisting some of the iron around trees, fairly hooping them with it, where we found it when the advance was made.

This road was immediately put in repair. Heavy details were made from the Tenth, as from other regiments, to cut sleepers, put them down, and re-lay the track. Officers without much experience in railroad building superintended

the work. To do this the army was moved frequently, and short distances at a time. The weather was cold, and no quarters could be made comfortable before we were obliged to leave them. It was doubtless all necessary, and, as the men used to say, "all in the three years."

In nineteen days we had built thirty miles of railroad, and on the seventh of November again faced the rebel army, strongly posted and fortified on the right and left banks of the Rappahannock. He was soon driven across and away. The Second and Third Corps, under command of General French, advanced to Kelly's Ford and put down a pontoon bridge under the fire of our own guns. De Trobriand's brigade, preceded by Colonel Homer R. Stoughton's Sharpshooters, was thrown over, and at once dashing into the enemy's rifle-pits, captured a regiment. At the same time a larger force posted in the woods beyond were dispersed by our guns shelling right over the heads of the advancing column. Our brigade supported these batteries on the left bank of the river, our regiment lying behind a battery of Rodman guns, belonging to the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery. The whole corps crossed over after dark, and slept on the field we had won, tumbling over the rebel dead as in the darkness we sought a place to rest.

Next morning we advanced up the river towards the railroad, when we learned that the Fifth and Sixth Corps, the day before, at the same time of our movement below, had advanced at Rappahannock Station, where the enemy held two redoubts with as many brigades, and at the same time covered a pontoon bridge in their rear. Parts of the Sixth Corps moved to the flank of the works, while the First Brigade of the First Division assaulted in front, supported by a part of the Second. They captured with the works sixteen hundred prisoners, seven stands of colors, four heavy guns and three thousand small arms, besides the pontoon bridge.

It is well remembered with what heroic daring the Sixth Maine regiment led the assault upon this position. Twenty-three veteran officers and three hundred and fifty men went to the attack, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Harris, who was killed, and all but seven of these officers fell, with one hundred and twenty-three of their men. The Fifth Maine worked as heroically and paid a sacrifice as costly. The same night that we crossed over we heard Lee's locomotives whistling and puffing out of Brandy Station and Culpepper all night, whither we pursued next day, meeting with little opposition. So close was the pursuit that we saw his rear guard going out of sight in a manner that the soldiers called "dusting." A stubborn battery would now and then throw a shell at us as we pushed up too close. Some of them burst with ringing vengeance over our ranks, or settled down with an angry thud at our feet; but all was not enough to interrupt the shouts we sent after them. On the night of the eighth, Lee's army slept beyond the Rapidan; we at Brandy Station and beyond, almost down to the Fords. Here and about here we stayed until the twenty-third. Meade was building the bridge over the Rappahannock and establishing a depot of supplies.

While here, our brigade had what we called a mud campaign. It was a movement out four miles towards Culpepper, or about half way across John Minor Botts's farm. We started on a dark, rainy night and marched twelve miles to get four, over almost impassable corduroy roads that had been half torn up. The night was intensely dark, and seemed darker by occasional blinding, almost bewildering, flashes of lightning. Men fell down and were in danger of being trampled out of sight in the mud; horses floundered and threw their riders. With such sliding and tumbling it seemed, while bending over the slippery earth to brace against the vigor of the storm, that we should be smothered in the mud. Arriving at our destination we lay down upon

the wet leaves of the woods, supperless and drenched to the skin. We came here on the fourteenth, and stayed a week in the vicinity, changing camp three times in the meantime, not seeing why, nor could we know the cause.

On the twenty-sixth, the whole army advanced once more. Our brigade started at seven o'clock in the morning and crossed the Rapidan on a pontoon bridge at sundown, near Jacob's Mill. We halted on the high steep bank of the river and slept soundly till morning. But many a soldier would rest lower, and colder be his bed and deeper be his slumbers when the next night should fall. Now wrapped in his blanket, the stars looked down through the cold night upon him, and he might think of wife and child, and see them as they came to him in dreams, but sightless all when the stars come again, and he is wrapped in the gory mantle that the battle furnishes the brave. This was Thanksgiving Day at the North, and the loyal people feasted and fasted, while the army marched and fought that they might have something to do both for. We were ordered to Robertson's Tavern, but the Second Division, General Prince, led and misled the corps. General Meade meant to surprise the army, but the Third Corps went wrong, some others did not go altogether right, and thus destroyed his plan. Next day French was ordered to report at Robertson's Tavern, where the Second Corps was fighting, and needed him. He started to obey the order, but Ewell's Corps was right in his path and interfered with our progress all day. About two o'clock P. M., French attacked him with all his might with his Second and Third Divisions, the first being held in reserve. Of our division, now commanded by General Carr, General Morris's brigade was on the right, Colonel Kifer's in the centre, and Colonel Smith's on the left. Of our brigade, the One Hundred and Fifty-first New York Regiment was on the right, Tenth Vermont in the centre, and the Fourteenth New Jersey on the left, reaching out to the

One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio, of Kifer's brigade. Company D, Captain Darrah's, were deployed as skirmishers in front of our regimental line. The rebels had chosen a good position behind a fence, on the crest of rising ground; this, also they had otherwise fortified. But strong as this position was, our men charged them out of it, under a most destructive fire from their heavy lines. With a dash they went up to the fence and over it. They had gone too far—so far as to lose their supports on either flank. They were only ordered to go to the fence, where the other regiment halted, but the Vermonters had gone over it. They had to come back the best they could, through a terrible cross-fire from the right and left, and many a poor fellow never got back. Over the fence, Colonel Jewett, by a misunderstanding of orders, fell back to the original position, but he soon re-formed and advanced to the fence, where we remained fighting till relieved.

This was really the first pitched battle of the regiment, fought in a tangled forest, against heavy odds and advantage in position, but it was highly creditable to the officers and men. They were personally complimented by Generals French, Carr, and Morris. General Morris published complimentary orders to his brigade. The following extract speaks of our regiment:

“The enemy was holding a fence on the crest of a hill in our front. I ordered the Tenth Vermont to charge and take it, and the regiment advanced in gallant style and took the crest. The left wing in its enthusiasm having advanced too far beyond the fence, it was necessary to recall it. * * I cannot speak of the conduct of the officers and men with too much praise. It was necessary to form the line of battle in a thick woods, at the base of a hill, whose summit the enemy held, fortified with a breastwork. Though the regiment had never before been under sharp fire, they behaved with the determined bravery and steadiness of veterans.”



At the close he says :

“I take pleasure in mentioning the following officers whose courage and efficiency I personally observed : Colonel A. B. Jewett, Major Charles G. Chandler, and Captain Samuel Darrah, Tenth Vermont Volunteers.”

The following officers of this regiment on the General's staff are mentioned in the same terms ; Lieutenants Gale, Hicks and Hill. Other officers of this command certainly were deserving of the same praise, but General Morris speaks only of those whom he *observed*, and it is not usual that all the officers of a brigade are under the immediate eye of the General. The regiment's losses were, thirteen killed and fifty-seven wounded. Captain, afterwards Major, Dillingham, acting on General Morris's staff, had his horse shot under him while executing an order, and was taken prisoner. Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, H. W. Kingsley, was severely wounded, and had a narrow escape in getting from the field. As his men were bearing him away on a stretcher, a shell burst near by, wounding one of the stretcher-bearers, and they let the Captain fall to the ground. After dark, and the rebels had been driven from the field, we went over it, searching from among the dead, dying, and wounded, our comrades. In due time we buried the dead, wrapped in blankets, the only coffins we could give them, and tenderly marked their graves, soon to be blotted out, but not forgotten. The wounded were taken to the operating table of the surgeon, whose knife it often required more courage to encounter than it did the enemy's bullets.

Next morning at two o'clock the corps advanced by way of Robertson's Tavern to Mine Run, behind which Lee had retired, and was then fortifying himself. His position was a commanding crest just beyond the Run. Meade at once formed his lines to attack him. His lines stretched from Antioch Court House on the left to Baitley's Mill on the

right, facing west, six miles long. Our corps was in the centre of this long line. The Tenth Regiment was sent to support Captain Robinson's Fourth Maine Battery, where in plain sight of the Johnnies, we saw them digging like beavers, throwing up epaulements and strengthening their works against our anticipated attack. Skirmishers were thrown out and we were put in readiness, and ordered to charge at precisely four o'clock; but for some reason we did not, and were finally withdrawn, with the whole division, and sent during the night over to the second corps, on the left of the line, to support General Warren in a contemplated attack at that point. But instead of supporting, we were put in the front line, close up under the enemy's guns, where he could have blown us all to pieces in a moment. The troops expected to move up and assault a fortified hill. The summit of this hill was bristling with artillery, and its steep sides were covered by abatis and fallen timber. Nothing was done, however, except a little skirmishing. The battle of Mine Run, which we have heard something about, was never fought, nor any other battle, within four miles of there. The Third Corps fought at Orange Grove, on the twenty-seventh, and the same day the Second Corps, at Robertson's Tavern, both sharp fights, but of which little has ever been said.

From all that can be learned, it seems that after our army was in position at Mine Run, General Meade ordered a battle, the first attack to be made at four o'clock on Sunday, the twenty-ninth of November. The ball was to be opened by General Warren, who was posted on the extreme left, and his guns were to be the signal for a general attack along the whole line. But he did not give this signal, and of course other parts of the plan failed. The order of attack was then slightly changed. Our division and the Second Division were sent to Warren during the night of the twenty-ninth, and the signal of attack was to be given by General

Sedgwick, who was to open with all his guns next morning at eight o'clock. To this the other corps commanders were to immediately respond, and so make the attack general from right to left. Sedgwick blazed away for half an hour, formed his lines to assault, and did do a little skirmishing. The other commanders, Sykes, Newton and French, who had remained in the centre with one division, took up the thundering message and bore it along towards the left. But Warren now deemed the attack too hazardous to be made in his front. Thus the affair ended.

That night the army was headed towards the Rapidan. Our regiment was sent on picket far to the front, close up under the rebel works. We were right on an angle of his fortifications, shaped like a grindstone crank, lying on the ground, with the horizontal parts pointing east and west. We were in the long angle that broke back into his main line. We could distinctly hear his reveille, their ribald songs and their loud conversation. It was curious to see their sharpshooters come out with spade and rifle, dig a hole about four feet by two, and a foot in depth, throwing up the dirt in front; he then had a rifle pit, in which he was completely protected. Sometimes, on both sides, these armed gophers would lay their caps upon these miniature lunettes, or raise them on the handles of their spades, in order to draw the fire and so discover their antagonist.

We lay here until two o'clock on the morning of December second, and then silently crept out—so cautiously that our steps seemed muffled, so softly we trod the dangerous ground. Orders were whispered to the men or given in pantomime. The usual rattle of canteens and tin cups was mysteriously hushed. We were a ghost of silence. Our horses caught the spirit, and trod lightly along the wooded road. We passed the spot where we had supported Robinson's battery two days before, which had now given place to Quaker guns, that looked very like the "dogs of war" in

the pale light of the declining moon. On we moved to Germania Ford, the last detachment of the army to cross the river.

The same day we reached Brandy Station, having marched twenty-three miles. The campaign was at an end. It had already been prolonged into the edge of winter, and the cold weather required that it should stop. We went into winter quarters near the house of John Minor Botts, our regiment occupying a site which a few weeks before had been selected by the rebels for their winter quarters, and some of the men went into cantonments built by them before we crossed the Rappahannock.

CHAPTER IV.

VISIONS of a few months' rest now dawned upon us, and the prospect of winter quarters—pleasing change to the tired soldier—was thought to be close at hand. But the vision and the hope soon vanished, as similar prospects had so often done before.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the third, the ringing notes of the bugle sounded from every camp. Corps, divisions and brigades sprang to arms. We, with the rest of the troops, hastily turned out, struck tents, packed up, and within twenty minutes were ready to move whithersoever the emergency demanded. We stood on our arms for hours, waiting for further orders, not knowing what they might develop, although we sullenly conjectured "Retreat" still farther away. It was rumored that the enemy had closely followed our retreating column, and were eagerly pressing forward to chastise us. But the report turned out to be false, and at midnight the marching orders were countermanded and the troops turned in, many sleeping upon the ground beneath the clear, cold sky, rather than again pitch their tents.

On the fourth we began to fit up our quarters in the camp referred to at the close of the last chapter. The position on the left of our brigade, assigned to the Tenth, was pleasantly chosen. It was a comparatively smooth piece of ground, sloping to the south, and backed up by a grove of heavy oaks, which, however, the men were not allowed to cut down, both on account of the protection they afforded from the north wind, and the sturdy loyalty of their owner.

Along our front was the railroad upon which the cars were constantly plying between Brandy Station and Culpepper, only a few miles apart. Still nearer the camp, just below the company quarters, was a brook, more properly a ditch, which supplied the camp with water. This stream was not so clear and pure as we had seen, yet the mixture was not more than two parts mud to three of water, and when it was further diluted with coffee it became a very decent beverage. This fact will appear, no doubt, when it is further stated that the whole vast plain, which was in part drained by this stream, had been the theatre of thirteen battles and skirmishes, most of them cavalry engagements, after which the combatants had not always taken the trouble to drag off the carcasses of their dead horses, though it may be they had slightly buried the bodies of their fallen comrades. In order to drink this water with a relish we were obliged to wait until quite thirsty; then by closing our eyes, shutting our teeth firmly together, we could strain a little of it down. There were just a few, *a very few*, in our regiment who were too fastidious in their tastes to use it at all, for drinking purposes, only as they mixed small quantities with a certain *qui purgat*, the English of which is Commissary Whiskey.

We stayed at this place from December till March. It was commonly reported that the army encamped at Brandy Station, but it was scattered over the ground in this vicinity for six miles or more around. The line nominally extended from the Rappahannock to the Rapidan, occupying Culpepper, and stretching back to the Hazel and Hedgman rivers. The rebel army was in the vicinity of Madison Court House, and Lee's head-quarters could be distinctly seen from our signal station on Bear Mountain. The army here, probably, was as pleasantly located as during any winter of the war. There were few things that the soldier needed which he could not purchase. There were sutles

for each regiment, and “purveyors” for corps, divisions and brigade head-quarters. Some of them opened clothing stores, and nearly all tried to keep on sale whatever there was a demand for, and through them anything that was kept in the markets of Washington and New York could be procured upon short notice at small (?) profits,—in fact they were the express messengers between us and the merchants and manufacturers of the world.

The occupations of the men during these winter months were various—*they were Yankee*. Their quarters were all comfortably arranged; some of them were ingeniously fitted up and fancifully adorned. Harper’s and Leslie’s Illustrated Weeklies furnished many a soldier’s hut with tasty decorations, after he had profitably read them. The battle cuts, views of camps and landscapes, were often carefully preserved and pinned or pasted to their cabin-walls; added to them were the brilliant pictures and daubs of novel covers, and all these often interspersed with their own rude pencilings. Some of their tents were turned into cobbler’s shops, and tailoring establishments, where the occupant, with true Yankee enterprise, would repair the clothes and shoes of his neighbor; some of them, besides all the other purposes they served, were converted into jeweler’s shops, and watches were actually well cleaned and repaired in the camp. All kinds of craftsmen were found among the volunteers of our army, and details were easily made for the telegraph office, the forges, and all the workshops of the Quartermaster-General, for printing establishments when found abandoned, who were capable of managing the editorial and mechanical departments; these men were good for all work, from the tinkering of a tin cup and the digging of a ditch to the building and running of a railroad. All professions were also represented in the ranks. There were men of the rank and file in the Tenth Regiment who had served honorably in the Legislature of Vermont, lawyers

who had won some local distinction, ministers of the gospel who carried knapsacks and bore hardships uncomplainingly, fought bravely and died nobly. Our military duties at this time were light, details, only, once in two or three weeks, being required for picket duty.

About the middle of December, orders were received allowing furloughs to enlisted men, and leaves of absence to officers; a great many availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, to revisit home and friends. Many ladies, also, wives of officers, came to the regiment and spent the winter with their husbands. At one time there were a dozen whom we used to say in homely and friendly phrase "belonged" to the Tenth. They ranked as follows: Mrs. Colonel Jewett, Mrs. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, Mrs. Major Chandler, Mrs. Surgeon Child, Mrs. Captain Platt, Mrs. Captain Hunt, Mrs. Captain Salisbury, Mrs. Captain Damon, Mrs. Quarter-Master Valentine, Mrs. Lieutenant Davis, Mrs. Lieutenant Stetson. There were also others visiting with the above, who did not "belong" to the regiment. Certainly a military camp, likely to be deserted, even in the winter, for two or three days at a time, and liable at any moment to be disturbed, if not assailed by the enemy, is not the most delightful place for ladies to sojourn for any length of time, yet those who visited us, though they did not become enamored with the customs of the soldiers, adapted themselves very readily to the exigencies of their situations, and while they did not, it will be remembered, contemplate our hard tack and hash, without grimaces, probably they did not experience any of those horrid visions with which imagination had so often filled the camp.

Christmas and New Year's were very pleasantly remembered in this winter camp, though observed somewhat differently than they had been on former occasions and in other places. Still the American will ever remember his holidays, and, if possible, celebrate them with such ceremo-

nies as his ingenuity may suggest or his means and condition enable him to improve. We had "select" dinner parties, with rare entertainment; music by our excellent band, speeches, and minor festivities of a more general character. One of the incidents of Christmas day was a procession formed by all who were *permitted* to be festive, headed by a donkey, the gravest ass of the company, mounted by an impersonation of Old Nicholas. This procession moved about the camp to the music of fife and drum, much to the amusement of both the participants and the lookers-on. Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler nominally commanded this merry expedition, but the donkey, being a little obstinate and difficult to ride in a straight line, really became the solemn chief of the occasion. There were other far more brilliant exhibitions with and around us, but probably none where the participants became more innocently jolly.

On the night of the twenty-fifth of January, 1864, the officers of the old Third Corps had a general reunion and ball at General Carr's headquarters. The affair has been thus described :

"A spacious hall, ninety-six by thirty-six feet, covered with tarpaulins and tent flies, had been erected by details of men from Carr's Division, and profusely decorated with evergreens and flags. Three bands were in attendance, and the whole scene was brilliantly illuminated. Tickets of admission were ten dollars each; the entertainment cost more than two thousand dollars; and there was the strange spectacle of sentinels guarding the entrance and standing at different posts around the room, with fixed bayonets, at a ball."

February sixth, our brigade received marching orders, with three days' rations. It moved out, leaving only a camp guard, at five o'clock P. M., as a part of a reconnoitering force, via Culpepper, towards the Rapidan, halting about seven miles from camp, at ten o'clock at night. Next

morning they moved down towards Raccoon Ford; remained in line of battle till night, and then returned, having seen no enemy and fired not a gun. The First Corps, however, had a sharp skirmish at the Ford, losing a hundred men in killed and wounded, and capturing some prisoners.

On the twenty-seventh, the Governor of Vermont, John Gregory Smith, with his staff, visited the regiment and dined with the Colonel's mess. His Excellency spent several days at the front, paying a visit to all the State troops. Other distinguished gentlemen, also from Vermont, were our guests for a few days at a time, among them Rev. Dr. Parker, now of Gorham, Me., the Hon. Henry Hall and wife, of Bennington, Vt., and others from other parts of the State.

During the month of March the army was undergoing a reorganization. The old First and Third Corps were broken up as organizations, and the troops of these commands absorbed in the Sixth, Fifth and Second Corps.

About the middle of March, General Grant visited the Army of the Potomac for the first time. He had just been created Lieutenant-General, and placed in command of all the land forces of the United States. He hastily reviewed the various corps, and then followed the consolidation.

Some complaint followed the breaking up of the Third Army Corps. It was the first organized at the beginning of the Rebellion, and such distinguished Generals as Hooker, Kearney, Heintzelman, Sickles, Howard, Barry and Birney, and several others, had been identified with it, and had helped to render its name immortal. But as the Tenth was to join the Sixth Corps, and become associated, although in another division, with the glorious old "Vermont Brigade," there were no heart-burnings with us. Two of the old regiments from other States were added to our brigade, the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania and the One Hundred and Sixth New York. The old division, consisting of three

brigades, was now formed into two, and attached to the Sixth Corps as its Third Division, and was much the smallest division in the corps.

The following named regiments composed the First Brigade: the One Hundred and Fifty-first and One Hundred and Sixth New York, the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania, the Fourteenth New Jersey and the Tenth Vermont. The Second Brigade was constituted by the One Hundred and Tenth, One Hundred and Twenty-second, and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio Regiments, the only Western troops in the Army of the Potomac, and the Sixth Maryland. At the organization our General commanders were Brevet Major-General James B. Ricketts, of the division; Brigadier-General W. H. Morris, of the First Brigade; and Colonel, afterwards General, Kifer, of the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio, of the Second Brigade. The First Division, General Birney's, of the old Third Corps, became the Third Division of the Second Corps; and the Second Division, General Prince's, joined the Fifth Corps.

We were encamped on the left of the old organization, and near the right of the Second Corps, and were therefore obliged to exchange camps with Birney's Division. It seemed hard, at this season of the year, when we needed something more than canvas protection, to leave our neat, pleasant quarters, for the filthy mud-hole into which we were put, and the low, dirty cabins which contrasted so dismally with our clean and airy ones. We did not occupy them, however, only while we were laying out and building decent quarters three hundred yards away, which we were permitted to enjoy barely a month.

On the twenty-fifth of April, Colonel Jewett resigned, and on the evening previous to his departure most of the field, staff and line officers assembled in his quarters to take leave of their commander. In reflecting upon the incidents of that occasion, it is impossible to recall, with accuracy,

those features which at this distance of time would afford the pleasantest recollections. The Colonel briefly expressed his regrets at leaving the gallant regiment, and hoped that all would prove themselves worthy of the good name Vermont troops had already won on a score of battle-fields, and bear bravely their own glorious standard to the end. Earnest responsive speeches were made by Major Chandler, Surgeon Child, and Captains Sheldon and Blodgett.

But the days for merry meetings were coming rapidly to a close. Nearly five months had passed away since the Mine Run campaign, and the prospect of taking the field again was nearing every hour. The sick, and surplus baggage, had been sent to the rear. Sutlers, visitors and citizens, had been ordered off on the twenty-ninth of March, and now, the last days of April, active preparations for an advance upon the enemy were everywhere going on. The monotony of camp life was sternly broken; orderlies were hastily riding about from corps to division head-quarters, and brigades and regiments received detailed instructions of the proposed campaign through their respective commanders. Corps and divisions were hastily reviewed and carefully inspected; the music of bands ceased, drum corps and bugles became silent, and orders were issued forbidding their use in the approaching campaign except by special permission. Yet it was not known by other than corps commanders whither the campaign would lead. Strangely reticent was the one new and great head of the army.

The Wilderness.

Early on the morning of May fourth, the movement silently and earnestly commenced; and when the sun rose it shone, never brighter, upon the deserted camps of the Union Army, and revealed to the rebel commander, no doubt, from his signal station on Clark's Mountain, a scene

that plainly said, "We are coming—coming to finish up the tragedy." Long before night the cavalry and three corps were over the river without opposition, the Fifth and Sixth crossing at Germania Ford, and the Second at Ely's Ford.

Somehow it seemed to every man, all of whom had crossed that same stream several times before to fight the enemy and then retreat, that we had now come to stay. The whole army, with its immense supply and ammunition trains, its baggage wagons, long lines of ambulances and parks of artillery, all plainly said we had come to stay. Here is a note made on the evening of the fourth, in the diary from which this book is compiled :

"Over the river ! We are all here, and Mr. Lee, though he did not formally invite us, has not yet objected to our staying. Cheerily have the men pushed on to-day—fifteen miles and not a sore foot, not a struggle—the column came in solid !

"What next we do not know ; but we shall sleep soundly to-night, right under the shadow of Grant's battle-flag, charmed by the music of the Rapidan. Sleep soldier ! May God bless thy numbered slumbers !"

Generals Grant and Meade both made their head-quarters with the Sixth Corps. Next morning two divisions of the corps moved at sunrise. Our division remained at and near the ford, where we had crossed, until General Burnside, with the Ninth Corps, arriving from Warrenton, appeared on the opposite bank of the river. The division was then ordered to move by the plank road, to the old Wilderness Tavern, whither the other two divisions had gone, and where, on that afternoon, a little to the left, at the junction of the Orange Court House, and what was known as the "brook road," the "Old Brigade," with two other brigades of the Second Division, had a terrible encounter

with the enemy. These troops were sent to the assistance of the Second Corps, but they fought a succession of sanguinary battles while that corps was forming its line for an attack. Our division did not go to the Old Wilderness Tavern, but filed off to the right of the plank road just before we reached the Old Wilderness Run, and went into position north of the Orange pike; the Second Brigade was sent to reënforce the First Division, and the First Brigade was ordered to the support of the Second Division. But we were not put into close action during the afternoon, though constantly under fire after we reached the field. On reaching the Orange pike, however, moving to the position assigned, and along which the brigade essayed to move, it encountered a perfect tornado of shell, that burst above and in the midst of the men, faster, it seemed, than they could be counted. They sprang across the pike at a bound, but in doing so a score were killed and wounded. A shell struck near General Ricketts, killing three horses mounted by officers of his staff, and at the same time wounded an officer on General Griffin's staff. Our brigade at dark occupied a position on the south of the pike, two hundred yards beyond, where we stayed in line of battle all night.

We had suffered but little in this first day's battle of the Wilderness. The "Old Brigade" had suffered terribly, having borne the brunt of the battle from noon till dark. The number of men slaughtered was shockingly great; many valuable officers were killed and wounded. The Second Brigade of our Division suffered much worse than the First. Three officers and thirty-eight enlisted men were killed, and one hundred and seventy-four were wounded. A large proportion of these casualties was in the One Hundred and Tenth Ohio Regiment. Colonel Kifer, its gallant commander, who had just been relieved from the command of the brigade, on account of the arrival of General Seymour, was severely wounded. His appearance at the Third Divis-

ion hospital will not be easily forgotten. He came in hatless and pantless. He had nothing on except a pair of heavy army shoes, a pair of indescribable colored socks, such as were issued by the Quartermaster, a shirt bloody from top to bottom, and a vest buttoned close around him. His right arm was terribly shattered, hanging at his side, while in his left hand he held his good sword. All this, with his long, tangled hair—for he was a Nazarite, sworn not to cut his hair or beard until Richmond fell—gave him a most weird appearance. When or how he came no one knew; and when the surgeon kindly asked him if he would have his wound dressed, he replied, with an expression of mingled wrath and grief: “I should not care for myself if the rascals had not cut my poor men to pieces.”

On the morning of the sixth, the First Brigade moved over on to the north side of the pike, where we remained idle until six o'clock in the evening. It seemed that this was a reserved brigade, kept at a point from which it would be easy to move to the place most needed. But during the entire day they were kept in this position, right in the range of the enemy's artillery, their shell bursting in front and around them, but more frequently going over their heads. Sometimes they were brought within musket range by the advance of the rebels. One officer and six men were killed, and twenty-one taken prisoners, and we did not fire a gun nor were we permitted to move away. Captain Judson, of the One Hundred and Sixth New York, acting on General Morris's staff, was also taken prisoner. A position of this kind affords one of the severest tests of courage. A “square fight” did not cause one-half of the pitiless anxiety that this expectant, dubious state enforced.

At the time the brigade was moving from the south to the north side of the pike in the morning, the enemy made a sudden dash upon the right of our corps, probably designed to mask a determined assault made at the same

time farther to the left upon the Second and Ninth Corps. After three or four desperate charges made on this part of our line during the day, and as many counter charges by Warren, Hancock and Burnside, in which the rebels were successively defeated, simply because they did not defeat us, they again renewed the attack upon the extreme right of the Sixth Corps, where they had made a feint in the morning. This came nearer being a success. An eye-witness thus describes it :

“About sunset the rebels attacked the extreme left of the Sixth Corps, composed of Shaler’s Brigade of the First Division, and Seymour’s Brigade of the Third Division, Shaler’s Brigade broke in confusion, and the Second Brigade being flanked, also broke, and the men crossed a ravine, and some of them in great disorder retreated to a breastwork just behind the ravine, in front of which they were posted, and many even went back to the plank road, where they caused a momentary panic among the teamsters and in the Hospital Department stationed there.”

In this break General Seymour was captured. The rebels made a right wheel, and were pouring in between the broken and disordered lines, crumbling them off, and pressing up to the rear of our right centre, where General Griffin promptly brought the troops stopped in the breastwork above referred to, reënforcing them with a battery which immediately opened fire upon the flank and rear of the Confederates. At the same time the First Brigade was ordered to the rescue. General Morris immediately gave the order for his brigade to change front, and the Tenth Vermont and the One Hundred and Sixth New York, the only regiments that he had in hand, sprang to their feet, and changing direction by the right flank, on the double quick formed a line facing north across the path of the retreating Second Brigade, and as they came to a front, Colonel Henry shouted to

Lieutenant-Colonel Townsend, of the One Hundred and Sixth, to join him in giving three cheers, which were given as only soldiers can give them. At this the Second Brigade immediately began to rally in our rear. General Morris, thus hastening from the position that he had held all day, seemingly to no purpose, fairly checked the rebel advance. Seeing this movement, they fell back beyond the ravine to the position from which they had just driven Shaler's and Seymour's Brigades. Our line was now put in order, looking northward, whereas it had faced to the southwest. The work of intrenching the line was a matter of but a few moments, and the Battle of the Wilderness was virtually over.

On the seventh there was some artillery firing and some skirmishing, but the enemy had given up the contest and withdrawn behind his strong intrenchments. The awful numbers of the wounded were cared for as best they could be, the dead were buried, detached regiments and brigades rejoined their commands, and all things were put in readiness to move and flank the enemy out of his works as soon as night covered us.

It is remarkable that the Tenth Regiment, although constantly under fire, moving to the support of other troops and into threatened positions during the successive engagements of these three days, lost only three men killed and nine wounded.

Mr. Greeley, in his "American Conflict," states that General Grant "intended to go through this miserable chaparral as quickly as possible, and it was Lee's business not to let him." This may be true; certain it is that the rebel General so disposed his corps and formed his lines as to strike each of Grant's columns and bruise them all he could before they got fairly into position.

Some have undertaken to condemn, and others have labored to approve, the course of the Union commander in this affair of the Wilderness. Its justification—if it is not

too late to say so—is easy. There was but one thing to do at this stage of the war. The loyal American people had no choice but to fight the disloyal and rebellious, and *fight them out*. There could be no more “backing and filling,” but the work must now go straight on to the end. And it is exceedingly questionable whether or not they had the power to choose the advantages of any battle-field that might have been selected for the first encounter. The strength and discipline of the rebel army would have secured them this at any point between Washington and Richmond. Why, then, was it not well for General Grant to pursue the tactics embodied in instructions to Sheridan when he went up the Shenandoah Valley, and which all the world applauded: “*Pursue the enemy and attack them wherever found.*”

On the night of the seventh, about half-past eleven o'clock, the whole army was on the move towards the right of the enemy's position. Our division moved by the Chancellorsville pike towards Spottsylvania Court House. In crossing the battle-field of Chancellorsville we saw many signs of the desperate conflict that raged there just a year before. The place where Stonewall Jackson was wounded, and the house in which he died, were pointed out to us. The field was a sepulchre, silent, and full of dead men's bones. It seemed worse even than the one which we had just left, all slippery with the best blood of fifty thousand men. Here was all the débris of battle, white and mouldy; splintered gun-carriages, torn saddles, broken muskets, battered canteens, shriveled cartridge boxes and knapsacks, blankets stripped into shreds and hanging upon the bushes, skeletons of horses and men scattered about the field and mingling in a common dust. Around them were cannon balls and fragments of shell. Every tree and rock bore the marks of the terrible fray. Here were stout frames of men, with the blue uniforms of the patriot soldier still clinging to the unsightly

masses, just where they were hurled down in the awful rage of battle. Scores of human skulls were kicked over and went rolling away from the path we were treading to other scenes of carnage. How could men march away from these ghastly realities of war, with its bony relics all before them, and immediately become unflinching actors in other parts of the awful, bloody drama, with possible results precisely the same? Simply because they were deemed *only* possible and not certain.

Spottsylvania.

We left the Chancellorsville pike at Aldrich's house, and after a few hours' march in a south-easterly direction on the old Tod's Tavern road, went into position a mile or so east of Alsop's farm. The Third Division occupied the crest of a hill on the right of the corps, their line extending down into a valley. The enemy were in position both in front and on the right, where their infantry had opposed Hancock's advance for several hours. It was supposed that he had driven them back, so that our position might be tenable and be made an easy point from which to advance. The order to attack, therefore, was given. But at this time it was discovered that a rebel battery, posted just across a little stream called the river Ny, on rising ground, would completely enfilade the line the moment it should advance; troops, also, were moving rapidly in that direction, evidently preparing for a stubborn resistance, with many advantages in their favor. Consequently the order of attack delivered to the Third Division was suspended, and the troops were drawn back towards the left, nearly to an angle with the line first taken up. During all this time Robinson's Division, of Hancock's Corps, was fighting desperately on our right, and when nearly exhausted and falling back, Griffin's Division of the Fifth Corps was sent to his assistance. Both divisions immediately charged, capturing two thousand

prisoners, losing probably one thousand. Our division only lost sixteen men in the inferior part it had taken in the operations of the day. After dark the division was moved half-a-mile to the left, down the hill, and three hundred yards to the front, up to the edge of an open field, beyond which the enemy were intrenched, but deemed it too hazardous to remain here after daylight, and we again fell back undisturbed and threw up intrenchments.

Next day these works were strengthened. Batteries were placed in position, and the division got a terrific shelling in reply to their own batteries, besides being constantly annoyed by the enemy's sharpshooters. Those who had the opportunity sought the best covert they could from this close and deadly fire; both officers and men hugged the ground with an affection that was truly touching, and that could have been inspired only by the childish instinct of security in a mother's embrace. At such times each man feels that he weighs a ton, so far down does he imbed himself in the earth. It was with the utmost risk that the cooks prepared coffee, for the moment that a column of smoke arose above the woods, the rebel artillerists would train their guns and blaze away at the spot they supposed to be somewhere near its base. By this practice they spoiled several batches of coffee, designed for the men, destroying the kettles and scattering the firebrands around. Some were half buried beneath the furrows ploughed by bursting shells, and many were wounded — among them our brigade commander, General W. H. Morris. General Sedgwick was killed here. He was superintending the work of placing a battery in position and he was struck in the face just under the left eye, by a rebel sharpshooter, and instantly killed. Five minutes before, he was jesting with the men who were flinching and dodging the bullets: "Poh, men," he says, "they could not hit an elephant at this distance." He was a brave and noble officer—the idol of the men he com-

manded. "Uncle John" the men called him. His name and the glory of the old Sixth Corps are forever identical. Major-General H. G. Wright succeeded to the command of the corps.

Our position remained unchanged during the next day and the day following, except on the eleventh, the Tenth Regiment was thrown out on the skirmish line. On the twelfth, the division, with the corps, was moved to the left, into the works of the Second Corps, in order to support General Hancock in his famous assault, made that day on the rebel works in his front. It was rather a continuous assault; the attack was made in the grey dawn, and continued into the darkness of the evening with unabated fury. Charge followed charge in quick succession; the roar of artillery was incessant, and the musketry did not merely rattle; it sounded like the tearing of some monstrous web into a million shreds with the same motion. It belched forth one solid sheet of flame. On the first dash Hancock pushed the rebels out of their works, capturing General Bushrod Johnson and General G. E. Stuart, with over five thousand prisoners and between thirty and forty guns. These works were never retaken, although they were held at a terrible cost. Five times the rebels hurled their heavy assaulting columns upon Hancock's men and those of the Sixth Corps who had come to his aid, and five times they were sent staggering back with fearful loss. There were few battles of the war where men fought hand to hand, and this was one of them. Few bayonets were ever stained in the blood of the foe, but if one hundred wounds were inflicted by the bayonet in all the fighting of the Rebellion, which is doubtful, three-fifths of them were received here, so fiercely did men fight and so closely did the combatants approach to each other. Troops from both armies clung to the same breastwork at the same time, and planted their flags upon it together, to be swept down by the same

volley. To say that both sides were equally determined, desperate, mad with a purpose, and that to conquer, would be stating the exact truth. Hancock gained an advantage when he burst from the thick curtain of fog in the early dawn, and he firmly held this advantage—that was all. Perhaps it was enough, even for the sacrifice it cost. There was something gained; the foe who was supposed to be sleepless had been caught napping, we had advanced a mile, secured the trophies above referred to—it was a victory!

But the mutual carnage was frightful. Here it may be said without exaggeration that the dead “lay in heaps” and the soil was “miry with blood.” The slain were piled upon each other—packed up so as to form defences for those who prolonged the battle, and the whole field was covered with a mass of quivering flesh. When all, and more than lived to tell the story of the conflict, were borne away, and the battle was over—when the still night came down covering with dark, damp silence those who had struggled and earned the tribute of a nation’s gratitude and tears, or the just rewards of treason, there were packed into five square acres fifteen hundred dead men. But by far the largest number were the gray. Hancock has the glory of this victory; let his men share it with the veterans of the Sixth Corps.

We had struck them at an angle of their works, which was a key-point to both armies, and whoever held this angle commanded the whole line of works. Hence their struggle to retake it and their awful punishment. The First and Second Divisions of the Sixth Corps were hotly engaged in this action and suffered severely, but the Third Division was held in reserve and as a supporting column, and lost during the entire action only twenty-three men killed and one hundred and thirty-three wounded; enough, perhaps, to show that they participated in the battle. Among the wounded were three officers.

On the morning of the thirteenth, the division moved back across this field to its old position on the right. On the fourteenth, we moved with the corps six miles, around the Second, Fifth, and Ninth Corps, crossing the Fredricksburg pike to the extreme left of the army. Fredericksburg was now our new base of supplies, and via this point large reinforcements were arriving from Washington. The Eleventh Vermont, a regiment of Heavy Artillery, fifteen hundred strong, which had been in the fortifications at Washington nineteen months, now for the first time in the field, joined the "Old Brigade" of our Second Division. The Ninth New York, a regiment of the same arm of the service, and also from the defences of Washington, was attached to the Second Brigade of our division. Other commands of course received reënforcements, and the places of forty thousand men who had fallen out of the contest, since we crossed the Rapidan, were partly made good. Our division going into position just at dusk on the fifteenth, charged across the Ny River and relieved a brigade of the First Division, which had been vainly endeavoring to carry the crest of a hill held by the enemy just beyond. This brigade had been badly cut up, but refused to be driven off. Our men charged through the stream where the water was up to their armpits. Swinging their cartridge-boxes over their shoulders, they gained the hill with a shout. Then filing to the right, and drawing back the left, so that it rested on the river, they threw up intrenchments and remained in this position until the afternoon of the seventeenth. The army remained in this vicinity until the twenty-first, the troops by corps and divisions moving from right to left, now massing and combining before some supposed weak point in the enemy's line, and then quietly withdrawing to old positions to await the enemy's attack. But he made none. The Third Division was not brought into serious collision with the enemy since the night of the

fourteenth, until the twenty-first. While withdrawing from the works just before dusk, in order to move across the North Anna river, towards which the bulk of the army had gone, we were spitefully attacked in the rear. The First and Second Divisions had already moved out, but when the rebels rushed over our deserted works and were endeavoring to intercept our line of march, a part of these troops hurrying back, came with a crash upon their flank, and captured a number of prisoners, whereupon the rest made haste to retreat, badly punished for their pains.

General Grant was not further molested in the execution of his flank movement from Spottsylvania Court House to the North Anna.

Between the Annas.

We had crossed a medley of small streams, which the inhabitants and the map-makers called rivers. These furnished the waters and the syllables for the name of a larger stream below. They were named respectively as follows: Mat, Ta, Po, and Ny. Running a short distance to the south, they formed geographically, as well as literally, the Mattaponi River. This certainly must have taxed some one's ingenuity for a name.

On the twenty-second, we received our mails from the North, from whence we had not heard for nineteen days. The event was a joyful one, and yet that there were thousands of unclaimed letters—never could be claimed by those to whom they were addressed—was the sad mixture of that joy. When the names borne upon these letters, the very writing of which inspired a prayer as the pen traced the familiar superscriptions, were called, the responses to one-half of them, that silently and solemnly impressed themselves upon the understanding, were, “wounded,” “dead,” “prisoners.” But the emergencies of war forbade a long contemplation of those scenes.

On the twenty-fourth, the Third Division, with the corps, crossed the North Anna at Jericho Mills, about eight o'clock in the morning. The Fifth Corps had fought its way over here the evening before. We lay on the bank of the river till six o'clock in the afternoon, when we moved off towards the South Anna, marching by General Grant's headquarters while the General and his staff were "taking tea." The newspapers had told us a great deal about the "tooth-brush baggage," and the paucity of our commander-in-chief's commissariat. The delusions disappeared when we saw the large, airy tents, the splendid outfit of these headquarters, and cast our hungry looks upon the well supplied tables where officers were eating from *real crockery plates* with genuine knives and forks. This of course was all as it should be, and no man who knew the duties of a soldier could complain of it; but we did not like the newspaper fraud, and did not afterwards commiserate the General of the Army, as we had done before, as he had been represented riding about with the tooth-brush in his vest pocket, living upon hard tack and sleeping at night on the damp ground, with his saddle for a pillow, and with nothing but the deep starry heavens for a shelter.

We marched through a terrific rain storm to Quarles Mills, where at eight o'clock we run into the enemy's picket lines. After some skirmishing we withdrew, and during the night we took a position and fortified it. Next morning we marched to Nolan's Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, which we burned; we also destroyed the track for eight miles beyond. At night the Tenth went "on picket" below the railroad, south of the station; our post was at a place so wet that those who were allowed the privilege were obliged to pile up fence rails, in order to sleep above water. Our corps did not become engaged, except in slight skirmishes, during the ten days we confronted the army at this point, although the Fifth and

Second had to fight for positions, and fight to maintain them. On the twenty-sixth, another flank movement was commenced, led by the Sixth Corps, recrossing at Jericho Mills, and still bearing down upon Richmond, arriving at Chesterfield Station at midnight. The Tenth did not leave the picket line until three o'clock in the morning of the twenty-seventh. We rejoined the division at seven, the same morning, and at sundown were in sight of the Pamunkey River.

The country along the North Anna is barren and destitute of interest, the inhabitants sparse and poor. But as we approached the Pamunkey the soil is rich, well cleared, and cultivated. The valley is wide and fertile, and large wheat and corn fields just springing up, gave indication of far more thrift and enterprise than we had seen elsewhere. But the main reason for it, we were told, was that the Confederate chief had exhorted the farmers in this vicinity to devote all their energies to agricultural pursuits, as it would be impossible for the Yankees to molest them, so near their capital; besides the hungry markets at Richmond needed the utmost kernel they could produce. But this assurance that he would hold back the "ruthless invader" was poorly kept, and before the promise of harvest was fairly budded, the heavy tramp of the Union Army came thundering over their fields, and left wide paths, beaten as smooth as a summer threshing floor. Besides, we found large quantities of corn, hoarded doubtless for the use of the Confederacy, on the plantation of Mr. George Tyler, which was appropriated to our use. We crossed the river at noon on the twenty-eighth, at "Widow Nolan's Bridge." That lady's bridge was gone, but we crossed on pontoons which answered as well. The whole corps immediately took position on the high ground beyond, and threw up breastworks in order to cover the bridge while the rest of the army crossed. Here the cavalry, having preceded the infantry, aided by the

Second Division, captured a couple of guns from the enemy and a number of prisoners. Our own brigade occupied a position south and east of one Dr. Pollard's house, the works running through an orchard and across a cotton field, where the young plants were about six inches high when we entered it. Pollard's estate was the finest we had seen. He had a splendid plantation, rich in broad agricultural fields, and thrifty orchards; adorned with shade and ornamental trees, and supplied with every domestic convenience. We approached this place through long avenues, shaded by the magnolia and catalpa; and the large egg-shaped flowers of the former, and the clusters of smaller trumpet-shaped blossoms of the other, variegated with yellow and purple, loaded the air with delicious fragrance, and filled the scene with the most tranquil beauty, strangely contrasting with the smell of powder, the tumult, and the gory exhibition of battle. Hancock immediately followed Wright, and went into position on the left. Next morning Warren and Burnside were both over the river.

On the twenty-ninth, our First Division went out on a reconnoissance, and the First Brigade of the Third Division followed to support. Early on the thirtieth we moved from Pollard's farm, in a westerly direction, crossing Crump's Creek, towards Hanover Court House. When approaching Atler's Station, about twelve o'clock, we were ordered back to support the Second Corps, then hotly engaged with the enemy near Tolopotomy Creek. We were hurried along through pathless woods and fields, making a shorter cut to the Hanover pike, which we had left at nine o'clock in the morning, and which we soon left again, crossing a swamp, toiling through a dense oaken forest, where the pioneers were clearing a road for artillery, and went into line of battle on the left of Birney's Division at three o'clock in the afternoon. Skirmishes were immediately thrown out, and at dark the order to advance along the whole line was given.

The enemy held a line running nearly north and south, with his left resting on the creek which ran around behind him, and into which he must have been pushed had he been vigorously attacked. But no advance was made, although it seemed that this was precisely what he feared, for he kept up a sharp skirmish fire till midnight. In the morning it was found that his main force had been withdrawn, and this line of skirmishers had been popping away in the darkness to keep their courage up. The Second and Sixth Corps were swung around to the right, and formed a new line of battle facing to the south, where the enemy took up a much stronger position on the opposite side of the Tolopotomy, although he came near losing the opportunity to take it, from having resisted us so stubbornly on less advantageous ground.

Cold Harbor.

At one o'clock A. M., the Sixth Corps was withdrawn from this position, and moved around fifteen miles to Cold Harbor, relieving the cavalry at ten o'clock same morning. These troopers received us with wild demonstrations of joy; they had been hard pushed, fighting dismounted all the morning, yet they were led by officers who often held on a good while after they were well whipped, and not unfrequently plucked victory from defeat. General Custer had his brigade band out on the skirmish line playing "Hail Columbia." As we approached it was thought that these gay troopers were celebrating a victory, but on the contrary they had been roughly handled, and did not mean to let the enemy know it, even if they themselves were aware of it.

Here we saw a sight which made the blood curdle, and at every thought of which the soul sickens and turns away. We had heard of the occurrence, but never had been so unfortunate as to behold it before. Right over the field where the battle had done its fiercest work, the fire had

swept, and many a brave fellow, wounded and dying, unable to move from the place where he had fallen, had the little remaining life drawn out of him by the flames, and his body burned to a crisp. Horrible sight! Can the imagination picture a single woe that the sword and its fearful allies do not write out in bloody and ghastly characters?

The division went into position a little to the west of the old tavern, at Cold Harbor Cross Roads, in an open field behind a narrow belt of woods. The troops were formed in four lines of battle, by regiments. The Second Division was on the left, the First in the centre and the Third on the right, and the Eighteenth Corps, having just arrived from Petersburg, to the right of the Sixth Corps. About half-past six o'clock the order to advance was given, the Third Division to guide on the First. But for some reason our guides did not move while the Eighteenth Corps did, which caused some confusion and was in danger of becoming fatal, as we were under a heavy fire pouring in from the right. At this juncture, General Ricketts, sending for further orders, was directed to "move forward when the line on either flank moved, and to keep up the connection as far as possible." This of course was not a possibility of long duration under the then present formation. When the Third Division advanced, keeping up with the Eighteenth Corps on the right, our own First Division on the left not advancing, it had to be reformed and brought into a direction corresponding with the main advancing line. This movement somewhat retarded the advance of the First Brigade, which was on the left of the division, and caused an angle in the division front, at the point of intersection between the First and Second Brigades. As the whole division, therefore, advanced, the Second Brigade directly ahead, and the First, necessarily, in order to keep up this connection, somewhat obliquely, soon made this angle acute. This angle in the front of the division was subsequently

the most advanced part of the line, where works were finally constructed.

The advance was made through this belt of pine woods before mentioned, over a ploughed field, where the rebel skirmishers had erected temporary breastworks of fence rails, through a shallow ravine and swamp, and into a thick woods where the rebel intrenchments were forced and carried. Sergeant, afterwards Captain, S. H. Lewis, of the Tenth, sprang over the works, capturing single-handed a major, a lieutenant, and several men. The left of this line extended out of the woods into an open field, and was much annoyed by an enfilading fire from the rebel batteries to which the men were exposed by the failure of the First Division, and besides being weakened by the lengthening of the line caused by keeping up the connection, were unable to carry the whole line of rebel works, nor did they take the battery that caused them most annoyance; still they nobly stood their ground. It was now nine o'clock, and nearly dark, and there was a lull in the storm of battle. The captured works were strengthened, and others thrown up. This business was not attended to a moment too soon, for an hour afterwards the rebels made a desperate attempt to regain their lost works and capture ours. In this attempt they were fearfully repulsed; repeating it several times during the night, they met with the same ill success.

The Tenth Regiment, in this advance, captured the Fifty-first North Carolina Regiment, and its commanding officer surrendered his sword to Captain E. B. Frost, at that time acting Major of the regiment. These prisoners were never credited to us, for the reason that they were allowed to go through our ranks, and not a man was sent to guard them to the rear, and they fell into the hands of other troops who took pains to properly guard and report them. When this regiment surrendered, Colonel Henry jumped upon a log and called for three cheers, which were given

with a will, and this was the first exultant voice that broke the noise of the conflict since it commenced. The losses of our brigade were—officers killed, seven; wounded, ten; prisoners, four. Enlisted men killed, seventy; wounded, two hundred and twenty-five; prisoners, twenty-eight. Among the killed was Colonel Townsend of the One Hundred and Sixth New York, a brave officer and a refined gentleman. Lieutenants Stetson and Newton, of the Tenth Vermont, both excellent officers, were killed. Major McDonald of the One Hundred and Sixth, and Lieutenant Thompson of the Tenth, were taken prisoners. Colonel Billy Truax of the Fourteenth New Jersey, commanding the brigade, was wounded; also Colonel Henry of the Tenth Vermont, and Colonel Shawl of the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania. The Tenth lost more heavily in officers and men than any other regiment in the division, on account of the cross fire that came in upon them from the break between the First Division and its own left.

Without detailing the account of other actions in which the regiment was engaged at Cold Harbor, it may be stated that there was a continuous battle here, lasting from the first to the twelfth of June. Scarcely a day passed that it did not lose blood. On the third, in a general assault upon the whole rebel line, we lost quite as heavily as on the first. Captain E. B. Frost was killed, an officer widely known in the army, and loved for his many excellent qualities of head and heart. Captains P. D. Blodgett and L. T. Hunt were severely wounded, besides a large number of men. The command was constantly under fire, and we were every day losing men. On the sixth, Captain Darrah was killed by a rebel sharpshooter. No man could show his head above the breastworks, or go twenty yards from them to the rear, without exposing himself to the same fate.

On the seventh, there was a flag of truce, from eleven to twelve o'clock, and many officers of these contending armies

sprang over the high intrenchments to witness the bloody work they had done. Enemies met as friends. There was no boasting, no bandying of words—the event was too solemn for jokes between those who had fought with such stern bravery so long. No one can adequately describe the scene here presented. Hundreds of dead men, and many wounded and helpless, before beyond the reach of friends, by night or day, lay stretched along between these lines, that were, in some places, not more than one hundred and twenty yards apart, reaching from Tolopotomy Creek to the Chickahominy river. Some had lain here dead since they fell, six days before, but now swollen and torn by the leaden and iron tempest, that had swept over and beaten around them, thicker than the flakes of a blinding snow storm, so as to be scarcely recognizable by friends who eagerly sought them. There were some wounded, who yet survived all the shocks that meted death to so many others, sheltered in some sunken part of the ground, to be brought off now and saved. The dead were hastily buried or taken away; then this sublime hour—holy for its brief lease of life, an hour of peace, when the earth was calm, and the air so still that the gods of war slept—was at an end, friends were enemies again, and they hurried back to renew the carnage.

On the ninth, the enemy made an assault upon our lines, and were bloodily repulsed. On the eleventh, the division moved to the left, into some works vacated by the Second Corps, which were very high, and so close up to the enemy's line that "Yank" and "Johnny" could easily converse with each other,—so near indeed

"That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch."

Behind these works were vast excavations, covered with logs, in which officers burrowed; they served the double purpose of shelter from the shells of the rebel mortar

batteries, and protection from the burning heat of the sun. But this movement of troops was only temporary and preparatory for operations from a different base.

Swinging Across the James.

The Tenth now began to appear like a veteran regiment. Scores of the men who had fought through the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania unhurt, had fallen at these fatal cross roads, and as the command filed silently out of their works on the night of the twelfth, their thinned ranks plainly told the sad brave story of their last twelve days' work. Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, then in command of the regiment, and since the first, reporting to the Adjutant-General of Vermont, said :

"I have the honor to report that this regiment has been actively engaged in the late field operations of the campaign, and acquitted itself with honor, acknowledgment of which has been received in orders ; officers and men have discharged their whole duty. The effective force of the regiment is twelve officers and three hundred and fifty-two men."

We were withdrawn from these advanced works at nine o'clock P. M., and formed a second line, five hundred yards to the rear ; but this was soon abandoned, and at sundown, on the thirteenth, we crossed the Chickahominy at Jones Bridge. We moved via Charles City Court House, and on the fifteenth reached the James River at Wilcox Landing, where works were thrown up, and the Sixth Corps covered the crossing of the army. About sundown we embarked on transports for City Point, but without disembarking on our arrival at this point, immediately sailed away to Bermuda Hundreds, where we arrived at midnight, sixteenth. Landing without delay, we marched to a position just in the rear of General Butler's fortified line. It was daylight

(seventeenth) when we reached this point, about midway between the James and Appomattox Rivers. During the forenoon our position was changed, and just before dark, orders were received to attack the strong works of the enemy, and the troops formed for the assault, outside of Butler's line. There was current, at this time, an incident, but which now there are no means at hand for authenticating, that was so characteristic of the commander at Bermuda Hundreds, there is a strong temptation to relate it as it was then understood. General Wright protested against this order to attack, as extremely hazardous, and thought it ought not to be attempted. Butler's terse reply, more soldierly than considerate, was: "I send you an order to fight, you send me an argument." But General Wright, seeing, it is presumed, nothing to be gained in complying with this order, except a display of courage, delayed its execution. It was subsequently countermanded, and the troops returned to the Army of the Potomac, but not until they had suffered considerably from the enemy's batteries.

On the nineteenth, we crossed the Appomattox, at Point of Rocks, on pontoons, and moved around to the rear of Petersburg, going into a field south of City Point Railroad. On the twenty-first, the Sixth Corps moved out to the Jerusalem plank road, where the cavalry were skirmishing with the enemy, on the very ground we were to occupy. Although it was dark when the column formed into line of battle, yet skirmishers were thrown out, and the line advanced, until it connected with the left of the Second Corps, pushing the enemy back and capturing a number of prisoners, and at nine o'clock P. M., began to throw up intrenchments. This corps now constituted the extreme left of the army investing Petersburg, formed with the First Division, connecting with the Second Corps; the Third Division, left of the First, and the Second, left of the Third, with one brigade facing to the left and rear. On the

morning of the twenty-second, the line advanced some half a mile or so, and then began to intrench. The troops alternated between intrenching and skirmishing, nearly all day. The Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania came near being captured while on the skirmish line. It was flanked and partially enveloped, on account of the retiring of the line next to this. As it was, they lost about a dozen men, and it was only the promptness, and often-tried bravery of their heroic commander, Colonel Shawl, that saved the regiment from capture. At five o'clock P. M., the whole line was withdrawn to the position taken the previous night, owing to a reverse sustained by the Second Corps. But just before dark the Third Division advanced again, with the corps retaining the same formation as above described. The attack was to be made, however, by the First and Third Divisions, the Second following, to protect the left flank of the Third. The line faced, at first, nearly west, and advanced about one mile through heavy pine woods, gradually swinging to the right, so that when it halted it faced north-northwest, the left extending toward the Weldon Railroad. When the Third Division halted, it was found that the First Division had not advanced as far, nor in the direction intended, and consequently their skirmish line was partly in our rear. The Second Division moved by the flank, and finally formed on the left of the Third, bending its own left back towards the rear.

June twenty-third, the picket line was pushed out as far as the Weldon Railroad, and began to destroy the track. The work was little more than fairly begun, when the enemy attacked in heavy force the skirmish line and sharpshooters or detachments sent out from the Vermont Brigade of the Second Division, and the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania, of the Third, to protect the pioneers. But it appears that these detachments were not posted so as to afford support to each other, or protection to themselves, in case they

were attacked by a superior force. They were attacked by just this superior force, on the right and the left, overwhelmed in front and nearly enveloped, so that the alternative of death or surrender was presented on so short a notice, that brave men would be likely to accept the latter. Many were killed, but more yielded themselves prisoners of war. The Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania lost, in killed and wounded, twenty-six men, and in prisoners, four officers and fifty-three men. The losses of the Vermont Brigade were heavier, as more were engaged.

The whole line now withdrew to the position taken up on the twenty-first, where we remained behind strong works until the twenty-ninth.

On the twenty-ninth, the Sixth Corps marched to Rheims Station, on the Weldon Railroad, moving along in the rear of the line of ranks until we came to the Jerusalem plank road, which we followed about a mile; then turning off to the right, passing the cavalry pickets, we reached the station about eight o'clock the next morning, having halted for an hour or two during the night. The main body of the troops were deployed along the line of the road, in some places constructing works for the more suitable defence in case of an attack, while detachments tore up the track, burned the depot, and destroyed a large lot of railroad iron which had been left at the station. Same day we returned by the same route, reaching the Jerusalem road at ten o'clock P. M., having been gone thirty-six hours, and inflicted a large amount of damage upon the enemy, and intercepted, temporarily, one main line of his communication, without the loss of a man.

On the second of July, the corps returned to the left of the line and the same position we had occupied previous to the Weldon Railroad expedition.

On the sixth of July, the third division was detached from the Sixth Corps and the Army of the Potomac, and

ordered to Harper's Ferry, to meet a rebel advance into Maryland under General Early. We were glad of any change, since no service could be more exhausting than the long campaigns we had already endured, and the almost constant fighting in which it had been our lot to share. For more than two months we had been engaged with this great army, in some of the most vigorous and persistent field operations known to modern warfare. For sixty-two days and nights there had not been ten consecutive hours that we had been beyond the range of an enemy's rifle, and no time that we were not pressing nearer and nearer to his deadly line of defence; and there was not an hour in all these sixty days that we did not hear either the rattle of musketry, or the roar of cannon, and usually while we were within their fatal range. In the steady advance from the Rapidan to Petersburg, there had been scarcely a day that some one did not fall from our ranks, and oftentimes scores yielded themselves willing sacrifices to the country's needs. Among the fallen were some of the bravest and best. Our brigade alone, had lost in killed, wounded and prisoners, over eight hundred men and officers, and *less than forty* were among the captured. We had now been in the vicinity of Petersburg seventeen days, moving from point to point, fighting, throwing up intrenchments, and marching as the emergency dictated—never idle. We had been on the sand-knolls, and the turfless pine plain of this region, long enough. Water fit to drink could not be obtained without difficulty; the weather was oppressively hot and dry; the wind blew like a monsoon, drifting sand into our eyes, sifting it through our clothes, and rubbing it into the pores of the skin. Hence we were eager for a change—nothing could be less acceptable than our present position—and we hailed the order to go back into Maryland, joyfully.

CHAPTER V.

THE division started at dawn on the sixth, marching fifteen miles, and reached City Point at ten o'clock, A. M., so completely covered with dust that we were mistaken for a division of colored troops. At five P. M., all had embarked on transports, and were steaming down the James River. Nothing could be more grateful to tired men than this sort of transit, after our weary marches of the past two months, through swamps and rivers, pathless woods, and over dry, sandy roads, in the hottest part of the year, constantly fighting and intrenching, all the way from the Rapidan to the Appomattox. It was delightful rest, prayerfully welcomed, to be borne and gently rocked upon the broad, strong bosom of the river, away from the clouds of dust and the thousand annoyances of the camp, where the cool, untainted breeze came up from the water, and fell upon us with no murmur of the battle. We passed Fortress Monroe at midnight, and arrived off Baltimore on the evening of the seventh. At eight o'clock next morning, the First Brigade was at Monocacy Junction, and soon at Frederick City, where we reported to General Lew Wallace, who was in command of a small force of hundred days' men at this point.

In order to comprehend the situation, some reference to previous operations by the enemy will be necessary. The rebels had made their appearance at Martinsburg, about twenty thousand strong, on the third of July. General Siegel, commanding temporarily in West Virginia, while General Hunter was getting his shattered forces out

of the Kanawha Valley, immediately retreated to Harper's Ferry, abandoning to the enemy stores that possibly might have been saved, as they were greatly needed by Hunter's army. While General Siegel was perched upon Maryland Heights, Early moved by and around him, entirely out of harm's way, to Williamsport, and Hagerstown. A large part of Williamsport he burned; he levied a contribution of twenty thousand dollars on the people of Hagerstown; then he swept over the northern counties of Maryland, and up into the southern borders of Pennsylvania, making large drafts of cattle, horses, grain, and money. In four days he had ridden entirely around General Siegel, and on the seventh, a cavalry force of twelve hundred strong, under command of the rebel General Bradley Johnson, appeared between Middleton and Frederick. Colonel Clendenin went out to meet him, with four hundred, and of course was driven back, the rebels pursuing; but here a small regiment of infantry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Griffin, united with Clendenin's cavalry, and in turn drove them back. Probably Johnson was willing to go away, as yet it seemed to be only his business to keep just near enough to the Union forces to learn of their movements and strength. On the eighth, a part of the force which Early had brought over the river, probably eighteen thousand, or at least fifteen thousand, encamped around Middleton. General Wallace was at Frederick, with twenty-six hundred infantry, mostly one hundred days' men, who had never seen a battle, and four hundred cavalry. This force, with the First Brigade of Ricketts's (Third) Division of the Sixth Corps, and one regiment of the Second Brigade, were all that he had to confront this comparatively large army. The command under General Ricketts, then present, and all that took part in the battle on the morrow, embraced six veteran regiments, amounting, all told, to not more than eighteen hundred men. Hence

there were less than five thousand to battle with more than three times their number.

Frederick is a beautiful interior town of Maryland, situated in the heart of Frederick County, forty miles west of Baltimore, and about the same distance north of Washington. The pikes running from these cities to Frederick, cross each other at right angles, in the centre of the town, and lead away, one to Sharpsburg on the north, and the other to Harper's Ferry on the west. On the east side of the town flows the Monocacy River, pushing its course exactly south, until it reaches a point three miles below, then it bends sharply to the right, and flows west, into the Potomac. To occupy and hold these pikes, were the gigantic tasks that Wallace set himself to perform. The first was easily done, but the last was of much vaster magnitude, and there were but few circumstances that would have justified its undertaking. Perhaps the near proximity of the rebels to Baltimore and Washington, and their defenceless condition, warranted the attempt to throw a small force across the intended track of a much superior force, and delay its advance as long as possible. Early, now satisfied with plunder, was probably intent upon capturing Washington, and if he could not do that, he was, doubtless, ready to compromise the matter, and allow his army to call upon their friends in Baltimore. It was not our wish to gratify his desire for conquest, nor were we quite willing to entertain the proposed compromise, at least not without a protest. Therefore Wallace did not retreat, and accept a running fight and exposure to destruction on the Washington pike, nor did he throw his whole strength upon the Baltimore pike, and so leave the enemy free to go to Washington. He properly made a stand on the Monocacy, the only place to do so, between the enemy and his objective points. He manœuvred his troops around Frederick all the afternoon of the eighth, marching them off

sometimes out of sight, and then returning with a part or the whole of them, in a direction that would give them the appearance of arriving as reënforcements. At night he silently withdrew his little force, placing it beyond the river — Ricketts's Division at Monocacy Junction and the hundred days' men at the stone bridge on the Baltimore pike, under command of General Tyler.

At eight o'clock the next morning, the enemy was on all the roads leading out of Frederick. Citizens came rushing furiously down to the Junction with such household effects as they could snatch away in their haste and carry off. Doctor Barr, Surgeon-in-Chief of the division, Surgeon Rutherford, and the Chaplain of the Tenth Vermont, having engaged breakfast the night before, at the hotel in Frederick, were now going leisurely up to fulfil their part of the contract, and had approached within one hundred and fifty yards of a squad of rebel cavalry, thinking they were our own; we were soon undeceived, however, as the rebels gave us a volley from their carbines, at an uncomfortably short range. They were the first shots fired that morning. It was not the thing we had bargained for, and we ran. At this time some cavalry, going up the pike, were driven back, and our skirmish line, which was on the north bank of the river, posted along the railroad, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, became immediately engaged. The battle of Monocacy had commenced.

The main line of the division was formed, facing the river on the south bank, extending from the railroad across a low flat, running around out to a little ridge near the wooden bridge on the Washington pike. Our skirmishers held their line for an hour — in fact, until they were flanked on the left, and charged in front by a full line of battle. They then fell back to the south bank of the river, burning the bridge after them. This stopped the enemy's advance in front, though they kept at work with their batteries, shelling

us unmercifully. In the meantime a heavy force crossed the river, at a ford two miles below the wooden bridge, and advanced by the Buckeystown road, on to our flank and rear, driving in the small squad of cavalry posted some distance to our left. The First Brigade was immediately disposed to meet this attack, forming a line at right angles with the first, and extending along the pike from the river towards the Buckeystown road, facing west, with the Tenth Vermont on the extreme left. At three o'clock P. M., the first line of the rebels attacked sharply our left and centre, trying to bend it back so as to gain the pike in our rear, but they were speedily repulsed. The second line immediately came on and fared no better, although the struggle was more protracted and bloody. The enemy now withdrew a pace, and again undertook to go around our left; again our line was stretched out, this time so thin it seemed as if it must break of its own tension, struggling constantly, and endeavoring to hold the ground, until Colonel Stanton, who had unaccountably halted at Monrovia, eight miles away, should arrive with the balance of the Second Brigade. But that officer did not come up, and we held on, six regiments against as many brigades, for eight long hours, with not a man in reserve. At five o'clock, the enemy advanced again in still heavier force, upon our whole front, and at the same time brought our line under an enfilading fire, by a new disposition of his batteries on the farther bank of the river. General Wallace now ordered a retreat by a cross road running north to the Baltimore pike. But General Ricketts was unwilling, and, it is said, *refused* to retreat until he received a written order to that effect. This line of retreat compelled us to take a direction parallel to our line of battle. The right succeeded in reaching it, and most of the troops had made good their escape, but the enemy pressing up, and crossing the river at and above the railroad bridge, came near cutting off the left,

and did entirely cut off the Tenth Vermont, so that we were obliged to cross a ridge, under a racking fire from musket and cannon, through a piece of woods, which the same deadly missiles splintered around us, over a meadow, where the angry messengers still pursued us, and down to the railroad, along which we finally escaped. That night we marched to New Market, where we rejoined the division. Next morning the whole command moved on to Ellicott's Mills, arriving there at two o'clock P. M. The Tenth Vermont was immediately sent to the Relay House, reaching our destination the same evening, with only sixty-nine men and a dozen officers fit for duty. But it is due to say that this reduction was caused very largely by the severity of the march from the Monocacy, and after a day's absence many reported missing rejoined the command.

Now as to the results of this battle: The inequality of numbers has been fairly stated—five thousand against fifteen thousand; and the reader must judge how much the two thousand raw, undisciplined one hundred days' men, reduced the efficiency of the smaller force. We had one battery of six six-pound iron guns, Captain Alexander's, of Baltimore, and a small mountain howitzer, about as good as a pop-gun, which were miserably posted, and badly worked. The rebels had eighteen pieces of heavy Napoleons, in admirable position and skillfully handled. The only wonder is, that they did not crush us at once by weight of numbers and heavy metal, or swoop down and hawk us up instantly.

The losses in our division, were as follows: Officers—killed, thirteen; wounded, twenty-five; prisoners, one; missing three. Men—killed, ninety-three; wounded, four hundred and eighty-one; prisoners, one hundred and eighty-three; missing, three hundred and twenty-four, making a total loss of one thousand and twenty-five. These figures are taken from records made on the night following the battle, and without doubt a very large percentage of the *missing* returned

to their respective commands; it is certainly known that many did who were at first reported "missing."

The rebel losses are not exactly known, although one fact may serve us, in something of an estimate. They left four hundred severely wounded in the hospital at Frederick, found there a few days after, when we reoccupied the place; their slightly wounded could not have been less than that number, and their killed must have greatly exceeded ours, for the reason that their lines were twice or thrice as heavy, affording a surer target for our rifles.

The veterans of the Third Division have justly believed that another result followed this bloody engagement—a result commensurate with the sacrifices they made; and it will certainly be pardonable, if one who had the honor to be identified with them, though in a capacity that partook of a nature eminently peaceful, should record their convictions and defend their claims. They believed that Washington was saved—perhaps from the torch and destruction—certainly from assault, with the extreme probabilities of capture and temporary occupation, by their heroic struggles at the Monocacy, and the Tenth Vermont claims an equal share of the honor that shall be accredited to this Division. It has been said that Early, *after* the battle, had he pushed on by forced marches, might have captured Washington before any force sufficient to successfully resist him could have been interposed. The credit of having saved the Capital when it was threatened has been accorded to the Sixth Corps, meaning the two divisions that threw themselves into its defences on the twelfth. To be sure, these divisions were just in the "nick of time" to avert whatever catastrophe awaited it. Early having reached the city, or approached within a few miles of the White House, where the sharp crack of his rifles could be heard in the council-rooms of the President and at the War Department, had they not "hurried" from the landing to the point threatened, they would have been

too late to have rendered the service most needed, as it was. Now, if it is readily conceded that the timely arrival and ever prompt and vigorous action of these divisions prevented the rebel assault, and drove him away, sorely punished for his audacity, what ought to be said of the other divisions of this corps, that encountered the invader, arrested him within three hours march of the city, and detained him *thirty-six hours* at an awful sacrifice of life, while he was pressing eagerly on to seize it, then unguarded, or at best, wretchedly defended? Bear in mind that the force defending, or that assumed to defend, the Capital up to this time, was extemporized for a mere show of resistance. The only force, therefore, that Early needed for one moment to fear, and that was only *possible* to have been interposed, was thrown in *after* these thirty-six hours detention. It is a sacrilegious hand that would undertake to pluck a feather from the plumes of these divisions, whose deeds are immortal, but Washington was saved, not on the *twelfth* of July, before the parapets of Fort Stevens, but on the *ninth*, when Ricketts's Division, encouraged and steadied by their brave commander, stretching out their lines "as thin as a blue ribbon," defied the solid battalions of the enemy, from eight o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, and bruised them so that they could not stir until the next day at sundown.

Nor was this a needless sacrifice, assuming that Washington was in danger. General Wright, with the first and second divisions of his corps, reached the city on the morning of the twelfth. Early had arrived at Rockville the afternoon before, although a squad of his cavalry had approached even nearer, some time during the tenth. Like a prudent general, he did not choose to attack our works until they had been reconnoitered. The lateness of the hour, and the weariness of his troops at the time of his arrival, doubtless determined him to defer this until the

morrow. The morning came, and he had begun slowly to feel his way up to Fort Stevens, when a heavy skirmish line, and finally a line of battle from the First Division, deployed in his front and forbade further progress. Unless, therefore, it can be shown that General Wright could have arrived some time before he did, it was necessary that Early be detained somewhere beyond striking distance of the Capital, or he would have had ample time to have tested the spirit and pluck of the clerks and government employ  s who alone manned the defences of Washington.

The officers and men of the Tenth Vermont have ever entertained sentiments of just pride for the part they took in this battle, which have been shared, no doubt, as they were equally entitled to praise, by other regiments of the division present. It would be unjust not to say that the stubborn resistance of these troops was in a large measure due to the personal presence and sterling bravery of General James B. Ricketts, their heroic commander, and Colonel Billy Truax, commanding the First Brigade.

After the retreat, the division, with the exception of the Tenth Vermont, was left at Ellicott's Mills. On the eleventh, they took cars for Baltimore. Our defeat had "set all the city in an uproar," but the presence of veterans somewhat re  ssured the inhabitants. The Ninth New York was detailed for duty in the forts, and the balance of the division encamped at Mount Clare Station and at Druid Hill Park until the fourteenth. This disposition was made to guard against any attack of Johnson's rebel cavalry, which had followed up our retreat. But he did not come nearer than Magnolia Station, on the Baltimore, Wilmington and Philadelphia Railroad, where a detachment under Harry Gilmor burned the depot and the Gunpowder Bridge near by. Here that gallant gentleman, a specimen of Southern chivalry, stopped the morning train northward, and personally superintended the robbing of the passengers and the United

States mail. Here Major-General Franklin was captured, but afterwards made his escape. It was said that some ladies (?), friends of the raider, went out to meet him, carrying provisions and wine, and pointing out those whom they knew to be sympathizers with the Union, for this brigand to rob. He also burned Governor Bradford's suburban residence. But this was to avenge the act of General Hunter in burning ex-Governor Letcher's house at Lexington, Virginia, who had issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens to bushwhack his men; so was the burning of Postmaster-General Blair's house, at Silver Springs. To make this retaliation complete, no doubt, Chambersburg was laid in ashes, and one-half of Williamsport. Who knows but the fierce attempt to burn New York, and the still more barbarous plot to introduce the plague, were born in the smouldering embers of Letcher's house?

On the fourteenth, the division took cars for Washington, and at night bivouacked just north of the railroad station under the shadow of the Capital. Next day continued the march through Georgetown, Tennallytown to Offut's Cross Roads and so on, while the other divisions of the Sixth Corps had gone in pursuit of Early. We were grandly cheered as we passed up Pennsylvania Avenue, escorted by many citizens eager to do us honor, far on our way, for the part we had taken in the defence of the city. Perhaps some officers will recollect the investment they made in a "square meal" at a French restaurant on the evening of our arrival from the Relay House. Ask them and they will tell you in regretful accents, "We do." On the sixteenth, this division forded the Potomac two miles below Edwards Ferry, and at night, wet and blistered, camped on the Leesburg pike, half a mile from Goose Creek. At Leesburg, next day, we overtook the Nineteenth Corps, just from Louisiana, and gushing with memories of Red River. Here we found Colonel, since General Thomas, and afterwards Lieutenant-

Governor of Vermont, in command of our Eighth Regiment, doing guard duty in the town. He was a sort of military Governor, and the people were very quiet under the firm, vigilant rule of the General, who knew how to govern in a civil capacity as well as he understood the performance of daring manœuvres on the battle field. Passing through this place, a nest of guerrillas during the war, we rejoined the Sixth Corps on the evening of the seventeenth. General Wright now had an army of probably twenty-five thousand men of all arms, consisting of his own corps, the Nineteenth, under General Emery, and Crook's command, a body of troops numbering from five to eight thousand, more or less, that had always operated in Western Virginia and the lower part of the Shenandoah Valley. In the movements now under consideration, however, this command turned out to be little more than an army of observation in the field, if such a term is allowable. In explanation, it may be added, we were now only to watch and not fight the enemy, unless compelled to do so.

On the eighteenth, this army marched through Snickersville, and the Gap from which the straggling village takes its name, slowly moved down the rough, winding road of the mountain-side into the valley, and reached the Shenandoah River at Island Ford at six o'clock P. M. On the opposite shore, Early, now having safely gained the line of his communication with Richmond, confronted us, and was guarding all the fords between Harper's Ferry on the north, and Berryville on the south. This one seemed to be more feebly defended than the rest, and in order to know precisely what the strength and purpose of the enemy were, Crook's command was thrown over the river, but his advance was furiously attacked and the whole command hurled back in confusion, just as the Third Division had taken a position to support him. Many of his men were drowned while hastening through the stream from the

enemy's fire. The scene closed for the night with an artillery duel, conducted from two commanding ridges on opposite banks of the river, very much to the annoyance of our infantry, which had been dropped into an open field stretching back behind the ridge occupied by our batteries. In this position we lay during the nineteenth. On the twentieth, the enemy having entirely disappeared, this army crossed the river at two points—Island Ford and Snicker's Ferry—and moved half way up to Berryville, say three miles from the river, finding no sign of an enemy. It was supposed that he had retreated south. That night, at ten o'clock, the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps started back, reforded the river, reclinbed the mountain, and sped on, wet, hungry and sore, towards Washington, under orders, since learned, for Petersburg. We returned via Leesburg, Drainsville, Lewinsville and Chain Bridge, arriving and halting just outside of its northern defences, on the twenty-third. Here ordnance stores, clothing, etc., were issued, the trains refitted, and most of the troops paid off.

But Early did not go far south after withdrawing from Wright's front at Snicker's Ferry, probably not above Winchester, and when Crook advanced, on the twenty-third, he was attacked and driven back upon Martinsburg with haste and loss. The next day he retreated across the Potomac, and left that part of Maryland opposite and down to the Monocacy, and Southern Pennsylvania, open to Early's merciless raiders. They barbarously improved their opportunity, and went forth into the defenceless country, laying large contributions of gold upon the cities and towns, and giving them to the torch when it was impossible to respond to their immense demands. They robbed the panic-stricken inhabitants of cattle, horses, provisions and grain, in a manner that never can be justified, since the inhabitants made no hostile sign against them.

These demonstrations developed the necessity for a larger

force upon the Upper Potomac than had been left there on the twenty-first. Consequently the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, on the twenty-sixth, were moving on the Rockville pike, en route for Harper's Ferry. The twentieth-eighth found us at Monocacy Junction. Crossing the battle-field so long and so bravely contested by the Third Division on the ninth of July, now and forever anointed in our memories, we discovered several of our own and of the enemy's dead still unburied. These were all carefully interred.

We also visited the hospital at Frederick, where three hundred of our severely wounded had been placed by the rebels after the battle, and a larger number of their own, which they were compelled to leave behind. In the hospital there were Sisters of Charity, kindly caring for all the wounded alike. We were struck with the remarkable devotion of these most amiable ladies, as they moved with noiseless steps, with mercy in their very looks, speaking warm, sympathizing words of cheerful encouragment and Christian love, while in both hands each bore the ministry of nourishing food and soothing cordials. They appeared perfectly unconscious of all those circumstances from which delicate and sensitive natures are supposed to shrink, and we saw them bending tenderly over patient sufferers, to speak words of comfort, to loose or adjust a bandage, to replace a compress, or bathe a fevered limb, and, in fact, to do the work of men, for men, with woman's gentleness. Many of our men had died of their wounds, and among them was Willie Peabody, a noble fellow, First Sergeant of Company C, from Pitsford, Vermont. They told us how they "loved the boy," and how sad it seemed to see his bright face pale in death.

At four o'clock P. M., we hurried away on the Harper's Ferry pike, and reached that place at noon the twenty-ninth, halting at Halltown Heights, just north of the ruins of the United States Armory. The next day the

army started back, recrossing the Potomac at the Ferry. Although the column was in motion long before noon of the thirtieth, yet the Sixth Corps did not reach Petersville, sixteen miles distant, until sunrise the next morning, so great was the jam of artillery, trains and troops, in the narrow pass at Sandy Hook. Five hours later, we were again on the march, sweltering along the pike to Frederick. The weather was now so oppressively hot, and our marches so fatiguing, that, notwithstanding the men had been so long and so well inured to hardships, many of them died from sunstroke. We remained in the vicinity of Frederick, and at Monocacy Mill, near Buckeystown, five days. While here, several officers of the Tenth Vermont took occasion to visit old friends at the mouth of the Monocacy, ten or twelve miles distant, whom we had known in the early part of our military existence, and we saw how wofully the farmers in Frederick and Montgomery Counties had suffered in the sweeping raids of Early's and Mosby's men. Neither foe nor friend escaped; if in sympathy with the rebellion, they paid tribute with what they had, and if enemies, all was taken and deemed a just reprisal.

CHAPTER VI.

In the Shenandoah Valley.

ON the fifth of August, we moved up to Monocacy Junction, where the memorable campaign that swept out the Shenandoah Valley and locked its southern door against the traitor, was inaugurated. On the fifth, also, General Grant arrived; he was instantly recognized by the old Potomac soldiers, and greeted with rounds of hearty cheers. His visit, we doubted not, was something more than complimentary. The following order soon appeared:

“MONOCACY BRIDGE, MD., }
August 5, 1864. }

“General—

“Concentrate all your force without delay, in the vicinity of Harper’s Ferry, leaving only such railroad guards and garrisons for public property as may be necessary. Use, in this concentration, railroads, if by so doing time can be saved; if it is found that the enemy has moved north of the Potomac in large force, push north, follow them, and attack them wherever found; follow them, if driven south of the Potomac, as long as it is safe to do so.

“If it is ascertained that the enemy has but a small force north of the Potomac, then push south with the main force, detaching under a competent commander a sufficient force to look after the raiders, and drive them to their homes. In detaching such a force, the brigade of cavalry now en route from Washington via Rockville, may be taken into the account.

"There are now on the way to join you, three other brigades of cavalry, numbering at least five thousand men and horses. These will be instructed, in absence of further orders, to join you on the south side of the Potomac; one brigade will start to-morrow.

"In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, where it is expected you will have to go first or last, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions, forage and stock, wanted for your command, and such as can not be consumed destroy. It is not desirable that the buildings should be destroyed; they should rather be protected, but the people should be informed that as long as an army can subsist among them, recurrences of these raids must be expected, and we are determined to stop them at all hazards.

"Bear in mind that the object is to drive the enemy south, and to do this, you want to keep the enemy always in sight. Be guarded in this course by the course they take. Make arrangements for supplies of all kinds, giving regular vouchers for such as may be taken from loyal citizens in the country through which you march.

"U. S. GRANT,

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. ARMIES.

"Major-General DAVID HUNTER."

These instructions were issued to General Hunter, but were very soon turned over to his successor. The concentration of the troops took place the next day, moving by rail to Harper's Ferry. On the eighth appeared an order assigning Major-General P. H. Sheridan to the command of a new Middle Department, comprising the departments of Washington, West Virginia and the Susquehanna. Including the cavalry, which had now arrived, the army ready to operate in the Shenandoah Valley numbered, probably, thirty

thousand men, well equipped every way. According to all estimates the rebel force did not vary much from these figures.

We remained in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry four days. The enemy were in the neighborhood of Winchester, threshing wheat, as ascertained by a reconnoissance by the cavalry. At five A. M., on the tenth, the whole army moved out and pressed vigorously up the Valley, every foot of which we were destined to become familiar with, in the three succeeding months, from Harper's Ferry to Mount Crawford, by an experience at once weary, sad and triumphant. At eight o'clock we reached Charlestown, the place made famous as the scene of the imprisonment, trial and execution of John Brown. The soldiers had not forgotten this thrilling page of history—perhaps the introductory chapter to the annals of the rebellion; and as they marched through the town, everywhere decaying, everywhere seared by what seemed to be more the work of retributive justice than acts of vengeful retaliation, for the injustice and mockery it had heaped upon an old man who, maddened by the wrongs he and his countrymen and his kindred had endured, and inspired by a devotional sense of right, had dared to defy a line of the statute book, under whose license the people of the Slave States had usurped human rights for a hundred years—as they marched through these streets, it seemed as if every soul was touched with the memory of the old hero, and ten thousand voices broke forth into singing—

“John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground.”

A dozen bands played the air to which these words were set; and what with the music, the singing, and the measured tread of thirty thousand men, with their very muscles, as well as their vocal organs, in time and tune, afforded a spectacle that time cannot erase from the memory of the participant or the beholder. Surely, his soul *is* “marching on.”

This was one of the real Battle Hymns of the Republic, and its ringing chorus had a mysterious inspiration, that ever brought rest and quickened pace to weary feet, and awakened fresh zeal in desponding hearts.

We pursued a course through forests, and across fields, whose shade and soft matting of leaves afforded a delightful shield to our heads from the rays of the sun and a relief to our feet from the hard road-ways of the usual routes. Between Berryville and Winchester, we camped at night, in line of battle facing west at Clifton's farm. Early the next morning the army was again moving forward, this day the Tenth Vermont guarding the wagon train. On the twelfth, we passed Newton and Middleton, arriving at Cedar Creek at six P. M., where we found the enemy posted on the opposite bank, having retreated from Winchester on the tenth. Some of Crook's men were sent over, and a brisk skirmish immediately ensued, which lasted until dark. The next morning, Early was well posted on Fisher's Hill, and our line was consequently advanced, the army following to a ridge, just north of Strasburg, with the picket line extending through and east of the town along the railroad. It may not have been General Sheridan's purpose to attack the enemy at this time, even had he been found in a less difficult position. Whether it was or not, certainly it was a wise judgment that forebore. That night he withdrew to the opposite or northern bank of Cedar Creek, where he manœuvred for a day or two, inviting a battle, on the ground he had chosen. But the enemy only amused him just enough to keep him in his position while they were maturing plans, which, had they been successful, would have crushed him, and might have deceived a less vigilant commander. On the sixteenth, Torbert's cavalry was attacked at Front Royal, by a strong force of cavalry and infantry, under the rebel General Kenshaw. Torbert held his ground, and captured some prisoners, but the fact that

this large force was in the Luray Valley, just at its mouth, showed that Early had designed it as a part of a combined movement, from this point and his own position on Fisher's Hill, to strike Sheridan upon his right and left and destroy him. The only counter-movement that could now defeat this well devised scheme was an advance backwards, and its execution was not long delayed. That night found us making commendable speed towards Winchester, nor did we tarry long by the way, until we reached Summit Point, near Charlestown, on the evening of the eighteenth. The enemy followed closely and overtook our rear guard at Winchester, where they captured a part of the First New Jersey Brigade. Otherwise the retreat was conducted without loss.

At Charlestown our trains came up ; rations were issued, but not too soon, for three days' rations had already been stretched out to five. Here also we began to establish, somewhat, a regular camp, and lay very quietly, and we supposed securely, until the morning of the twenty-first, when the picket line of the Second Division was driven in, while the troops were making preparations for Sunday morning inspection. So rapid was this movement of the enemy, that their bullets whistling through the camp was almost the first warning of their approach. The Vermont Brigade was immediately sent out to reestablish the line, which they did ; and they did it with so much show of mettle they became involved in a smart little fight which lasted all day, and came very near bringing on a general engagement. Our Third Division was promptly put into line of battle, works were thrown up, and an irregular fusilade kept up at our end of the line all day. On our part this affair could hardly be called a fight ; only two men in the division were killed, and eleven wounded in our brigade. But the losses of the day fell far heavier upon the Vermont Brigade, and quite severely upon the Sixth and Eleventh Reg-

iments. Lieutenant-Colonel Chamberlain, of the Eleventh, was mortally wounded in the early part of the action, and died a few hours after. He is spoken of as an exceedingly brave, accomplished, and pure minded officer, worthily beloved by all who knew him.

At dark the army withdrew to its old position at Halltown, Sheridan himself, it was said, constituting its rear guard. We remained at Halltown six days, in comparative quiet, although the cavalry kept a close watch upon the enemy, often tempting him to fight by dashing saucily through his lines, capturing his videttes, and now and then, from a respectful distance, hurling a score of shell into his camp. Finally, after making an unsuccessful endeavor—the last he ever made—to cross the river again at Williamsport, he fell back behind Charlestown, scattering his forces across the country from Smithfield to Berryville. On the twenty-eighth, Sheridan followed, pursuing so closely with Torbert's Cavalry and our Third Division pushed up on to his left flank, that Early was compelled to show his strength. On the third of September, Crook assailed his right on the Berryville pike, near Opequan Creek, in which he severely handled and drove him back. Sheridan now sat down at and in the vicinity of Clifton, for fifteen days, with his army compact and well in hand. Early was just beyond the Opequan, with his army stretched across the country, so that his front presented the short side of an acute angle, facing east, with the Berryville pike on his right, and the Martinsburg pike on his left, forming the two long sides; its apex lay behind him at Winchester, where the two roads intersect.

The two armies were, perhaps, three miles apart, vigilantly watching each other. And yet so quiet were our camps that it would have been difficult for an outside observer to have guessed that a foe, foiled in a dozen purposes, strong and watchful, lay so near.

On the sixth, the men of the Tenth Regiment, as legal voters in the State of Vermont, held a town meeting, or rather an election, town-meeting fashion, and did what they could toward electing John Gregory Smith, Governor of the State. On the fifteenth, the Second Division, with a brigade of cavalry, made a reconnoissance towards the Opequan; a part of the Vermont Brigade, deployed as skirmishers, crossed the creek, exchanged a few shots with the enemy, and then retired, having accomplished, as was usual with that organization, all that was expected or desired of them.

Thus a fortnight passed. No other hostile operation was undertaken by the infantry, although the cavalry were exceedingly active, most of the time, visiting vengeance upon the guerrillas, and making reprisals of forage and supplies upon the disloyal inhabitants. This rest was needed, and most gratefully welcomed. A careful estimate at this time, shows that our division had marched *seven hundred* miles since landing at Baltimore on the eighth of July, and the result had told heavily upon the troops. Most of our men were sick, and several officers were absent on sick leave; among the latter, Colonel Henry, Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, and Captain, since Major, Salsbury. Most of the other divisions had performed nearly the same distances. But the hour had come when all must march again—this time to victory.

Sheridan's Battle of Winchester.

The respective positions of the two armies have been heretofore described. No variation of numbers has taken place, other than to equalize them. On the seventeenth, General Grant met Sheridan at Charlestown, and after a brief conference, delivered to his lieutenant that famous order "Go in," which finally resulted in a *Go out* to the rebel army in the Valley. Mr. Pollard, formerly editor of the

Richmond *Examiner*, who has attempted to perpetuate the memory of the great crime of the South, in a fulsome work entitled *The Lost Cause*, describes this order as "inelegant" and much in accordance "with that taste for slang which seems to characterize the military literature of the North." Doubtless these "two words of instruction" were not eminently classical, still they will stand a very fair comparison with that miserable patois of which "you uns," "we uns," "right smart distance", "whar yer at," etc., are samples, peculiar it is true, to the lower classes, but by no means ignored in conversation by the upper class of the South.

On the eighteenth, at four o'clock P. M., orders reached our brigade, directing that we be ready to march at a moment's notice. The men of our command were waiting for the church call, but at the hour designated for the service, the bugle in clear shrill notes sounded the "fall in." Tents were struck and the men, with equipments on, were immediately in line. Probably this call was premature, for definite instructions soon reached us, directing us to be ready to move at twelve o'clock, midnight. Ordnance stores and five days' rations were issued, the sick were sent off and all felt that a movement of more than usual importance was on the tapis. Thoughts of an impending battle forced themselves upon us. The soldiers instinctively felt that the hour had arrived when Early's army, that had twice invaded the North within the past two months, and constantly threatened Washington during this period of time—who had so often and so haughtily thrown down the gage of battle, should receive the chastisement it deserved. Although the line of march had not been indicated to the troops, none entertained a doubt in regard to the direction we would take—a contest was certain. Officers at the mess table spoke in subdued voices of what the issue might

be to them. The conversation of men, gathered here and there in groups, around the smoldering camp-fires, was of that serious and solemn nature which in experienced minds marks the eve of great events.

Twelve o'clock came, and we were ready to move, but we did not start until three hours later. The Sixth Corps struck off across the fields, and by cross roads reached the Berryville and Winchester pike at sunrise. The cavalry under Torbert, with Sheridan, had preceded us, the Eighth and Nineteenth Corps following after. We passed rapidly on, the Second Division taking the lead, the First following the Second, and the Third in the rear of the corps, crossed the Opequan, moved up through a narrow ravine, wooded on either flank, and deployed at ten o'clock, A. M., on the right and left of the pike, just at the mouth of the ravine. We never could have passed this defile, had not the cavalry first cleared the way by a surprise upon the enemy there, earlier in the day, and held it at a terrible cost, until the infantry came up.

The cavalry was now relieved, and a line of battle was formed under a murderous fire from the enemy's batteries, with the Second Division on the left of the pike, the Third resting on the right, and the First reserved in the rear of the Third, lapping by our left behind one brigade of the Second. Skirmishers were thrown out, and immediately engaged. The main line stood its ground, and did not move for two dismal hours, the rebel shells plunging right over and through the ranks all the time. At twelve o'clock the Nineteenth Corps came up, having been delayed by some cause on the east bank of the Opequan until now, and went into position on the right of our division. Early had lost a splendid opportunity. Had he attacked with all his force at hand, instead of waiting for the return of detachments, which he had the day before sent off to Bunker Hill, he must have

crushed his antagonist, and hurled him in fragments into the gorge and through the woods behind him. This opportunity had slipped away.

At last the signal for the advance was given, and the line quickly emerged from the woods, which had partially sheltered the troops, into the open field. Right before them, not more than six hundred yards distant, in plain sight, the rebels were waiting to "welcome them with bloody hands to inhospitable graves." Most of the ground over which the troops were to pass, was hard, sloping away without bush or mound to break the vision or stop a bullet, terminating its declivity in a narrow, winding ravine, out of which arose sharp, jutting bluffs, forming a high, irregular crest. On this crest, commanding a view of every inch of ground before them to the woods, both with artillery and musketry, the enemy was fortified. The ground before the Third Division was a somewhat sharper descent, to a wider, marshy level, or what seemed to be a branch of the ravine extending along the pike; but, though not commanded by all of the enemy's line, yet exposed to enough to sweep its entire breadth.

When the men saw with one glance the terrible fate that awaited them, they halted, with or without orders, and lay down. This position is customary with old soldiers, when inevitable destruction stares them in the face, and there is no other escape. It will be borne in mind that our division was on the right of the pike, and that the troops connecting with our left, was the left of the line. The original order was to guide from right to left, hence the right must lead the advance. But no troops on the right of the pike could be prevailed upon to move for some time; they seemed frozen to the earth. It was the business of the Nineteenth Corps to lead in the movement, as the design was in advancing to swing around to the left. Consequently our division did not move.

Finally, the Vermont Brigade, on our immediate left, either by direction from Corps Headquarters, or else upon their own responsibility, arose and darted forward. The Third Division essayed to follow their example, but the first line was thrown into confusion, and finally gave away, or became mingled with the Second, which stood its ground. After this detention they also moved rapidly forward, but with no connection on the left, or steady support on the right. The Second Division, which had dashed ahead, obliques far to the left, as if following by instinct the original order, and striking towards the enemy's right flank, where they really delivered the first effective blow, and thoroughly broke his line. The Nineteenth Corps had now rallied and moved forward, but with too much impetuosity, and with an irregularity that destroyed its coherence and lost its connection on the left, and which also left a gap between its own left and the Third Division, which had been struggling steadily but slowly forward against the enemy's centre, every man nobly striving to redeem the threatened disaster at the start. The enemy instantly rushed into this opening in our lines, and swinging mainly to the left, as they advanced with a yell, threw the Nineteenth Corps, or at least its left and centre, if the irregular condition of its first line could be thus described, into confusion, while at the same time they rubbed off a small part of our right. At one time it seemed as if the battle on this side of the pike would be lost, and it was saved only by the prompt and skillful action of the brave General Russell, who brought up his First Division not an instant too soon, and, with Upton's brigade, struck the charging column of the rebels in flank, drove them back and rectified this part of the line. He then relieved the Third Division, which went farther to the right, and the second line of the Nineteenth Corps took the place of the First Division. In the meantime the Second Division, which had gone so far ahead of everything else, had been

drawn back, in order to present an unbroken front. Thus order was restored, and the attack had been successful, but at considerable cost. General David A. Russell, the beloved commander of the First Division, was killed.

At three o'clock the enemy had taken up a new position near Winchester, thinking, perhaps, that the fighting was over, and the battle drawn. But they did not know their antagonist, Sheridan, spent two hours in reassuring his men, issuing ammunition and making new combinations for another attack. Crook's command, which had crossed the Opequan some distance below the pike, had not yet been in the fight. He was now sent, Averill's and Merritt's divisions of cavalry joining his force, around our right, to the railroad, and to the east of the Winchester and Martinsburg pike, ready to sweep down upon the enemy's flank and rear, who was drawn up around Winchester, facing north and west. This movement, and the advance along the front, were to be made simultaneously. While these manœuvres were going on, Sheridan, with the fire of heroism flashing from his eyes, rode at a dashing speed along the whole front of his line, amid whistling bullets and screeching shell, saying, it is said, to his men: "Hold on here, boys. Crook and Averill are on their flank and rear, and we are going to hustle them out of this." Whether he ever said this or not, certainly his combinations meant it, and his subsequent operations did it.

These lines charged in front, flank and rear, simultaneously. It was one steady, orderly, resistless movement; only for an instant did the line seem to waver, and then but seem, as if the shock of dead men falling against the living caused the momentary trembling.

"Then on they press, and here renew the carnage,"

until the enemy broke and fled pell-mell through "Win-

chester town." It was not a retreat, but a helpless rout, with our men pursuing and shouting with an impetuosity and vigor that would have been impossible to restrain. Infantry, cavalry and artillery vied in the speed of pursuit, and every man felt that he was a victor. The combined and harmonious movement of all arms of the service, struggling for this achievement through the storm of death that howled around them, without faltering, was a sight for a painter. But when the troops beheld the yielding lines of the rebels, saw their battalions dissolve in their fire, rolling up in fierce enveloping waves, the certainty of victory now impelling them onward, the scene was grand beyond description. Oh, how wildly did the victors fling their glad shouts into the "troubled air"! No victory of the war, save the last, inspired such hopes throughout the country, and awakened such a thrill of genuine patriotic joy in every loyal heart. Probably no troops taking part in this battle rejoiced in the enemy's defeat more than those of the Third Division of the Sixth Corps. The enemy had done this very thing, on a smaller scale, for us on the ninth of July, and we were ever afterwards willing to stake Winchester on Monocacy.

The estimated losses to the enemy, probably not far from exact, were five thousand prisoners, five pieces of artillery, seven thousand small arms, four thousand killed and wounded, besides many battle flags. At Winchester we saw among the captures of the day, Alexander's Battery wagon, lost at Monocacy. Our losses, every way, were between four and five thousand. The casualties of the Tenth were ten killed and forty-six wounded. Four officers were wounded, two mortally, one severely and one slightly. Major Dillingham fell, with his leg twisted off by a solid shot, while attending to the alignment of his regiment, under the first shock of the enemy's fire, and lived but a few hours. Lieutenant Hill was wounded at the first advance of our

line, by a part of the contents of a case-shot. His limb was carefully amputated at the upper third of the thigh, but he died a few weeks after in the hospital at Winchester. Lieutenant Abbott was severely wounded, and Captain Davis slightly. After the fall of Major Dillingham the command fell to Captain, since Major, L. T. Hunt, who reported both officers and men as having nobly performed their part in the operations of the day. Conspicuous among the brave, was Adjutant, since Major, Wyllis Lyman, who, by his admirable soldierly conduct, became a stimulating example to others, and what is said of him may be said of both officers and men.

Darkness alone prevented the complete destruction of Early's army. At what hour of the night he ceased his flight we do not know; but following our cavalry, which moved at dawn the next morning, we pursued along the Strasburg pike and did not come in sight of his rear guard until we approached the high ground beyond Cedar Creek. Crossing this stream, we went into camp on the night of the twentieth, upon the same ground we had occupied just four weeks before, and the enemy, now as then, was in the same respective position. But somehow we felt now as if we had a sort of presumptive right to do so—we were the royal purveyors of the soil.

Fisher's Hill.

Coming in between Winchester and Cedar Creek, in the order of time, the battle of Fisher's Hill, at this late date, seems a mere episode to vary the grand monotony of Sheridan's victorious march up the Valley. Yet it was a brilliant, a wonderful battle. This height, the scene of this battle, is thirty miles south of Winchester, within a mile of Strasburg, and near the mouth of the Luray Valley, which debouches into the Shenandoah a short distance to the east, as

one stream flows into another. Here the width of the Shenandoah Valley, averaging, below, fifteen miles, is pinched up to four miles, between what are called the Massanutten and the Little North Mountains, the former on the left as you go south, and the latter on the right. The river washes the broad foot of the Massanutten, and borders the eastern edge of the Valley. Fisher's Hill is so formed that it appears a huge, high-fronted billow of earth and rocks, which had some time been rolling down the Valley, and become strangled between these two mountains and held still, with its frowning crest looking northward, where it now sternly faced our advance.

The enemy was posted upon this crest, immediately behind fortifications, with his front protected by a lower range of hills, ploughed between by ragged ravines. The railroad, also running generally north and south, facing the lines of either army, gashed these hills, crossed, at a tremendous elevation, a brook that found its crooked way here, along down to the river. All these furnished good shelter for our men from the enemy's sharpshooters and his artillery, when we lay in position. But there were many exposed points to be crossed, and difficult acclivities to climb, as well as some broad, open spaces to traverse, in gaining his position. The soldiers, though now trusting implicitly in Sheridan, thought that our passage up the Valley was successfully disputed.

On the evening of the twentieth, when the Sixth Corps filed into the woods north of Strasburg, the Nineteenth deployed into the meadows just south of the town, in battle line across that part of the enemy's front. So we rested over night. The twenty-first was spent in reconnoitering and putting the army in position for definite and determined operations. The Sixth Corps was placed upon the right of the Nineteenth; the cavalry was sent up the Luray Valley, and so expected to reach New Market in the rear of the

enemy. Crook's two divisions were not brought into service, but concealed in the woods northwest of Strasburg. There was little fighting on this day, and little advance made, if we except one brigade of Getty's division, and the Second Brigade of our Third Division. These two brigades fought for an advanced position, which the enemy seemed unwilling to relinquish, and gained it just as night fell. They cleared a splendid elevation of ground for artillery, which was at once occupied by Lamb's Rhode Island Battery. During the night the balance of the Second Division moved up, and threw up intrenchments. The First Brigade of the Third Division also went forward and joined the Second Brigade. This division now constituted the extreme right of the army.

Although Sheridan here occupied a line a mile and a half in extent, it was not a continuous line. He seized and held prominent points, easy of defence, and affording protection; nor did his divisions, brigades and detachments face the same parallel throughout, but here bent back around a hill or jutting point, and there dropped forward into a ravine, as the case required. The Third Division curved back towards the left, a proper defence of the right, and the high ground, requiring this conformation.

Thus the morning of the twenty-second of September found the opposing armies of the Valley fronting and frowning at each other, apparently with all the probabilities of success in favor of the rebels, although three days before they had been woefully beaten. The strength of their position defied assault, but the hopes of our army were now too high to leave possible success unattempted; besides, a determination to conquer burned in the heart of Sheridan. The first business of the morning was a thorough inspection, by Sheridan and his lieutenants, of the enemy and his works, and the ground stretching far away to his left; to penetrate, if possible, his purpose, and learn what new disposition he had made during the night. They were satisfied that he

only purposed to defend himself against a direct assault, that probably appearing to be all that was necessary.

General Crook now started upon an expedition similar to that performed so successfully at Winchester. In the meantime, to divert attention from Crook's movement, and to gain a position from which we could move rapidly to his assistance at the decisive moment, the Third Division swung out from the right, brushed away the enemy's skirmishers, and formed a line immediately threatening his left flank. To make the deception still more complete, Averill's division of cavalry was moved to our right and rear, as if that was the extent of operations in this direction. The enemy faced his lines and turned his guns to meet any further advance from this quarter, went to work with the spade, and seemed content.

Say now it is four o'clock. Crook has toiled with his command westward, up the steep side of the Blue Ridge, and then moved south far enough to gain the rear of the rebel works; then facing east, crawled stealthily yet rapidly to his assigned position. He is now in the edge of the timber, his whole column lapping the enemy's flank, ready to rush upon his rear. An instant more, wholly unexpected he dashes out and leaps forward. At the same time Ricketts's division, seconding Crook's command from the position taken in the morning, and in anticipation of this very thing, sprang forward, quickly traversed the field before them, mounted the rebel works in front and cleared them instantly. The work here was done. The rebels, those who did not at once yield themselves as prisoners, fled terrified, leaving everything that might encumber their flight. In the meantime the troops on our left were nobly carrying out their part of the programme. Under a heavier storm of deadly missiles—and they were *under* it, for it was quite impossible that the rebels should keep a perfect range on this uneven ground—they rapidly closed in and helped to

complete the victory. For the enemy it was a terrible rout. The strong position at Fisher's Hill gave Early an advantage, probably equal to five thousand men, over Sheridan. It was wrested from him, however, by superior strategy. We captured sixteen pieces of artillery, sixteen stand of colors, and eleven hundred prisoners. Our division claimed to have captured four hundred prisoners and six pieces of artillery. But it was only because they happened to be on that part of the line which we attacked. Everybody captured prisoners and guns that day. The Tenth Regiment lost only five wounded and less than that number killed. Captain John A. Hicks, acting on the First Brigade staff, from this regiment, was severely wounded.

Without waiting to see the results of this victory, Sheridan sent what cavalry he had at hand in pursuit. He immediately followed with the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps, nor halted until he reached Woodstock, twelve miles away. The pursuit was resumed on the afternoon of the twenty-third, and continued as far as Harrisonburg, which point we reached on the twenty-fifth, where Early took to the mountains, whither cavalry and artillery could not pursue.

During the time required to make this distance, we were almost constantly skirmishing with the enemy, so closely was he followed. At Mount Jackson and at New Market he enacted the farce of resistance, turned about, displayed something like a line of battle, and hurled railroad iron at us from his batteries, but it only lasted a short time, like a spasm brought on by over taxation of the nervous system.

From Harrisonburg, Sheridan pushed out on the twenty-ninth as far as Mount Crawford, with the Sixth Corps, and sent the cavalry to Staunton and Waynesborough, where they destroyed vast amounts of public property. Here the pursuit ceased, and the troops returned to Harrisonburg. The supply train came up, and several paymasters, issuing provisions and greenbacks, the former being in much the

greater demand, at least a supply of coffee and sugar. Colonel Henry also rejoined the command at this point. On the sixth of October, the army started back toward our base of supplies at Harper's Ferry, a hundred miles away, and reached Strasburg on the afternoon of the eighth.

In retiring down the Valley, General Sheridan literally obeyed the instructions of General Grant, delivered to General Hunter on the fifth of August and soon after turned over to his successor in command. He reports this terrible business as follows :

"In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been made untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over two thousand barns, filled with wheat and hay, and farming implements, over seventy mills, filled with flour and wheat, have driven in front of the army over four thousand head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep."

He also went beyond the instructions above referred to, and burned a large number of dwellings, but assigns the following reasons for his action :

"Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned. Since I came into the Valley from Harper's Ferry, every train, every small party, and every straggler, has been bushwhacked *by the people*; many of whom have protection papers from commanders who have been hitherto in the Valley."

This, every living soldier who was in this campaign knows to be true. The people were meek-faced citizens by day, and in the presence of any considerable body of Union troops; but, as soon as the troops were out of sight, when

darkness came on, they became desperate and bloodthirsty guerrillas ; and in this character they stole upon our men like savages, and shot them down or dragged them away to the woods, where some of them were found hung up by their heels with their throats cut. Colonel Toles, Chief Quartermaster of the Sixth Corps, and Captain Buchanan, our Division Commissary Officer, were thus waylaid and shot. And this kind of warfare (?) was recommended by some of the leaders of the rebellion. Concealed in their houses, or in the guise of friends, they made bloody capital of our conversation, counted our files for the Confederate Chief, and pounced upon the weary soldier who, lame and panting, had fallen a few rods behind the column, to drag him away a prisoner, or butcher him on the spot. Could anything justify their course? Could any punishment be too severe?

A rebel force, somehow collected, pursued Sheridan down the Valley. On the eighth, their cavalry charged spitefully upon the rear of Custar's Division, that was covering the march. So the next day, Torbert, with all of our cavalry force, turned upon them, and in a very short but decisive engagement, defeated them, capturing three hundred prisoners and all of their "rolling stock" except one piece of artillery, and then chased them back to Mount Jackson. It might have been supposed now that either Early had withdrawn from the Valley, or that his force was so reduced and demoralized that a less number of troops could take care of him. Therefore, the Sixth Corps, under orders for Petersburg, took up the line of march for Washington, via Ashby's Gap, on the tenth of October. Halting at Front Royal until the thirteenth, the corps then moved on a dozen miles or so, and was in the act of crossing the Shenandoah River, when it was ordered back to Middleton, and into a position on the right of the army we had left four days since.

Cedar Creek.

In the succeeding pages of this chapter it may be well to say that a complete description of the battle of Cedar Creek will not be attempted. It is very doubtful whether a description in detail can be given with accuracy. So terrible was the confounded confusion produced by the enemy's first blow in the morning, so complicated and all uncertain were the movements undertaken, almost despairingly for a time, to meet it, and the helplessness of corps and division commanders, left in some instances without a man to execute their orders—in one word, so complete was the rout of almost the entire army in the early part of the day, and so wonderful the victory achieved afterwards—a victory won at last on the field of “the awful conflict,” and regained by the very men who lost it—that the thought is baffled at description, as if following the thread of mystery. Only a general account of this battle, therefore, will be here presented, and that will be confined principally to the operations of the Sixth Corps.

On the morning of the nineteenth of October, 1864, three corps of infantry and one corps of cavalry were in position between Middletown and Cedar Creek, occupying several prominent overlooking points on its northern bank. The general direction of this stream, if its crooked course can be defined, is east; it therefore strikes the Shenandoah, which takes a course at this point north and south, at right angles. The Winchester and Staunton pike is the main traveled road of the Valley, and from Middletown to Strasburg it follows the course of the river, perhaps a mile from its west bank. Beyond the river, on the east, rises high and steep the Massanutten Mountain. The general direction of the pike, the river and the creek, it will now be observed, describes three sides of a rectangular parallelogram. General Crook's command, consisting of two small

divisions, was in this space. He commanded a view of the junction of the two streams and of the river for a long distance, running past his left, his line facing south and east. On his left and rear was a small provisional division, commanded by General J. H. Kitching. The Nineteenth Corps was on the right of the pike, somewhat to the rear of Crook, with its left resting upon it, and the centre thrown forward toward the Creek. Still farther to the right and rear, away towards the Blue Ridge, were the camps of the Sixth Corps. The Union army held a line three miles long, and was as near *en échelon* as anything not thus mechanically designed could be. Our Third Division lay nearest to the Nineteenth Corps; the First joined our right, and the Second was on the extreme right of the infantry; the cavalry lay still to the right of Getty's division. Our force has been given at twenty-five thousand, including all arms of the service, all under the command of Major-General H. G. Wright. Sheridan was at Winchester, "twenty miles away." The rebel army was at Fisher's Hill, five miles distant, estimated at twenty thousand. Early's plans for attack were to make a feint against our right with cavalry, move two large divisions and forty pieces of artillery against our centre, and the rest of his army, three divisions, as a flanking column around our left. As soon as this flank movement should prove successful, and the attack should be made there, it was to be followed by a stunning blow at the Nineteenth Corps. Here is a rebel account of the movement:

"It commenced a little past midnight. While demonstrations were made against the Federal right, where the sound of musketry already announced a fight on the picket line, the flanking column of the Confederates, toiling along seven miles of rugged country, crossed the north fork of the Shenandoah by a ford about a mile east of the junction of Cedar Creek with that stream. The march was performed

in profound silence. Many places had to be traversed by the men in single file, who occasionally had to cling to the bushes on the precipitous sides of the mountain to assist their foothold. At dawn the flanking column was across the ford, Gordon's Division in front, next Ransom's, and Pegram's in reserve. Early had brought his column unperceived to the rear of the left flank of the Federal forces; it remained now but to close in upon the enemy and fight rapidly."

Here also is another account, by a Union officer in the Nineteenth Corps :

"His cavalry and light artillery had orders to advance upon our right, so as to occupy the attention of Torbert's Cavalry and the Sixth Corps. His infantry marched in five columns, of which Gordon, Ransom and Pegram were to place themselves by daybreak on the left rear of the whole Union position, while Kenshaw and Wharton should at the same hour be close up under the intrenched crest held by the army of Western Virginia.

"The management of this advance was admirable. The canteens had been left in camp, lest they should clatter against the shanks of the bayonets; the men conducted themselves with the usual intelligence of the American soldier, whether Northern or Southern; and this fearfully perilous night march, under the nose of a powerful enemy, was accomplished with a success little less than miraculous."

Of course there was scarcely a soldier in the army who believed that the enemy would venture upon an attack after he had been so often beaten, much less that he would make this hazardous attempt where the untimely clink of a horse's hoof against a stone, or the accidental discharge of a musket, would have invited sure destruction. Probably it was this unwarrantable conviction of security, coupled with some

contempt for a whipped foe, that accounts for any want of vigilance on the part of our men. There is also a reasonable view of the case. The ground over which they must move to the attack was thought to be impracticable. But the night was dark and the atmosphere was rare, conditions unfavorable for conveying sights or sounds, and the sturdy column stole on while we were all unconscious of its approach. Only once was there a suspicion of anything wrong, although they passed within four hundred yards of the sentinels; then it was an undefined, uncertain sound, muffled in the distance, and was treated as a fancy. So the hours of night wore away. With morning came the crash. A heavy fog hung upon the river, and spread over the land, veiling everything in its unbroken sombre cloud, so concealing the clever trick that was to be sprung upon us. That cloud bred us mischief. In it grew the many-headed monster, that first, a little thing, came pattering and screaming upon our right in the gray dawn of day and disappeared, then like a terrific thunderbolt burst upon the left, shattering whatever it touched.

It will be remembered that the Army of Western Virginia was on the left, facing south and east, with Kitching's division, amounting to no more than a brigade, on Crook's left and rear, also facing east. The rebel line of assault was formed with Gordon's division stretched diagonally across Kitching's left. Ransom's and Pegram's divisions confronted the single brigade of Crook's corps, then turned off to the left of the main line of defence, and therefore stood opposed to the flank and rear of this line, at the same time reaching around so as to connect with Wharton's division in Crook's immediate front, while Kenshaw's larger division confronted the Nineteenth Corps, though not yet within striking distance.

Soon after the small demonstration on the right, the enemy fell upon Kitching's force and scattered it, as leaves

are scattered before a November blast. At the same time they dashed upon Crook's men, sprang with hideous yells into their breastworks, and shot them down, all unprepared for resistance, or swept them within their advancing columns. The surprise was complete, and though the fiery storm lasted seemingly but for a moment, yet in that moment Crook's corps and Kitching's division had melted away. It seems almost incredible that these gallant men, who had charged so splendidly at Winchester and at Fisher's Hill, should now so speedily become fugitives, flying for safety. It would have been impossible under other circumstances. The enemy came upon them as a wave of the sea comes upon the beach, licking up the dry sticks and rubbish that have been lodged near the water's edge, carrying some farther away, but bearing most of it back on its reflux tide. Next, the conflict fell upon the Nineteenth Corps. Gordon, Ransom and Pegram came up unopposed and fell upon its rear; Kenshaw charged in front, and in less than an hour nothing except the deserted tents and baggage, lost artillery and the brave dead, remained to mark the site of their former occupation. But single brigades and divisions had fought nobly in this brief hour. That morning a reconnoissance, by a part of this corps, had been ordered, and a force was nearly ready to move out; therefore, when the conflict broke so suddenly upon the left, these troops were in a movable condition. Colonel Stephen H. Thomas, the veteran commander of the Eighth Vermont Regiment, and the officer who did so much to mend the broken lines of his corps at Winchester, on the nineteenth of September, now in command of McMillian's brigade, immediately threw it across the pike and plunged with it into the woods, where he tried to arrest the fugitives from the Eighth Corps, and attempted to beat back the rebel host that was then pressing unopposed in pursuit. But he was soon overwhelmed and obliged to retire, leaving fully one-third of

his men dead and wounded on the ground, although two other brigades came to his assistance. Meantime Gordon pushed on his flanking column, extending it around to the rear of the position still clung to by Emery, until he was squarely between him and Middletown, in possession of the pike. Emery now formed his remaining division upon the reverse side of his own breastworks, and endeavored for a moment to check the advance of the rebels; but he could no more effect that than he could have stayed the torrent of a mighty river by dumping into it a cart load of sawdust. He was left alone with one division; Grover had been overwhelmed in detail, himself wounded, and was retiring as best he could. The rest of the corps soon followed.

General Emery fought his corps with great bravery, and for some time faced the enemy with an organized front. His division and brigade commanders also are entitled to great praise for their conspicuous gallantry. It is impossible to see how men could have done better, situated as they were. The Sixth Corps, hearing the roar of the conflict through the darkness, had "packed up" and were prepared to move promptly when ordered. General Ricketts, in command of the corps, was not long in ordering it into line of battle. The Third Division was formed into line at right angles, to our original position, facing east, the First Division formed on our left, a little to the rear, the Second came next; and still farther to the left and rear, in order to brace the whole line, the cavalry was posted. Early's army had now become concentrated on a line running nearly parallel with and on the west side of the pike covering our whole front and extending far beyond either flank. He had five large divisions, it will be remembered, well supplied with artillery, which he commanded in person; and there was now nothing left except the Sixth Corps and Torbert's Cavalry to match him. They at once opened a severe fire of artillery and musketry upon our

division, from a commanding crest in front of the line we had newly taken up, sweeping all the ground before us. This fire continued for half an hour, pouring into our front; it was then increased by an enfilading fire of artillery on our right, and the division fell back to a line parallel with that of the First Division. The rebels immediately advanced their line of battle to the crest we had left, and it seemed as if they were determined to force us still farther back. Now it happened when we fell back that three guns of Battery M, Fifth United States (Captain McKnight's), had been left in position. The rebels at once took possession of them and were in the act of turning them upon us, whereupon a charge was ordered to recover them. We had retreated four hundred yards, and every inch must now be retraced; the regiment advanced swiftly over the space, through a terrific storm of lead and iron, drove the enemy in confusion from the crest, recaptured the guns and dragged them off by hand.

Sergeant William Mahony, color bearer of the regiment, was the first to reach these guns, he immediately sprung upon one of them, flag in hand, saying, "They is taken, Kurnel." We maintained this position too long. The enemy coming up in heavier force, striking the troops that were on our left, and pouring in a destructive fire from the right, we were swept back to the second ridge above mentioned. We should have gone back at once, and moved quickly, instead of holding on until flanked on the right and left as we did, and then stubbornly yielding, fighting as we gave ground. We had suffered terribly in this adventure. But the enemy had met with his first repulse, and the manifest lack of confidence with which he fought afterwards, until his whole force hesitated and recoiled before one of our divisions, began to show itself at this point. We endeavored to make a stand upon this second line, but it was of no avail. The enemy were now reaching around our right,

and after repulsing a determined assault in front, the First Division withdrew and the Third followed suit, swinging around far to the right, and somewhat to the rear of the Second, which, with Merritt's and Custar's divisions of cavalry, still struggled against complete disaster. General Sheridan, in his report of this battle, affirms that these troops, Getty's Division and Torbert's Cavalry, were the only "troops that confronted the enemy from the first attack in the morning until the battle was decided." But they had retreated four miles during the day. The Vermont Brigade distinguished itself above all praise in this action, and the heroism of officers and men was sublime.

At ten A. M., the rebels ceased to vex us. Either they thought themselves checkmated, or they were gluttoned with success. Both propositions may be true, for although they had driven us from the field and utterly routed most of the army, they had not conquered us; there was a remnant left that steadily confronted them. General Getty, in command of the corps from early morning, General Ricketts having been severely wounded, had looked up a line of defence, and had there formed his own division. General Wright had brought the First and Third and the Nineteenth Corps into this formation, and had the rebels continued their advance he would surely have made the most stubborn fight of the day, thus far. It is true, also, that they loved well—alas! too well for their safety—the spoils that had fallen into their hands. They delayed nearly three hours, at a time when a moment to them was worth assured victory. They were golden hours to us, for their mysterious silence was the unseen herald of the magnificent triumph that so speedily followed. During that time Sheridan had arrived from Winchester. He immediately assumed command, carrying out the orders of General Wright, for this new defensive line. It is certain that the presence of Sheridan inspired confidence; his every tone and gesture had something of reassurance in them.

The men greeted him with vociferous cheering, the cowed and beaten in spirit hailed him with joy, stragglers hastened back at his heels, and the dying breathed out the last spark of life, rekindled it seemed but for an instant, to welcome his return. General Custar received him, *les larmes aux yeux*, and embraced him tenderly. He was everywhere in a moment. Sending his staff in every direction, he would oftentimes gallop after them and then do himself the very thing he had directed them to do. But it is very doubtful whether the army thought of success, at least such a success as was achieved, even with Sheridan to command. They doubtless thought of resistance, and determined not to be driven another inch. But Sheridan's plan was much more comprehensive, and he frequently assured his men, energetically saying, "We'll have our camps before night."

At one o'clock P. M., he was ready to meet the enemy, who had been some time preparing to advance, and his skirmishers had been once driven back on the right. On the left of the pike were posted Merritt's and Custar's Cavalry, under Torbert, and what there was left of Crook's command; to their right the Sixth corps, Second Division on the left, Third in the centre, and the First on the right; the Nineteenth Corps prolonged the line on the right, and subsequently Custar's division of cavalry was transferred to the right, to operate with the Nineteenth Corps. It was Sheridan's plan to turn the enemy's left with a heavy force, while he occupied his front with just strength enough to keep all his troops there well engaged, consequently he placed the Sixth Corps in a single line, so as to cover his right and centre, and the Nineteenth in two lines, at the point determined upon for the heaviest work. The preparation was not made a moment too soon; the rebels immediately advanced upon the left, hoping to succeed as they had hitherto upon the right. They came on with force enough, but lacked the spirit and dash of the morning, and they

were handsomely repulsed. Now followed some reädjusting of the lines, and a new disposing of troops; and two hours later our whole line emerging to the left was moving steadily back over the ground we had lost, in a most determined attack upon our whilom victorious foes. At first it met with as determined resistance, and it seemed as if our light line must succumb before the heavy columns of our adversaries, but Emery and Custar were hard at work on the right and soon overcome the resistance in that quarter. The attack was successful at last. The enemy's left gave way, and a part of it was cut off and captured by the terrible Custar. The other part of our line then sprang forward and his centre broke in confusion and fled *a la* Winchester and Fisher's Hill. Here as there, also, we pursued with avenging haste, cheering as we ran, so loud that the voice of cannon mingling with the clattering of musketry, seemed only the distant echo of our tumultuous joy, pushing rapidly over the four miles they had driven us, without an instant's relief, with no thought of their further resistance—they a flying mob, we a shouting and exulting host, pursuing. We chased them to Cedar Creek, over which, after one look of mock defiance, expressed by the angry zips of a thousand bullets, those who could, escaped.

This scene was magnificent. The field was hilly, striped with ravines and dotted with woods, but occasionally the whole long curving line could be seen with its twice eighty flags, all in front, all tossed in the breeze that speed lent the air, floating their bright stars and gilded insignia of States along the triumphant way, and foremost, in the centre, was Sheridan, himself flashing, leading his army to victory.

The infantry halted on the banks of the creek; then came the smoking steeds of Custar. He forded the stream and pursued the routed foe until darkness afforded him shelter. Sheridan's promise was redeemed. *We had* our camps, and each man occupied the quarters that night,

which he had left in the morning, save those who slept the long sleep of the brave. It was a gory gateway through which we passed to victory. The lost in killed, was nearly three thousand. Two general officers were killed and five wounded, one mortally. Our division commander, General Ricketts, was severely wounded, and at one time during the battle little hope was entertained for his life. Most of those made prisoners by the enemy in the morning were recaptured at night, with fifteen hundred "Johnnies." We captured fifty-three pieces of artillery, including twenty-four we had lost, fifteen hundred small arms, beside large quantities of war *materiel*. Pollard gloomily records as a joke a custom of the ordnance officers in Richmond. When forwarding artillery to this Confederate commander, they ticketed them "General Sheridan, care of General Jubal Early." There were nine Vermont regiments engaged in this battle, the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh, Eighth, Tenth, and First Cavalry, all suffering more or less loss, but no organization from the State more than the Tenth. We lost one third of our command. Twenty enlisted men were killed, and two officers, Captain L. D. Thompson and Lieutenant B. B. Clark. Eight other officers were wounded, Adjutant Lyman, Captains Nye and Davis, Lieutenants White, Wheeler, Welch, Read and Fuller. The regiment enjoyed the benefit of a succession of commanders in this battle, if such changes can be beneficial to a regimental command during an engagement. Colonel Henry was present at the commencement of the action, and bore himself with great coolness and bravery *in the first charge that was made* upon the enemy that morning. When the order came to secure McKnight's guns, the Colonel promptly led his regiment in the charge, and when he saw the guns safely to the rear, as the enemy were on three sides of him, ordered a retreat. This retreat commenced orderly enough, but as the rebels pressed up to the crest just occupied by the guns,

and as they had a meadow to cross about a mile wide before any sort of shelter presented itself, it became disorderly and hasty. The Colonel kept up with his command for about a quarter of the way, but then, as he was suffering from the effects of a severe attack of bilious fever, gave out and would have been left in the hands of the enemy had not Lieutenant Greer and Corporal Crown, of Company D, come to his assistance, each taking him by an arm, and so, turning to the left, to escape a portion of the rebel fire, bore him off the field. As it was, the Colonel had four bullet holes in his clothes, Lieutenant Greer, then a Sergeant, had his knapsack on his back shot all to pieces, and Corporal Crown was twice hit, yet blood was not drawn on either of them. Meanwhile Captain Salisbury had halted and reformed the regiment on the west side of the meadow, and gallantly repulsed the second charge of the enemy, when Colonel Henry came up.

Shortly after this, Captain Salisbury was detailed to command the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania, a small veteran regiment in the same brigade, and at that time without an officer with the rank of captain. In the final charge of the day the regiment was commanded by Captain H. H. Dewey, of Company A, an exceeding brave officer. Captain Salisbury did good service with the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, of which he continued in command until the first of December, when he was relieved by the officer commanding the First Brigade, with the following complimentary order :

“The Brigade Commander desires to express his entire satisfaction with the able manner in which Captain Salisbury has discharged his duties as commander of this regiment.”

He was also recommended for a brevet, for gallantry in this action. As these Pennsylvanians were under the command of one of our best officers, it may not be inappropriate

in this connection to speak of their valiant behavior at this battle. In the final charge they captured Ransom's division flag, one of their men taking it from its brave bearer, who, having been shot down, had torn it from its staff, and was in the act of hiding it in his bosom. The captain immediately promoted him to a sergeant, and permitted him to take his prize to General Sheridan's headquarters. The general ordered his pay up to date, and gave him thirty days furlough.

But little more remains to be said of our part in the Shenandoah Campaign. The army remained at Cedar Creek and in the vicinity of Strasburg twenty days, and then moved north to a small hamlet near Winchester, where it was little further annoyed by General Early. A skirmish or two, resulting in defeat, finished the long chapter of Confederate disasters in the Shenandoah Valley. The First Vermont Cavalry, or a part of that command, on picket near this point, was attacked by a superior force of rebel cavalry, under Rosser, and its outposts were driven in. Major Salisbury, with the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania, and a part of the One Hundred and Twenty-Second "O. V. I.s," was ordered to drive them back, which he did after a brisk skirmish, under the immediate eye of General Sheridan. This is all that the Tenth Vermont had to do with the fight at Kearnsstown.

On the eighth of November, the regiment held a Presidential election, casting one hundred and ninety-five votes for Lincoln and twelve for McClellan. On the twenty-first, the Sixth Corps was reviewed by General Sheridan. The twenty-fourth was Thanksgiving Day, and each soldier in the army was supplied with three-quarters of a pound of poultry—turkey or chicken—a Thanksgiving gift from loyal citizens of New York City, which made the occasion a very pleasant one. For the rest, quiet and monotony were the principal features of our stay in the Valley. The

men built substantial quarters, thinking they were to winter there, and officers began to think of sending for their wives. But they did not, and the "Fates of War" soon shifted the scene.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the Valley we had lived on mutton and honey. When we were not having the best of a time, we had the worst. Army experience ever afforded these two extremes. We now go back to become once more identified with the operations around Petersburg and Richmond, and to perform duties more disagreeable than those we had discharged during the last forty days, and to live on a soldier's common fare—the lambs and honey of the Confederacy had become exhausted in this quarter.

On the third of December, we moved to Stevenson's Station, and took cars for Harper's Ferry *en route* for Washington, via the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Arriving at the station, there followed the usual disestablishment that falls to the lot of armies moved by railroad and water transportation—that is, all unauthorized horses, a large number of which are generally accumulated in a campaign through an enemy's country, were turned over to Quarter-Masters. There are also, at such times, a great many personal effects, such as tables, chairs, oftentimes a stool, and not unfrequently a bed-quilt, that have mysteriously made their way into camp and ministered wonderfully to the soldier's comfort, which must, on the eve of a march, be abandoned. We often parted with these articles with great reluctance; they become to the soldier things of *vertu*. No one can tell how much he becomes attached to an old chair, or a table, or that which served the purpose of a table, until he has known the inconvenience of trying to get along without them. The man who invented a camp-chair was a great

civilizer, he deserves a monument crowned with his own colossal figure in bronze.

We arrived at Washington at eight o'clock on the morning of the fourth, and immediately took ship on the steamer *Matilda*, for City Point, where we arrived at eleven A. M., on the fifth. After some delay we got ashore, and after a great deal more detention reached the front sometime during the night. When the morning broke we found that we had slept among the half-buried bones of those slain six months before, and upon a battlefield we had ourselves contested. Next day we moved into a position on the left of the Weldon Railroad, formerly occupied by the Fifth Corps. It was a dreary place. The heel of the soldier had crushed all the verdure from the soil—the timber for miles around had been cut away and converted into fortifications, cabins and fuel. Still, all this region was many times enriched by the blood of our countrymen, and now doubtless yields luxuriant harvests of grass and grain from the costly fertilizing. Our division moved to Hatcher's Run, on the ninth, in a terrible storm of snow and rain, as a supporting column to Warren and Mott, who had gone still further to the left, in order to destroy the Weldon Railroad, south of our position, which the enemy was using to transport supplies from North Carolina, nearly up to a point whence he could wagon them around our left to his own depots. On the tenth, after standing in line of battle, in half-frozen mud and water six inches deep, from eight o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, we moved back to the old camp. Barely arriving there, our regiment was ordered away to Fort DuShane, a position in the rear line of defences on the Weldon Railroad. Here we remained until the twenty-third, through terrible cold weather, much exposed, and it required a great deal of grumbling to while away and vary the monotony of our stay. Through great tribulation the men had contrived to build cabins, though much inferior to any they had con-

structed before, on account of the great scarcity of material. But there was no rest yet; just as these additions to our comfort had been secured, General Seymour, now in command of our division, ordered us up to the first line of defences. There we remained in comparative quiet until the twenty-ninth of March, with the exception of an engagement on the twenty-fifth, which is reported as a battle. It was indeed a battle, in which Lieutenant-Colonel George B. Damon, then in command of the Tenth, distinguished himself. It was a battle of the picket line, although intended as a feeler of the main line of the enemy, which General Meade apprehended had been weakened in order to swell the force which had been impelled against Fort Steadman on the morning of the twenty-fifth. Of course that attack, being upon the east of Petersburg, did not fall upon the Sixth Corps, nor did we sustain any part of the temporary defeat at that point, neither share the subsequent success there attained—all of that belongs to the Ninth Corps. As soon as this affair was over, however, General Meade supposing that some of the enemy's supporting troops in this assault had been concentrated at that point from our immediate front on the left of Fort Steadman, ordered a counter attack, which engaged nearly all of our division, and involved, in one way and another, the whole of both corps. Colonel Damon had under his command about four hundred men from the Tenth Vermont and Fourteenth New Jersey, besides the One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Twenty-second Ohio Regiments. With these forces he was ordered to advance to the picket line in front of Forts Fisher and Welch, and if possible carry it. He reached this line, which was about three hundred yards distant, and penetrated it at several points, but on account of the strength of the position and the vigor of its defence, he was compelled to retire to the original line.

General Seymour made immediate preparation to renew

the charge. General Kifer, commanding our Second Brigade, with the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth Ohio, the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania, the Sixth Maryland and the Ninth New York Heavy Artillery Regiments, as a support to Damon's detachments from the First Brigade, now directed the assault. The advance commenced at four P. M., Colonel Damon now commanding his own regiment. The first line moved rapidly forward, the supports closely following, and captured the enemy's entire intrenched picket line, and held it, forcing them back five hundred yards. The enemy's fiasco upon Fort Steadman, in the early morning, finally resulted in the loss of his fortified line at this point, together with the loss of two thousand prisoners at all points. Of these, the Tenth captured one hundred and sixty men. Thus ended the operations of the day, so far as we were concerned. Previous to this movement, the Third Division had been in camp near the Weldon Railroad, south of Petersburg, as above stated, nearly three months, doing police, fatigue and picket duty. These duties were quite severe, as we were so near the enemy, and it required so much time and attention to keep the slippery clay soil, upon which our camp was located, in a good sanitary condition. The two picket lines, at this point, were near enough together to afford free and easy communication between the sentinels on opposite posts. They daily exchanged Richmond for Washington and New York papers. "Yank" and "Johnny" chopped wood from the same felled tree, at the same time, between the lines, and conversed about the aspects of the struggle. Why should they not? Each was then engaged in a peaceful pursuit, and it seemed as reasonable as the practice of firing upon each other regularly, night and morning, from their respective posts of military duty.

No details for picket duty, at this time, were allowed to sleep when *not* on their posts, during the twenty-four hours,

which was the usual limit of their assignment to this task. There was little or no time for drill while in these winter quarters, and perhaps no need of more than was furnished by the usual evening dress parade. This gave the men exercise in the manual of arms, and was now performed in our division by brigades. On the whole, this was altogether the hardest winter we had seen in our military existence. Our exposure to the storm, and our experience in the mud, were greater than ever before. The pitiless blast frequently uncovered the frail shelters of the soldier, and sometimes blew down our heavily corded wall tents. One March wind wrenched Surgeon Clark's tent from its fastenings, and hurled the ridge beam upon the head of Captain Davis, who happened to be sitting inside, with such violence as to render that officer senseless for twenty-four hours, and disable him for a month. Our proximity to the Confederate lines was such as to render almost every movement of ours visible to them, and constant vigilance was the price of our safety from surprise by a *coup d'etat*.

We had a sutler but a small part of the time, and we had to rely upon the government for all of our supplies. To be sure the Commissary Department usually furnished the *substantials* in this line, but never luxuries. I do not remember that the government ever issued fresh salmon and green peas. With all this exposure, privation and severe military service, the troops of our division were never in a more healthy condition. The men of the Tenth Regiment were complimented in special orders by Colonel Scriver, Medical Inspector of the Army, for cleanliness of person and quarters, also for the healthy and orderly arrangements of their camp. The Division Hospital, in charge of Surgeon Childe, of the Tenth, was admirably located, well fitted up, and in its routine and details of management as conducive to the comfort of the sick as any of those vast military infirmaries around Washington. With all this, too, our

troops were contented. There was no murmuring, but each man seemed to be waiting calmly to do his part in the final movements of the approaching spring campaign, which all intelligent minds believed would determine the fate of the rebellion. Our discipline was perfect, and desertion from among the veterans unknown, although there were some from recruits and substitutes who had recently been sent to the front. In these particulars there was a remarkable contrast between the two opposing armies. While the patriots were well fed, warmly clad and abundantly supplied with medicines and hospital accommodations, firmly believing in the justice and righteousness of their cause, with many of their comrades returning recovered from the injuries of the late campaigns, and contented now to do and die in further efforts to suppress the rebellion, a large majority of the Confederates lacked all these conditions and qualities. They were discontented, weary and heart-sick of the struggle; many were constantly seeking the opportunity to desert. Scores and hundreds came into our lines nightly. A load of them, driving a six-mule team, entered our camps on the twenty-third of February, in open day. Many of the officers came in with their men, delivering themselves from further participation in a struggle which had become hopeless. Thus, much of the vitality of the Confederacy oozed out; its forces were dropping away all winter, and the time usually employed to recruit the health and spirits of an army for vigorous operations in the spring, was seized upon by the Confederate soldiers to free themselves from the toils and the consequences of the uncertain contest. This showed something of the state of demoralization existing in the rebel army; but when soldiers, set to guard its outposts and various fortifications against the approaches of an enemy without, were compelled to guard still more vigilantly against their own companions in arms, lest they should desert, and were oftentimes ordered to fire upon

large squads fleeing to the enemy, there is positive proof of great disorder. Meanwhile Grant was strangling the Army of Northern Virginia. It had been able to do little more than hold a defensive position around Richmond for the past eight months. Sheridan had destroyed an army that the Confederate chief sent into the Shenandoah Valley for the purpose of loosing the toils that he felt tightening around him.

Sherman and Thomas had kept all of the Confederate armies south and southwest of Virginia remarkably busy for nearly a year, ever defeating and steadily driving them, and now, united, were heading towards Richmond. Surely that nation, which misguided men had attempted to rear upon a foundation which had for its corner stone the black man, was beginning to totter. Perhaps it would have stood firmer had not its founders cast four millions of intelligent beings, whose blood boiled for freedom, into the trenches of its substructure.

We must now describe something of the operations of both armies henceforward, to the close of the contest between them; and though other corps and regiments shared equally in the final movements here successfully undertaken, the part taken by the Sixth Corps will be given most in detail.

Lee must free himself from this vice-like grip of the Army of the Potomac or perish. Grant had planned a movement to commence on the twenty-ninth of March, which was to strike once more the enemy's right flank, against which we had been so often hurled with varying success, while vigorous demonstrations were to be made upon his left. Lee anticipated this contemplated movement by four days. On the twenty-fifth, he made his famous strike at Forts Steadman and Haskell, referred to near the beginning of this chapter, and better known in histories of the war. Had this design succeeded, it certainly would

have prolonged the contest, for it would have divided our army and endangered our depot of supplies at City Point. But the result was far otherwise. Lee lost three thousand men, was compelled to give ground at several points along his line, and on the whole, shook himself more firmly into the toils from which he was endeavoring to free himself. Thus the memorable second of April, 1865, found him.

No doubt a full and impartial account of the final movements of the Army of the Potomac, henceforth from this date, would be acceptable to most of the small circle of readers whom this volume will reach. But they are fairly recorded elsewhere. Therefore the remarkable operations of Sheridan, on the three days preceding and on the same date, on the right of the enemy, with the cavalry corps, Warren's and a part of Hancock's Corps, the latter under Humphreys, although thrilling, and the initiation of that strategy which intercepted the successful flight, and finally wrought disaster to the Confederate forces around Richmond, cannot be recorded. And as the briefest possible account of the part taken by the Tenth Vermont in the action of the second of April, the report of Lieutenant-Colonel George B. Damon is given, nearly complete.

“General :—I have the honor to submit the following as a report of the operations of this regiment, in the attack upon the main line of works of the enemy, on the left of Petersburg, on the second of this month.

“In compliance with orders from the headquarters of the brigade, the regiment, in light marching order, leaving all knapsacks and camp equipage behind, in order to facilitate its movements, moved at twelve o'clock, midnight, on the first of April, and went into position some four hundred yards in front of Fort Welch, and twenty paces in rear of our intrenched picket line. The brigade, which was the

extreme left of the corps, was formed in three lines of battle, the Tenth Vermont occupying the right of the front line. The picket line of the enemy was also behind strong earthworks, about one hundred and fifty yards from us, their main works being some two hundred yards farther to their rear.

“Soon after we were in position, at half past twelve o’clock, and again at three o’clock in the morning, a very severe picket fire was opened on both sides, commencing at a considerable distance to our right, and extending to our front and left, and continuing each time for about one half hour.

“The regiment is entitled to great credit for the silence which was maintained during this terrible musketry, both officers and men keeping a perfect line and displaying great coolness and courage. The darkness prevented a large list of casualties, some five or six men only being wounded.

“At about four o’clock in the morning, at the firing of a signal gun from Fort Fisher, the regiment advanced at a double quick under a terrific fire of musketry and artillery, passing our own picket line and that of the enemy, pressing through such openings as we could find in the double line of abatis, and did not halt until the colors of the regiment were planted inside the fortified line of the enemy.

“We first struck their works immediately to the left of a fort mounting six guns, which was evacuated on our approach. These defenses consisted of heavy field works, at least six feet high, with a ditch in front eight feet wide and six or seven feet deep,—and forts and redoubts at intervals of from three hundred to four hundred yards, all mounted with field artillery. A portion of the men passed through narrow openings in the works and many jumped into the ditch and scaled the intrenchments. Many prisoners delivered themselves up here, and were immediately sent to the rear, but without guard, as our own

safety required the presence of every man. As my regiment was in advance of the other regiments of the division, and had become somewhat broken by the obstructions through which we had passed, I caused the line to be reformed, which occupied some five minutes, during which time we were joined by portions of the other regiments of the brigade.

“As soon as my command was reorganized, we moved rapidly to the left, in line of battle, within and parallel to the captured works, in the direction of a second fort, some three hundred yards distant, doubling up the enemy as we advanced, and capturing many prisoners. This fort, mounting two guns, was taken without serious opposition. Here we halted for a moment to reorganize the line, and again advanced, over swampy, uneven ground, upon a third fort, distant some four hundred yards, from which we received a severe artillery fire. We were also subjected to quite a severe musketry fire from this position, which was obstinately contested by a large force of the enemy assembled there. The position was, however, carried, and the fort fell into our hands, the enemy retiring a few hundred yards to the left into the edge of a piece of woods, from which they kept up so severe a musketry fire as to check our advance. Adjutant James M. Read was here wounded, while nobly performing his duty, the ball entering the heel and coming out at the instep, necessitating an amputation of the foot, from which he died on the sixth instant. So rapid had been our advance from the time of first reaching the enemy's line, that the regiment was considerably broken up, while the other regiments of the brigade were without organization, though many of the men were with us. We were able, however, to hold our advanced position for about twenty minutes, when the enemy advanced upon us in strong force, moving parallel with their intrenchments and upon both sides. We were compelled reluctantly to fall

back to the second fort, heretofore mentioned. Some of the captured guns of the enemy, and one of our own batteries, were now put into position and opened upon the enemy.

"The different regiments of the brigade were, in the meantime, reorganized, as were some of the regiments of the Second Brigade, of the division, which now came up, and in a short time we again advanced, recapturing the fort and carrying everything before us. The enemy made no further resistance, but great numbers delivered themselves up as prisoners, and many escaped to the rear. Still moving on about a half mile, we met the Twenty-fourth Corps, which had just entered the works without opposition, further to the left. After halting here for about half an hour, the regiment countermarched and moved in the direction of Petersburg, together with the rest of the division. Passing outside the rebel fortifications a little to the north of the point where we entered in the morning, the division was formed in line of battle at right angles to their works, forming a part of a line which extended far to the left, and moved forward slowly, towards Petersburg, and until within about two miles of that city, where we halted until about sundown. We were then moved a short distance and went into position on the ground previously occupied as a picket line of the enemy, my command being the extreme right of the division and resting on the Vaughn road. Here we intrenched and bivouacked for the night.

"I am happy to be able to state that the Tenth Vermont was the first regiment in the division to plant a stand of colors within the enemy's works,—that it bravely performed its entire duty throughout the day, and kept up so perfect an organization as to elicit the highest commendation of the brigade and division commanders.

"GEORGE B. DAMON,

"LIEUTENANT-COLONEL COMMANDING.

"Brigadier-General P. T. WASHBURN,

"ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL."

In this action, each officer of the regiment bore himself gallantly, and every man behaved as if the success of the day depended upon his individual efforts. Leaving the Vaughn road, the division, with the corps, crossed the Appomattox River, via bridge wrested from the flames by which the retreating rebels had endeavored to destroy it, and entered Petersburg a little after sunrise, Monday, April third, which the enemy had evacuated the preceding night. There was nothing strange about the appearance of this city, except its remarkable silence. Stores, shops and all public buildings were closed; nearly all the male inhabitants had fled with the army, save old men and negroes. The place was formally surrendered by the municipal authorities, but it was not to be expected that they would cheerfully welcome the new masters of the situation. It seemed then, almost a privilege to be a black man—he alone, of those born and wedded to the south could be happy. His color and condition precluded him from being a traitor, and fortunately neither prevented him from being a man and humane. He alone could shout till hoarse, and be glad with a great joy.

Richmond and Petersburg fell in the same hour. General Weitzel, since the twenty-ninth of March, had held the works on the north side of the James River opposite Richmond, with one division of the Twenty-fourth and two divisions of the Twenty-fifth Corps, and had kept up a tremendous show of fight all the time. While Wright, Parke and Ord were advancing and sweeping all before them on the south and east of Petersburg, Weitzel was producing a huge military satire below Richmond, with the noise and flame of his ponderous guns. He reproduced another part of the same play at night with brass bands, and did not once dream that the auditors for whom he had brought out all this comedy were silently stealing away under cover of darkness. At two o'clock on the morning

of the third, however, he was awakened by the sharp sound of explosions, and very soon began to suspect the cause. Efforts were made to verify the conjecture. Soon a deserter came in and gave it as his opinion that the Confederates were evacuating the city. At four o'clock a negro drove into camp and reported that they had been doing so all night. Weitzel immediately put his troops in motion, and started with his staff to occupy the place, and at six o'clock in the morning entered the beautiful metropolis of Old Virginia, crackling in the flames which General Ewell had ordered put to the storehouses, and which had spread over the whole business portions of the city, and amid the thunder of exploding shells which had come in contact with the elements. Very soon the American flag—one which had belonged to the Twelfth Maine Regiment, then in the possession of General George F. Shepley, Weitzel's Chief of Staff, floated over the Confederate Capital, the ensign, not of *captivity*, but of LIBERTY! Liberty, even to the sullen inhabitants and the half-starved, ragged soldiers of the Confederate States! An emblem of freedom to the thousands of dark-visaged, intelligent beings who greeted it, and to their race! and a glorious promise of speedy deliverance to a myriad of patriots delirious with hunger and cruelty, and in bonds, who could not see it but knew it was there!

The troops entering Petersburg in the early morning on the third, were all in motion again at eight the same forenoon, in pursuit of Lee's retreating army. He had stopped at Amelia Court House. Sheridan, pursuing on his flank with the cavalry and the Fifth Corps, from Five Forks, had constantly annoyed him, and had now, on the morning of the fifth, concentrated at Jettersville, and planted himself across the Richmond and Danville Railroad, over which Lee was expecting to receive supplies for his hungry army; but during the evening of the fifth, the Sixth Corps came up from Mount Pleasant Church, and also the Second, both

joining Sheridan, who was holding the railroad from that point down to Burkesville Junction. All hope of getting a single ration to his troops over this route was now cut off. Therefore that night Lee crept around Sheridan's left and moved southeast towards Farmville, where he would, if unmolested, strike the Petersburg and Lynchburg Railroad, and perhaps obtain his coveted and much needed supplies, and there also be able to cross the Appomattox, and so escape. But he was intercepted at Paine's Cross Roads by Davis's, Smith's, and Gregg's brigades of cavalry, where he lost nearly two hundred wagons and a number of pieces of artillery. Lee now turned west, but was pursued by Sheridan's cavalry, which had done all the fighting since the third, and attacked at Detonsville. This attack was repulsed, but it delayed the Confederate advance, and enabled Custar to throw his division across their pathway at Sailor's Creek; then Crook's division hastening to his aid, Sheridan hurled his whole force against the marching column, and broke it in twain, capturing an immense wagon train and fifteen pieces of artillery. Ewell, following the train, was cut off, and hardly knew what to do. But he was soon aroused by Gen Seymour, who, coming down from Jettersville with our Third Division, fell upon his rear. He immediately about faced and began fighting desperately. At this moment Wheaton's division, also of Wright's corps, coming up, joined in the attack. Sheridan, after his success upon the enemy's right flank, wheeled to the left and fell violently upon Ewell's new formed rear. The action was sharp and bloody, and for a while the stubbornness of Ewell's men threatened to retard our advance, but the veterans of the Sixth Corps, though, marched fiercely to join in the fight, at Sheridan's earnest and oft-repeated entreaties, for the men he had commanded in the Valley, and had so triumphantly led against Early, must surely triumph here. "Tell the Sixth Corps to hurry up," said Sheridan, "and I'll lead

'em." He did; and thus cut off and half surrounded, Ewell surrendered. The results of the victory were: Six General officers, Ewell, Pegram, Barton, De Boise, Corse, and Fitz Hugh Lee, several thousand prisoners, many small arms, and fourteen pieces of artillery.

The balance of Lee's army crossed the Appomattox at Farmville at dusk, on the sixth, and during the night moved on to Appomattox Court House. To this point he was pursued, next day, and hotly assailed in several engagements, on the seventh, eighth and ninth, participated in by all the cavalry and most of the infantry corps. On the eighth, the Sixth Corps, followed by the Second, crossed the river at Farmville, and moved directly in the line of Lee's retreat, while Sheridan, Ord and Griffin swung around to Prospect Station, and thence twenty-five miles southwest, to Appomattox Station, where they destroyed several supply trains laden with provisions and forage which had been sent out from Lynchburg for Lee's exhausted army. There, also, they were squarely athwart his intended line of retreat. Thus the great chieftain, who had so long guarded the northern frontiers of the Confederacy, and so successfully baffled the Union commanders who had been arrayed against him, if the term success can apply to a bad cause, was brought to bay, and the way already having been opened, made to sue for terms of capitulation. The Sixth and Second Corps were close in his rear; the cavalry and the Fifth and parts of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps of Infantry were in his front. Thousands of his men had thrown away their arms and all that would impede their way of progress; these and many others disheartened and sore, were constantly falling out by the way and giving themselves up as prisoners of war; guns, hospital and supply trains were hourly falling into our hands. There was but one thing left for him to do, by which he could expect to receive the meed of praise that the world is ready to

bestow upon a brave warrior, though the cause that his sword has defended is infamous—that was *surrender*! This he did on Sunday, the ninth day of April, 1865.

The details of this final triumphant scene it does not fall to my lot to give. They are all familiar, even to the apple tree which stands conspicuously in the foreground of the great historical picture—of which there may be a few cords left for sale—and under which the staff officers of the two commanders chatted, while their chiefs arranged the terms of capitulation in McLean's house. The Fifth Corps and McKenzie's Division of Cavalry remained at Appomattox Court House to attend to the paroling of the late Army of Northern Virginia, while the balance of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James returned to Burkesville, and ere long to Washington. Here, at Appomattox, the awful contest first openly initiated in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, April twelfth, 1861, was virtually closed, and the long cherished dream of a Southern Confederacy vanished forever!

Still there were rebels yet in arms; some in the far south, and a large army, under General J. E. Johnston, in North Carolina. General Sherman, who had just reduced the rebellion in three States of the Union, was now quietly waiting at Goldsboro', confronting Johnston with forty thousand men at Smithfield. On the fourteenth, upon hearing of Grant's operations around Richmond, and of the result at Appomattox, he immediately took the offensive, hoping to bring his antagonist to a decisive battle or a capitulation. General Sherman was not disappointed. Johnston at once asked for a suspension of hostilities, and for a meeting for consultation looking to and considering terms for the surrender of the forces under his command. Terms were finally agreed upon between the two commanders, on the seventeenth, and at once despatched to Washington. In the meantime President Lincoln had been assassinated, which

horrible deed had produced a temper in all Union-loving hearts unfavorable to the acceptance of any disposition of the supporters of the rebellion, that had about it the least color of leniency. In this state of mind the stipulations between Sherman and Johnston were thought to be remarkably favorable to the latter; and as they were made subject to the approval of the United States Government, they found that Government in a spirit which must inevitably disapprove them. Accordingly, General Grant was hastily ordered to North Carolina and directed at once to renew hostilities. Consequently the Sixth Corps, yet in camp at Burkesville, and Sheridan's cavalry, were ordered to move on to Johnston's rear. We started for Danville, Virginia, one hundred and twenty miles distant, on the twenty-fourth, arriving there on the twenty-eighth. The First Division quietly took possession, the other troops immediately following. The same day, orders were issued for another advance, to commence on the twenty-ninth, and had there been a necessity for it we should have been striking heavily upon Johnston's rear within thirty-six hours. But while preparing to move, General Wright received intelligence of Johnston's surrender upon the same terms that had been accorded to Lee, and we were spared participation in a victory that belonged solely to the noble armies of the Southwest.

The corps remained at Danville until the sixteenth of May, then took cars for Richmond. Arriving on the morning of the seventeenth, we went into camp near Manchester, where we remained until the twenty-fourth. While at Danville we published a daily paper, which we issued from the office of the *Danville Register*, called *The Sixth Corps*.

At Manchester, the troops, waiting for the arrival of our division wagon trains from Danville, visibly recruited. The men eagerly visited Richmond, roamed about the deserted and half-ruined capital of the late Confederacy, and were

now remarkably anxious to explore the interior of Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, which desire they were allowed to gratify without restraint.

On the twenty-fourth, after having tried in vain to procure transportation to Washington, General Wright started his veteran corps northward. There was less murmuring than might have been supposed. Still, as it was a part of Johnston's stipulations with Sherman that the Government should furnish his men with free transportation to the nearest practicable point to their homes, our own soldiers thought, perhaps justly, that there was no need, certainly no good reason, why they should be *marched* from Richmond to Washington. But the Sixth Corps, with the reputation of being glorious fighters, had gained the *sobriquet* of "Sedgwick's walkers," during the war, and were now good for this trip. After experiencing a great deal of rainy weather and mud, we reached Ball's Cross Roads, three miles from Georgetown, on the second of June, moving by way of Hanover Court House, Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek.

On the seventh of June, all the Vermont troops in the vicinity of Washington were reviewed by His Excellency John Gregory Smith, Governor of Vermont, accompanied by his Adjutant-General, Peter T. Washburn, Quarter-Master-General P. P. Pitkin, Surgeon-General S. W. Thayer, and many other gentlemen from the State. The organizations from the State were the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth and Eleventh Regiments of Infantry, and the First "Vermont Cavalry." On the eighth, the whole corps was reviewed on Pennsylvania Avenue, by President Johnson, attended by many general officers, subaltern, soldiers from the other corps, and a vast concourse of citizens. On the twenty-second, the veterans of the Third Division were mustered out of the United States service. Fourteen officers and one hundred and thirty-six men of the Tenth Vermont were transferred to the Fifth Vermont,—a

regiment that now embraced some of its own, and recruits from other commands—and thirteen officers and four hundred and fifty-one men were mustered out. Very soon, the other division shared the same fate; and thus the “*old*” Sixth Army Corps, embracing men from all of the New England, Middle and some of the Western States, that had fought so gallantly with the Army of the Potomac through the Peninsular Campaign, at Bull Run, South Mountain and Antietam—that had stormed the Heights of Fredericksburg, displayed such soldierly daring at Chancellorsville and at Gettysburg,—that had strewn the Wilderness with their slain, and fought through all the bloody campaigns of sixty-four, from the Rapidan to Petersburg,—that by one of its divisions at Monocacy Junction, saved the Capital,—thence with Sheridan at Winchester, Fisher’s Hill and Cedar Creek, then back and over the old ground at Petersburg, at Five Forks, Sailor’s Creek and at Appomattox Court-House—ceased to exist. On all these fields, and a hundred others here unnamed, leaving everywhere its brave noble dead, and a record of deeds and of victories unsurpassed by any similar organization—thus these veterans, battle-scarred and war-worn, ceasing to be soldiers, glided into the pursuits of civil life and became citizens! Men and officers, though mustered out of the United States service, still remained under military discipline, and were commanded by Major John A. Salisbury, a very excellent officer and a good disciplinarian, but who was now disposed to allow his men to be as jolly as they pleased. His own command and those other regiments of the brigade to whom the Major was well known, testified their respect for him, a respect won with them on the battle-field and *in the camp*, by marching in a grand torchlight procession to his quarters, and rendering such other tokens of esteem as were in their power to bestow.

On the twenty-third, we started for home, marching

through Washington to the railroad station, where we took cars for New York. In passing through the city, joined by the One Hundred and Sixth New York, a regiment for which the Tenth Vermont had conceived an affectionate regard, which was by them freely reciprocated, we halted at the residence of Major-General James B. Ricketts, our old Division Commander, and gave the hero nine rousing cheers, which the General acknowledged with a full heart of love. Arriving at New York on the evening of the twenty-fourth, we were quartered at the battery. Here all military restraint was relaxed for the time being, and the men had the freedom of the city. "Yet at roll-call the next morning," writes Captain Davis, "*every man* answered to his name," He adds, "If this does not speak well for the discipline and character of the Tenth Vermont, I am no soldier." The Captain *was* a soldier and a Christian gentleman, and would not be likely to pardon without rebuke, what he judged to be crime or folly.

Major Salisbury took his command to Burlington, Vermont, by the most direct route, where they arrived at two o'clock A. M., on the twenty-seventh. The City Hall was brilliantly lighted and the citizens, with a large number of ladies in waiting, gave them a most generous and enthusiastic reception. But in vain searched thousands of moistened eyes among that sun-browned and battle-worn company for the dear boy who had gone forth with them three years ago! Here, also, they were met by many of their old comrades, who had become disabled in the service, and had been discharged. Among those assembled to welcome them back to the State, perhaps no one was greeted with more hearty cheers than Brevet Brigadier-General William W. Henry, a former Colonel of the regiment. Major Salisbury made the following report to the Adjutant-General:

“GENERAL P. T. WASHBURN,

ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL:—

“General:—I have the honor to report, that on the twenty-second of June, 1865, fourteen officers and one hundred and thirty-six men of the Tenth Vermont Volunteers, were transferred to the Fifth Vermont Regiment, and thirteen officers and four hundred and fifty-one men were mustered out of the service. I left Washington, June twenty-third, at noon, for Burlington, Vermont, in command of the Tenth Vermont Regiment; arriving in New York, Saturday the twenty-fourth, at eight o'clock in the evening, where we were met by Colonel Frank E. Howe, and remained over night. At noon, the twenty-fifth, we took passage on the *Mary Benton*, and arrived in Albany at half past three o'clock Monday morning, June twenty-sixth, where we were well received. We left Albany at noon the same day and arrived in Burlington at two o'clock Tuesday morning, where we had a pleasant reception. The men were furloughed until July third, when they returned, and were paid off by Major Wadleigh. Officers and men on the route behaved admirably, and won great commendation.

“I am, General, with great respect,

“Your obedient servant,

“MAJOR J. A. SALISBURY.”

The men were furloughed for six days, and at the expiration of that time returned and were finally discharged—only four hundred and fifty out of one thousand in the beginning! For the rest they had laid down their lives on the battlefield, fallen with disease and wounds, or exhausted their strength in the service of our country! Noble offerings, every one!

CHAPTER VIII.

MUCH remains which might be said in honor and praise of the noble men and officers of this regiment, whose history has been attempted in the preceding pages. But aside from brief biographical sketches of the officers who fell in battle, and a somewhat imperfect roster of both officers and men, little more will be here recorded. The efficiency of the regiment, although equal to any other from the State, was possibly diminished by the large number of details of officers who served a part of their time outside of the organization as general staff officers, and by the still larger number of enlisted men and non-commissioned officers who received appointments in the colored troops. Many of the latter were commissioned Captains in this corps, and some were made Majors and Lieutenant-Colonels. Several of them now hold commissions in the regular army of the United States, and are doing service in its various departments throughout the Union. Quite a number of our officers obtained appointments in the Commissary and Quarter-Master Departments of the volunteer army.

Captain A. B. VALENTINE, our first Quarter-Master, an officer of great energy and efficiency, became Brigade Commissary, and was assigned to the "Old Brigade."

Captain JOHN A. SHELDON, after serving with great credit in the regiment, where he was universally beloved, obtained a similar appointment in another brigade of the Army of the Potomac.

Captain H. W. KINGSLEY, after having been once severely wounded in action, bravely fighting with his company, and while acting as commissary of subsistence in our brigade, was appointed a full "Captain of Commissary" and assigned to duty in the Sixth Corps.

Captain CHARLES H. REYNOLDS, also a Quarter-Master in the Tenth Regiment, and a thoroughly good fellow, was appointed an Assistant Quarter-Master, and served in the Artillery Corps.

Captain HIRAM R. STEEL was appointed a Commissary of Subsistence and sent to New Orleans. He was Captain of Company K, and was severely wounded at Spottsylvania, in consequence of which he could not again endure the hardships of a campaign.

EDWARD P. FARR, who went out a private in Company G, rose through all the grades below in the line, and was appointed Captain and Assistant Quarter-Master United States Volunteers, and was assigned to duty at General Wright's headquarters. After Lee's surrender, General Wright was ordered to Texas, and Captain Farr went with him, where he remained some time after his regiment was mustered out of the United States service.

Lieutenant-Colonel GEORGE B. DAMON was for a long time Judge-Advocate on General Ricketts's staff.

Major MERRITT BARBER was Assistant Adjutant-General on General L. A. Grant's staff.

Captain S. H. LEWIS was Provost-Marshal on General Seymour's staff.

Captain RUFUS K. TABOR served for a long time on General Ricketts's staff.

Lieutenants JOHN A. HICKS, D. G. HILL, L. C. GALE and C. D. BOGUE were *aides-de-camp* on General Morris's and Carr's staffs.

All these officers rendered noble service to the army in their various capacities, but it was so much courage, so

many soldierly qualities and so much efficiency taken, for much of the time, from the regiment. Large numbers of non-commissioned officers and enlisted men, also, were detailed to the Hospital, Commissary and Quarter-Master Departments in the field, to the Provost Guard, Brigade, Division and Corps Headquarters. And it is a fact, though no discredit to those who remained and always marched and fought with the regiment, that the most soldierly appearing and efficient men were chosen for those positions. All these men cannot be mentioned by name, yet it may be said for them all that their service was often as arduous and as important to the army as that rendered by those who fought constantly in the ranks. On more than one occasion a private from Company H, JOHN G. BOSTWICK, who was connected with the commissary department of our division, saved large amounts of Government property. Through his energy the troops and the hospital patients were often supplied with rations, where less diligence would have left them without. Many others, doubtless, in the same and in other departments, where the duties to be performed required the most faithful of men, served with equal ability outside of the ranks.

Among the most faithful soldiers in the army were the Surgeons. To their skill and professional ability the wounded were indebted for the safe care of their injuries; and the sick, who were carefully treated by them, will cherish memories of their kindness, and feel themselves under obligations that no measure of gratitude will ever repay. But the inefficient Surgeon, who, by accident or by unjust favor, happened to be placed upon the medical staff, was, to say the least, a great misfortune.

Surgeon WILLARD A. CHILDE, who was in the service from the outbreak of the rebellion until the close, was our medical chief. He was sometime Brigade Surgeon, and for a longer time in charge of the Division Hospital. He was

an officer of eminent skill and a great deal of professional experience, with fine executive abilities, and he always filled the various positions of responsibility and trust assigned him with great credit to the profession. He was first Assistant Surgeon of the Fourth Vermont, and served with that command through the Peninsular Campaign. On the organization of the Tenth he was promoted to full Surgeon of this regiment. He remained with us, except the time he was detached for other duties, to the end, and came home with the old flag, a veteran of many honorable scars—on the men upon whom he had operated. The Doctor is not only a skillful surgeon but is something of a *literatus* and a poet.*

Our Assistant Surgeons, JOSEPH C. RUTHERFORD and ALMON CLARK, were also exceedingly good officers. Surgeon Rutherford was an old practitioner and could deal very skillfully with the fevers and the old chronic difficulties that frequently developed themselves in camp. He had the whole care of the regiment while Childe and Clark were on detached service, frequently for months at a time, and about the hospital and camp he was a painstaking officer. He was promoted to be Surgeon of the Seventeenth Regiment in March, 1865.

Surgeon Clark was a much younger physician, but his excellent qualification, and his earnest desire to succeed, with his great industry and faithfulness, abundantly made up for previous lack of experience. He was well and worthily loved by all who knew him and had occasion to require his professional service. He was promoted to be Surgeon of the First Vermont Cavalry.

It has been thought that something about the Chaplaincy of this regiment ought to have more than a bare reference in this book, and it has been frequently and earnestly urged

* See page 164.

that some account of the Chaplain's service should be given for the sake of those who desire it. This is not the place, nor mine the pen, to record all that may be told, one way and another, of the Chaplaincy of this particular command, simply for the reason that I had the honor to fill the office for all except a few months of our military existence. Perhaps what follows may not be deemed obtrusive by any of my indulgent readers, as it partakes more of a general than a personal character.

A good and faithful Chaplain may be a very useful officer. If he attends strictly to his own duties, and maintains his Christian character, he will certainly be respected and his example and council will not entirely fail of their influence. I can say for the officers and men of the Tenth Vermont, that they sincerely desired the appropriate offices of the Chaplaincy faithfully performed, and if they were not, for the greater part of the time, the fault was not theirs. The duties of the Chaplain were to preach, when practicable, on Sunday, and always to show a marked interest in the moral and religious welfare of the men with whom he was associated. He visits the sick in the regimental hospital and ministers to their wants in every way that he can in camp, and assists in caring for the wounded in time of battle. He is often required to write letters to the distant friends of the disabled soldiers. His devotional work must grow out of his own heart and the needs of those around him, while his opportunities will suggest the time for doing it. There are, of course, a great many things which occasions will furnish, by which he may endear himself to the soldier and the soldier's friends, and these are presented in the camp, on the march and on the battlefield. There were a large number of religious men in our regiment who were connected with Christian churches. Hence, with other favoring circumstances, it was not difficult to hold prayer meetings, even while engaged in an active campaign. We formed a regi-

mental church, organized and officered as we thought the exigencies of the case required, and adopted the following declaration and Articles of Faith :

We, professing to be disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as such holding Christian fellowship with various religious bodies known and recognized as Evangelical Churches, deem it necessary to form ourselves into a Christian Association, for the purpose of promoting a personal religious interest and for the general good of the cause of Christ among us.

This Association shall be called *The Regimental Church of the Tenth Vermont Infantry*, and shall have power to receive members and exercise all the functions of any Christian Church, provided it does not conflict with the military authority of the regiment and the army regulations of the United States.

The conditions of membership in this church shall be the same as in any Evangelical Church, except no one holding church membership with any other Evangelical Church may consider such relationship dissolved by uniting with this. This church shall not grant letters of dismissal, only letters of recommendation pertaining to moral and religious character.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

We believe in one living and true God, everlasting, of infinite power and wisdom, of justice and goodness; that He is the maker and preserver of all things, both visible and invisible; and in the Unity of this Godhead there are three persons (so called) of one substance and the same attributes, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. The Son is the eternal God manifested in the flesh, hence two whole and perfect natures, the Godhood and manhood, are joined together in one person. He was crucified, suffered and died, the atoning sacrifice of the world, and is the Saviour of as many as believe on his name.

We believe in the truth of the Holy Scriptures, that all was given by inspiration, and is profitable for reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, that it contains all knowledge necessary to man's salvation.

We believe that except Jesus Christ there is no name given under heaven and among men whereby we must be saved.

We believe that without faith in Jesus Christ it is impossible to please God; that we should have true evangelical repentance through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and godly sorrow for all our sins; and that we should show forth visible testimony of our inward faith in Him as our living and risen Saviour by baptism.

We who have caused our names to be hereunto annexed, do pledge ourselves, by the grace of God, to observe with fidelity and godly fear these articles of faith, and do hereby pledge ourselves, in the presence of these witnesses and before God, to discharge faithfully the duties devolving upon us as members of the visible Church of Christ; that we will abstain from the vicious tendencies of camp life as much as in us lies; that we will mutually coöperate with the majority of this body in devising means, under God, for the salvation of our companions in arms, and will strive together in love to promote a healthy Christian discipline among us, that our efforts may redound to the honor and glory of our Divine Master. Amen.

The above are the original contents of the document drawn up and adopted in December, 1862. Nearly one hundred united with this church. Forty made profession of faith while in the service. While in winter quarters, at Brandy Station, Virginia, the Christian Commission kindly furnished the covering for a large chapel tent, which was erected by volunteer workmen and details from the regiment. This was not used exclusively for religious purposes, but it was never at any time interfered with under any circumstances, when desired for that purpose. While here we held meetings two or three times each week with very gratifying results. But this little church soon became scattered, and its numbers so reduced by death and otherwise, that some time before the close of the war there was no organization left. Its members seemed to be among the first who fell; and the time came when the bugle call could not summon six to the place of prayer. But we trust that they will joyfully respond to the trumpet of the archangel in the last great day when all who are in the graves shall come forth. Let us hope that here in this little chapel many a heart was cheered by the promises made to the Christian, and the good influences that these Christian soldiers exerted, and the courage they displayed in many a conflict, drew inspiration from these religious associations.

The following poem was written by Willard A. Childe, Surgeon of the Tenth Regiment Vermont Volunteers, on the first reunion of its officers and men at Waterbury, Vermont, October, 1865 :

Comrades! 't is good to meet once more,
To talk our battle history o'er,
Once more to greet the friends made dear
By many a day of grief or cheer —
By many a danger bravely met —
On many a field with good blood wet —
The blood of those we loved and cherished
Who for their country nobly perished.

We meet to talk of roaring nights,
Round many a camp-fire's flashing lights,
Where laugh and song went gaily round,
Scarce silenced by the *Tattoo's* sound —
Of bivouacs forlorn and dreary —
Of toiling marches wet and weary,
Of sufferings in the winter camp —
The picket's watch, the sentry's tramp —
The rebel volley's deadly rattle —
The cannon's roar — the crash of battle —
The foe's fierce charge — the rebel yell! —
As 't were all devils loosed from hell!
Our steady ranks and answering cheer
That ever filled their hearts with fear —
As wavering, faltering back they fell
Beneath the cannon-smoke's dread pall!
Of all of pleasure and of pain
To-night we meet to talk again;
Happy in greeting all who're here,
And o'er those gone to drop a tear.

And here I will venture a change in my metre,
My thoughts flow more free when my feet are the fleetier!
There's little to tell of our stay in Vermont —
It was "facings" and "marchings," "eyes-right! left and front!"
Of the trip down to Dixie there's nought worth repeating
Save, the cars they were close, and the weather was heating —
And our journey we thought ne'er would come to an end
And we all got so cross each hated his friend,

And of starving and choking each soldier afraid is,
 Till at last, God be thanked, Philadelphia's ladies
 Beamed on us like angels of mercy so fair,
 Sure never was supper so sweet as that there,
 And all the old Tenth prayed for blessings that night
 On the dear Quaker girls and their glances so bright.
 But farewell must be said, and again on the cars
 Rolling Southward for glory, hard-tack and the wars!
 Then there's nothing important till we got to Camp Chase,
 Where we thought we earned rest just for clearing the place;
 But Stanton thought different and soon came the order,
 "Boot and saddle! and mount and away to the border!"
 And where is the writer so brilliant and arch
 As to tell of the glories of that famous march?
 And where is the pen that can fitly relate
 How in twenty-four hours we "three days rations" ate?
 Or the gallant achievement — for the weather was warm,
 Of leaving our knapsacks in Mr. Pyle's barn?
 But onward we toiled over hills, vales and rocks,
 Till the left wing's headquarters were at Seneca Locks;
 And the centre when sunset did lengthen the shadows —
 Reposed their tired limbs in Pleasant's Meadows,
 While the right with the morn pressed on cheerful and merry,
 Till they halted at last at Edwards Ferry.
 And here we remained with not much in our story
 For the next long eight months of battle or glory.
 For first we moved Northward and then we moved South —
 Till at last our right rested on Monocacy's mouth,
 Where our horses drank water so potent and evil
 That rider and steed seemed bound for the devil;
 And would tear to White's Ford on such a wild canter,
 As "Cutty Sark" frightened did poor Tam O'Shanter.

And here we bide through seasons three,
 A merry band of soldiery,
 With nought to mar our happiness,
 With nought of danger and distress,
 Save when disease and death's cold hand
 Called one by one from out our band
 Full many a comrade dearly loved
 Whose worth had toil and trial proved —
 But laying them beneath the sod
 We trust their souls now rest with God!

For his as true the sacrifice
 Who "in the line of duty" dies —
 Stricken by fever on his post
 As falling 'mid the fighting host !

We've neither time nor space to tell
 A tithe of all that us befell —
 Through Autumn's mud and Winter's snows,
 And when Spring brought the opening rose —
 How stern we watched the river dark
 And Loudon's hill-sides' earnest mark ;
 And o'er Potomac's tiny billows
 Fancy the clank of White's Guerrillas,
 And Company D, at the Hay Stacks
 See on the tow-path mystic tracks,
 And catch the gleam of signal lights
 From out the windows at Joe White's.

Scant time have we e'en to recall
 The incidents of Surgeon's Call —
 Where draughts of " whiskey and quinine "
 Alternate with " 4—8—16 ! "
 Where KELLY swears that Dr. C.
 For " a growing pain " in a soldier's knee
 Gave this prescription — 'twas a beauty,
 " Cough Medicine three times a day," and " duty ! "

Don't let the bard forget to sing
 How one fine day in early Spring
 The Major posted on the heights
 Of Edwards Ferry saw a sight,
 Which sounds at once all war's alarms,
 And calls the party all to arms ;
 Saw gathering round a tall hay stack
 A busy troop of figures black,
 REBELS of course, the thought arose !
 Rebels! and therefore mortal foes,
 And bade " the section load with shell "
 " Take steady aim ! and give 'em hell ! "
 Across the river howled the shot
 The party quick " got up and got."
 And " victory on our banners perched,"
 Until the scout who went and searched
 Found a black corpse, grave, coffin, pall and all —
 Nought but a nigger funeral !

But Spring passed on and Summer came,
 Our life from day to day the same,
 Till with the final days of June
 It rose to a more martial tune,
 And knapsacks strapped upon our back,
 We joined the Army of the Potomac.
 With weary marches through the mud,
 With many a ford through swollen flood,
 Thus passed the tedious months away,
 Till Autumn came with skies so gray —
 Then came the order *front* to move,
 And then the fight of Locust Grove ;
 Here first our brave boys *meet* the foe
 And first that matchless courage show
 Which placed them ever in the van,
 To Sailor's Creek, from Rapidan !
 Here many a noble fellow fell,
 And many an empty sleeve doth tell
 We have preserved inviolate
 The honor of our grand old State.

This finishing the year's campaign,
 We Brandy Station sought again ;
 'T were vain to speak of Winter Quarters,
 Flirtations with Virginia's daughters,
 Of drills by " Morris's rules of dancing ;"
 Of Morris's staff so gaily prancing ;
 Of how that staff oft " made Rome howl "
 When gathered round the festive bowl ;
 Of dances in the chapel tent,
 Tho' 't was from the Commission lent,
 And Bro. Rose, he tried in vain
 To get it taken back again !

But March brought with it General Grant,
 Henceforth the war-ery *en avant* !
 To Winter's joys we bade adieu ;
 Such joys that many a comrade knew.

Here, friends, must close the poet's part,
 The rest is written on each heart ;
He lacks the power to tell the story
Aright of all the Old Tenth's glory.
 To nobler pens *that* tasks belongs ;
 His are but simple camp-fire songs.

Yet must a few fond words be said
 Of those not here — our noble dead —
 They fell while fighting for the right,
 Their names for aye inscribed in light!
 Their memories shrined within our breasts
 While each in silent slumber rests.

STETSON! the bold, the frank, the free!
 NEWTON! the quiet, scholarly,
 On the same field with gallant FROST,
 So dearly loved, so sadly lost!
 DARRAH! so young, so fair, so brave,
 Untimely stricken to his grave.
 Our comrades fell on every field,
 Each sleeping 'neath his "blue cross" shield!
 Monocacy's clear silent wave
 Flows gently past PEABODY'S grave;
 While once the Opequan's fair stream
 Saw "Major NED'S" bright sabre gleam.
 Bitter to us *that* victory's cost,
 When DILLINGHAM and HILL were lost,
 And sad the hearts on all that night.
 We saw NED'S face, at morn so bright
 Beneath the evening breezes' breath,
 Pallid, yet beautiful in death!
 THOMPSON and CLARK at Cedar Run;
 REED at Lee's Lines — and every one
 Of all our comrades who in strife
 For freedom yielded up his life;
 We honor with a holy pride
All who thus bravely, nobly died!

So many fell on holy ground
 That time and space could not be found
 E'en were your Poet adequate
 Their virtues to commemorate;
 We honor *ALL* — alike the word
 Of praise for *rifle* or for *sword*.
 Alike should be *their* epitaph,
 Who fell in glory's star-gemmed path,
 Whether from rank or file they sprung;
 Whether the staff or line among —
 They died for Country — died for *duty*,
 Their lives were *truth* — their deaths were beauty.

MAJOR DILLINGHAM.

EDWIN DILLINGHAM was born at Waterbury, Vermont, on the thirteenth day of May, 1839. He was the second son of Hon. Paul Dillingham and Julia C. Carpenter. The first years of his life were passed at the home of his parents, amidst some of the most delightful natural scenery in the State. Here the mountains are ever green in their towering magnificence to the sky. Almost every field is laced and ribboned by tireless, sparkling streams; the soil, rich and stubborn in its fertility, yields its fruits only to the steady persistence of a hardy race; and here, almost in sight of the State Capitol and within the immediate circle of its legislative and social influences, and always under the more refining elements of a Christian home, the years of boyhood and youth were numbered. Like other boys, we presume he passed them quietly, not varying much from the round of sports and duties of New England's revered manual for the training of her sons, although other homes have not been so richly endowed by Christian example. His opportunities for an education, we are informed, were respectable and diligently improved. Always found at his task, he won the admiration of his teachers; ever kind and of a happy spirit, he was loved by his fellow students. Enjoying the highest advantages afforded by the common schools and academies of his native State, he here received all the instruction deemed absolutely essential to entering successfully upon his professional studies. He chose the profession of the law, and commenced his preparation for the bar, in 1858, in the office of his brother-in-law, the Hon. Matthew H. Carpenter, now a Senator in Congress, in the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where, however, he remained but a few months. Upon leaving the office of Mr. Carpenter,

he entered the Law School at Poughkeepsie, New York, where he graduated with honor, in the autumn of 1859. He finally finished his studies, preparatory to the practice of the law, in the office of Dillingham and Durant, in his native town, his father being the senior member of the firm, and then Lieutenant-Governor and afterwards Governor of the State. In September, 1860, he was admitted to practice at the Washington County bar; and it is said, "though the youngest," was considered "one of its most promising members." Subsequently he became the law partner of his father; and thus established in his profession, and thus associated, he continued until July, 1862. We have often heard him speak of this arrangement as one most suited to his tastes, and doubt not that it was one of great promise and profit. It may be that he had expected to reap much from the great ability, experience and wide reputation of his father as an advocate and statesman, and so enrich his own mind for the largest duties of his calling, either in its immediate sphere, or else fit himself for the demands of a wider field, and prepare to win the honor to which the young ambition may justly aspire. But whatever schemes of this kind he might have entertained, they were not destined to be realized; even if they did float dimly, yet with golden wings, before his mind, his nature was not one to remain undisturbed by the dark war-cloud that had for two terrible years stretched from the Gulf to the northern boundaries of his native State. Its mutterings, mingling with the cries of the slain of his own kinsmen and companions in peace, were notes of summons. Though the silver lining of other dark clouds had betokened promise, this had turned to blood, and he *would* go and do battle for his country. Forgetting party affinities and severing dearer and sweeter ties, he, with thousands more, would make the sacrifice of his young life upon the Nation's altar. But to write all that was noble of this officer would be but to repeat what has been in a thousand instances

already made historic, and for him, we his compatriots, and subordinates in rank, because he has taken a higher commission, have but to record the epitaphs of the brave!

Upon the President's call for three hundred thousand troops, issued in July, 1862, he actively engaged in recruiting a company in the western part of Washington County, of which he was unanimously chosen Captain. These recruits finally became Company B, of the Tenth Regiment Vermont Volunteers, and were really the first raised for that regiment, but in consequence of a company organization then existing, though formerly designed for the Ninth Regiment, he was obliged to take this position in the Tenth. Soon after the regiment was fairly in the field, he was detailed as Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of Brigadier-General Morris, then commanding the First Brigade, Third Division, Third Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. He acted in the capacity of *aide-de-camp* to this officer during the battle of Locust Grove, November twenty-seventh, 1863, and while carrying an order to his own regiment his horse was shot under him and he was taken prisoner. Then he was marched most of the way to Richmond and incarcerated in Libby prison, where he was kept for four long months in durance *vilest*. In March following, he was paroled and soon exchanged, when he immediately returned to the field and to his old command. General Grant was at this time making his celebrated campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and consequently rendered approach to the immediate scene of operations extremely difficult. Still, troops of every arm of the service were being hurried forward, and Captain Dillingham was put in command of a battalion of exchanged prisoners and enlisted men, which he led to the front, fighting some of the way. He dismissed his men to their respective commands, and reported for duty at Cold Harbor, June third, 1864.

Colonel Jewett had resigned. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry

and Major Chandler had been promoted respectively to the first ranks in the command. Captain Frost, the ranking line officer, was breathing his last the hour he arrived ; one-third of the regiment were lying dead on the field and wounded in the hospital, and the rest, begrimed with dirt and powder, within close range of the enemy, were looking down into the Chickahominy Swamp, within steeple view of Richmond. Colonel Henry had been wounded on the first instant, and Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler soon afterwards became sick, and Captain Dillingham took command of the regiment, although he held it but a short time, Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler returning to duty. The remaining awful days until the twelfth, was his second battle with his regiment. On the seventeenth of June, 1864, he was commissioned Major, and went with the troops to James River and Bermuda Hundreds, where, with a large part of the corps, they were ordered into action by General Butler. But General Wright delayed obedience to the order, and his corps was finally extricated by General Meade, after remaining under a most distressing artillery fire from the enemy's battery for several hours. From this time until his death he was constantly with the regiment, and some of the time in command.

On the sixth of July, 1864, the Third Division of the Sixth Corps was detached from the Army of the Potomac, and the two remaining divisions soon afterwards, and were sent into the Shenandoah Valley, under General Sheridan. Arriving at Frederick City, Maryland, on the eighth, he was second in command at the battle of Monocacy, fought on the ninth, Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler being detailed to command the skirmish line, and Colonel Henry in command of the regiment. After marching untold leagues from Frederick to the Relay House, to Washington, up the Potomac to Leesburg, over into the Shenandoah Valley, through Snicker's Gap, where we had a skirmish with the enemy over and in the river on the eighteenth, back to George-

town by way of Chain Bridge, again up the Potomac as far as the mouth of the Monocacy, thence to Frederick, Harper's Ferry, Winchester and Strasburg, back to Harper's Ferry, by way of Charleston—over six hundred miles since we had set foot in Maryland on the eighth of July. It was now the twenty-second of August. On the twenty-first, the whole corps was attacked vigorously by the enemy, drawing in the pickets in front of the Second Division, while the troops were lying quietly in camp or preparing for Sunday morning inspection. Here, for the first time, young Dillingham was ordered to lead his command to battle. The regiment, however, was not prominently engaged, and he had no opportunity to distinguish himself. When asked how he felt, invested with the full command at such a time, he replied : "I felt as if we should make a good fight, but I rather wished that Henry had been there." From this time he commanded the regiment until he fell at the glorious field of Winchester on the nineteenth of September, 1864.

We may not here describe that battle. It was a decisive victory for our arms and the country. 'T was a golden victory. It lifted higher the national banner than any other battle of the year north of Atlanta. But the eye of prescience could have discerned a thousand emblems of mourning stretched beneath its starry folds, and seen the tears of as many northern homes falling for their dead, yet re-consecrating the flag ! One was mourned in Waterbury ! Major Dillingham had fallen !

Washington County Court was in session, and attorneys were contending by peaceful process for the civil rights of a few clients. In Virginia, its youngest and most promising member, who had thrown his sword into the vaster scale of justice, was contending for the civil rights of the Nation. Under orders to charge the enemy, whose front was ablaze with cannon and abatised with fixed bayonets, he was firmly pacing back and forth along his battle line, steadying its for-

mation and awaiting the final signal to advance. Those who saw him say that he heeded not the missiles of death that fell thick around him and his brave men. Keenly he eyed the foe—anxiously he awaited the onset. To him it never came. About noon, while in this position, he was struck by a solid twelve-pound shot on the left thigh, and borne bleeding and dying to the rear. In two hours he was no more. The regiment charged and nobly avenged the death of its Major, but he had gone another way. Though he never recovered from the nervous shock produced by this wound, he did not lose consciousness until his noble spirit departed. He conversed occasionally with those around him. Among his last words, was the utterance: "I have fallen for my country. I am not afraid to die." The first were inspired by patriotism, the last by Christianity! His remains were borne to Waterbury and interred, where the spirit of honor watches over the treasured dust; and when the history of Vermont's noble men is written, the names of her heroes fairly recorded, we shall read high upon the scroll the name of Major Edwin Dillingham.

CAPTAIN FROST.

EDWIN BRANT FROST was born in Sullivan, Cheshire County, New Hampshire, December thirtieth, 1832. In 1837 his father's family moved to Thetford, Vermont, where his boyhood was spent, and at whose academy he fitted for college.

He entered Dartmouth College in 1854, and graduated with honor in 1858. For a short time after graduating, young Frost taught school in Pittsfield, New Hampshire, and in Royalston, Massachusetts. He then commenced the study of law, which he pursued but a few months, when he entered the office of his brother, Dr. C. P. Frost, then engaged in an extensive practice at St. Johnsbury, Vermont. It seems that he changed his course of study because he believed himself better adapted to the practice of medicine than that of the legal profession.

Here he remained until May, 1862, when his ardent and patriotic nature could withstand no longer the imperative call of his imperiled country. The student shut up his books, and, like the heroes of his college memories and classic studies—like the companions of his youth and associates of later years, now veterans in the field, put off the toga and donned the armor to meet the foes of Freedom and Constitutional Liberty.

He was commissioned to raise a company, and went to work in the face of many obstacles, with the enthusiasm which characterized his sanguine temperament; soon succeeded, and was chosen its Captain. This Company was designed for the Ninth Regiment, and was only one click of the telegraph too late for such an assignment. For this disappointment, however, he was given the right company of a new organization. This also accounts for the fact that

his commission dates nearly a month earlier than any other officer's in the Tenth Regiment. So, he went to the scenes with which we are all familiar, and which terminated his earthly career, leaving a proud record upon the field of battle, and many friends to lament his untimely death. In the service he was noted for his extensive acquaintance and numerous friendships. It is doubted if there was an officer in the army who was personally so widely known. He had friends in every regiment from the State, and many from other States; besides, he was a man who could make new friends wherever he went. Colonel Merrill, of St. Johnsbury, now of Rutland, a man eminently qualified to judge, thus speaks of him: "No mental peculiarity was more strongly marked than a playfulness of fancy that seemed a well-spring of perpetual pleasantry. The ludicrous comparison, the witty repartee, seemed as much a part of himself as the spray is a part of a cascade."

This, added to his marked personal appearance, won him hosts of friends, and rendered it impossible for those who had once seen him to ever forget him. Many a camp scene has he enlivened with his jovial songs, and his happy faculty of making the best of everything and everybody. He was a man of great refinement and considerable culture, freely quoting passages from Homer and Virgil, as well as modern literature, whenever it suited his convenience; of the most generous impulses, kind and full of good nature, and a "prince of good fellows." "Old Time" we called him, a *sobriquet* suggested by his long flaxen beard and golden hair. He was slow to take offence, if, indeed, any were disposed to give it. When aroused his strongest expression would be "By Harry!" or "By Jupiter!" His familiar manners gave him a ready passport to any man's confidence, while many of his companions in arms tenderly loved him. As expressive of his own attachment, and a sincere tribute of manly love, General Henry says of him:

"In a two years' acquaintance I have found him the fast friend, the courteous gentleman, and I had come to love him as a brother." It may be doubted if that officer did weep more sincerely over the death of his own brother, who fell in the terrible breach at Petersburg, than by the mangled body of Frost.

But he possessed other qualities which entitle him to a loftier commendation. Underneath all this playfulness, underlying the buoyant spirit, was a professed reverence for, and devout dependence upon, God. I think that he always cherished a Christian spirit. This, at least, was his testimony at the beginning and end of his martial life. When elected Captain of his company, his words breathe this spirit: "Soldiers, we have chosen the profession of arms, and with this choice the stern responsibilities of war; and under God, we will do our duty." Again, when the last sands were running out, or to be less fictitious, the last drop of his life's blood was ebbing away, with a feeble voice he exclaimed: "I have fallen in the foremost rank for my country and my God. *I am happy!*"

He was also a brave and capable officer. In half a score of battles his commanding officers ever speak of him as bearing himself nobly, and as exhibiting the best type of bravery and efficiency. General Henry writes of him after his death, to his friend, Colonel Merrill, as one of Vermont's "bravest and best."

Knowing all this, his friends have asked, and will ask again, "Why was he not promoted? Why was he cheated of the rank rightfully due him as commander of Company A, and this, too, in a regiment where promotions were supposed to come rapidly?" Perhaps this supposition was a mistake. Still, there are several probable answers to the question. There really was but one opportunity to confer this advancement, previous to Colonel Jewett's resignation, while he lived. This occurred upon the res-

ignation of Lieutenant-Colonel Edson, October sixteenth, 1862. General Henry, then Major, was promoted, justly, to fill the vacancy, and Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, then Captain of Company I, was promoted to the Majority. According to the customs of the service, sought to be enforced, but which were never strictly observed in this regiment, Captain Frost should have been raised to a field officer's rank. He and his friends expected it, and were sore under the disappointment. But Captain Chandler, as an officer late of the Fourth Regiment, who had seen service and had experience in the Peninsular Campaign, it was said would be a more valuable acquisition to the field staff at that time than any other subaltern in the regiment. Were there any political considerations in this?—no military policy meant to guard against possible contingencies? There was something said at the time about unredeemed pledges of officers, both civil and military, but none of which were publicly declared. Still, no injustice should appear in this record; and if there was injustice, it may be added, Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler was innocent of it.

The next opportunity that occurred for promotion to a field rank was upon the resignation of Colonel Jewett, on the twenty-fifth of April, 1864. Then there was a studied conspiracy to prevent his promotion, and its authors and abettors, it is feared, though alleging various plausible pretexts, used unsoldierly and ungenerous means to prejudice his otherwise possible chances. They succeeded. But many of those who were thus identified, it is just to observe, sincerely repented of the opposition; others obliterated it in deeds of valor, while some of them washed out the stain with their own blood. But we must forget all this, as he forgave it all. With his dying breath he said: "You are all my friends, and I forgive all who have tried to injure me, and I shall die with a heart void of offence toward all men." This answer must satisfy his friends. Two ghastly

wounds, either mortal, finished his strife with men, without a stain upon his military record.

These wounds were received about nine o'clock on the morning of the third of June, 1864, at Cold Harbor, a time when the regiment suffered more severely in the loss of men than in any other engagement during its period of service. He endured five hours of extreme agony, and then, as if lying down to sleep, slept in death. Conscious to the last, with the "ruling passion strong in death," he disposed of his effects, sometimes with playful allusion to those who would receive them. Though no more to the friends who stood around him, and those distant from the scene, "he left, in language emphasized and marked by his rich blood, that which speaks more in his silence—the assurance of a patriot ennobled by a Christian's death."

He was buried rudely but tenderly, amid the falling tears of the few friends who gathered around him, and the shock of battle, that a few hours before had swept Stetson, Newton, and the gallant Townsend, of the One Hundred and Sixth New York, with many of their brave comrades, beneath the blood-stained turf—that then drove Blodgett and Hunt crippled forever from the field, and the latter by the same ball that passed through his body, and the storm which rolled on until Darrah, Dillingham, Hill, Thompson and Clark, and a hundred more, were counted with its victims.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON.

LUCIAN D. THOMPSON was born at Waterbury, Vermont, in 1831. Of his early life nothing has been definitely ascertained except that by occupation he was a farmer, and previous to 1860 he had spent some time in California as a miner. He entered the service in 1862, on the twelfth of July, and assisted Major Dillingham and Lieutenant Stetson in raising Company B, for the Tenth Regiment Vermont Volunteers. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant of this Company, on the fourth of August following. But his excellent qualities and soldierly deportment soon marked him for advancement, even before he had been tried by the test of battle. Within four months he was promoted to a First-Lieutenancy in Company G, made vacant by the promotion of Captain Blodgett. Again, after abundant tests of his mettle in a dozen battles, he was promoted to be Captain of Company D, June seventeenth, 1864. But he never sought these promotions. His modesty forbade him ever seeking any but a place of danger or duty, and his generous nature often led him to perform a friend's duty when he, by the customs of the service, was temporarily relieved of responsibility.

He even hesitated to accept his first promotion. He said that he did not like to part with his company associates, and he did not want promotion until he had earned it. At last his manhood earned him all the titles that were ever conferred upon him. His friendship was perpetual ; those to whom he was attached could not be maligned in his presence. He never boasted of what he *would do*, but *did* all in camp, campaign and battle that fell to his lot. He was brave but never reckless, cautious and never timid. He questioned no authority—"never reasoned why." In the execution of

the vast labors of a good company commander, and in bearing those large responsibilities, he only doubted his own fitness.

By his modesty, frankness, stern integrity and ingenuous friendship, he won the confidence of all, by his faithfulness and patriotism, their respect, and was well deserving of his country. He participated in all the battles and skirmishes of the regiment up to the time of his death, and among them the following: Locust Grove, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Monocacy, Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. At this last-named battle, on the morning of the nineteenth of October, 1864, he was instantly killed. The army lying on the north bank of the Creek, behind slight intrenchments, was surprised on the extreme left of the line before daybreak, attacked and driven from its position. This at once compelled a change in the position of the right, of which our command formed a part, and we were formed in line of battle exactly at right angles to the original position; thus we were brought squarely in front of the enemy. Here the broken columns of the left passed us, and the enemy pressing on in force, we were obliged to fall back, and this line was soon occupied by him. But his exultation was brief. We charged and retook the position, recovering three pieces of Captain McKnight's Battery which had been abandoned upon our first advance movement, and drove the rebels in confusion across the valley and over the ridge beyond. They soon rallied, however, in front and on the right and left, and the troops on the left of us falling back, both flanks were exposed, and again we fell back. It was in this action that Captain Thompson was killed, after two hours of desperate fighting. He was hit in the head, the ball passing through from ear to ear. Here, also, Lieutenant B. B. Clark was mortally wounded. Many other officers were

wounded, and one-third of the entire command was placed *hors du combat*.

Company D had now lost two Captains. Perhaps it is remarkable that both were shot through the head, and both "died and made no sign." But more remarkable that Washington County here lost the last of the three gallant officers whom it sent out with Company B, in the summer of 1862. Each had fallen fighting nobly with the brave men they commanded. In the subsequent operations of the day, through which defeat was turned into glorious victory, Thompson's body was recovered, and it now reposes near the home that his death shadowed, and which his patriotic memories must ever help to sanctify.

CAPTAIN DARRAH.

SAMUEL DARRAH was born in Poultney, Vermont, in 1840. Of his boyhood, early education, and personal experience with the world, we know nothing. Some years previous to his entering the service he was chief clerk in Stanford's dry goods house, Burlington, Vermont. This fact is sufficient to warrant the inference that he was a young man of excellent business tact, trusted integrity, and of high moral standing. As a soldier, his military record more than justifies this inference. He became a brave and trusty officer, and well merited the praise bestowed upon him by his commanders. He entered the service in July, 1862, and was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company D, August fifth following. Soon after, upon the resignation of Captain G. F. Appleton, he was promoted Captain of Company D, in which capacity he served God's time, and deserved the awards of highest valor for the great sacrifice he made. Probably no record which could be made would do him exact justice. Indeed it may be said for those who desire such a record, the reminiscences of friendly alliance and companionship, of trials and dangers borne together, of hopes mutually cherished,—these will abundantly supply it.

Captain Darrah was complimented for bravery and coolness in action, in Colonel Jewett's official report of the battle of Locust Grove, November 27, 1863. In Colonel Henry's official report of his death he speaks of him as an "active, intelligent, and exceedingly brave and efficient young officer." Also Lieutenant-Colonel Chandler, in an official report to General Washburne of the engagement of the third of June, made on the sixth, speaks of him in terms of brotherly commendation. Quick to learn the duties of a soldier, faithful and energetic in their performance, he was

one of our most popular company commanders. No doubt his kind and genial spirit, his generous nature, and his ready adaptation to the customs of more experienced soldiers, won for him many warm friends, and made his death, in addition to his loss to the service, the more lamentable.

The following are some of the general engagements in which he participated: Locust Grove, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Tolopotamy Creek, and Cold Harbor on the first and third of June. He was killed on the sixth of June, at Cold Harbor, in front of regimental headquarters, while in command of his company, by a rebel sharpshooter, the ball entering the back part of his head and coming out just above his left eye. It is said that this fatal ball first passed through the butt of a Springfield rifle stock, did its work of death, and then cut off a small sapling beyond. He lived five hours, though probably unconscious of pain. This at least was the opinion of Surgeon Childe, who was present at his death, and sincerely mourned his loss. His remains were immediately conveyed to Vermont, and in his native town rests all that mother earth may claim of Captain Samuel Darrah.

LIEUTENANT STETSON.

EZRA STETSON was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in the year 1825, and was about forty years old when he died, June first, 1864. His ancestors, on his father's side, were among the early generations of Plymouth Colony. His great-grandfather, Robert Stetson, was a man of some distinction in old colonial times, having been a cornet in the first "troop of horse" in the Colony. He was a soldier in the war against King Philip, an officer and commissioner of the General Court, and a member of the Council of War for many years during the earlier Indian disturbances. Ezra's father was the seventh son of Cornet Stetson. A short time after he was born, his parents moved to the northern part of Vermont and settled in Troy. They were highly respectable people, and his father was a deacon in the Baptist Church.

Like his ancestors, the subject of this sketch seems to have been a man of considerable enterprise. When a boy, fourteen years old, he journeyed from his northern home in Vermont to his birthplace in Boston, and returned all the way on foot. Eight years afterwards we find him, having in the meantime been bred a mechanic, established in Burlington as a millwright, where he worked at his trade until 1850. In the spring of this year he started for California, and sailed from New York in the steamship *Georgia*. He was, however, detained on the Isthmus with the whole ship's company for several weeks. During his stay there occurred what has been called the "Great Riot" of 1850, in which many Americans lost their lives, and Stetson himself very narrowly escaped Spanish vengeance. In California he engaged in various enterprises, none of which, though diligently pursued, seemed to bring him much profit. He tried mining for a year, at the same time ven-

tured in several kinds of speculation. He was caught in the Gold Bluff excitement; but finally got out of it and returned to San Francisco. He then successfully undertook to publish and bring out a "Directory" of that city for 1851-2. Here also he engaged in manufacturing concentrated milk, and afterwards was permanently employed in the construction of the San Francisco Water Works. In 1853, he again engaged in mining, and in the construction of machinery for mining purposes, until 1858. He then returned to Vermont and subsequently went into mercantile business at Montpelier.

In 1862, he enlisted and recruited a number of men, who finally joined Captain Dillingham's Company, of which he was made First Lieutenant and placed in Company B, Tenth Regiment Vermont Volunteers. Most of the time in the field he commanded this company, his captain having been detailed on staff duty, and otherwise separated from his command. He was with his regiment and at his post while the troops were in the defences of Washington doing guard duty in the winter of 1862-3, and all their campaigns and battles in 1863-4 until the first of June, 1864. On this day, fatal to so many of the Vermont men, and especially to this regiment, he fell, while bravely charging the enemy at the head of his company at the battle of Cold Harbor. He was struck by a minie ball just below his left eye and was instantly killed. Our troops retiring, he was left between the lines several days, but his body was finally recovered and buried on the field where he fell. He was the first commissioned officer who was killed from this regiment. Lieutenant Stetson was a brave and capable officer, more than deserving the rank he enjoyed. He fairly won a Captain's commission, and, doubtless, he would have received it had he survived this battle. But in the list with many others we cannot estimate his patriotic service by the rank he bore. His sacrifice will be its true, full measure.

LIEUTENANT NEWTON.

CHARLES G. NEWTON was born in Rochester, Vermont, on the eighth day of August, 1837, and at the time of his death, June first, 1864, was twenty-three years of age. His early life was one of toil, and something of personal sacrifice, although he was blest with a pleasant Christian home, that was by no means destitute of those elements of refinement and piety which educate sons to be noble men, and daughters to be true women. Yet his father did not possess the means to give him the extended opportunities for a liberal education, which he was ambitious to acquire. Thus he was compelled to struggle for himself to obtain what did not fall to him by inheritance. He was able to attend school two terms in the year by teaching in the winter and working on the farm in the summer. Pursuing this course, by the utmost diligence and economy, he finally fitted for college at the Barre Academy, and was entered at Middlebury, in 1861. Here he remained for one year, until July, 1862, when the President's call for more troops awoke him from his student life and called him forth to higher duties. He immediately left college and commenced recruiting for the Tenth Regiment, and was chosen Second Lieutenant of Company G, August twelfth, 1862. In the command he was known as a quiet, honorable Christian gentleman. An intimate family friend speaks of him in civil life, as "distinguished for close application, and some good common sense, rather than for any dazzling brightness." So was he faithful and diligent in the discharge of his military duties. He never was heard to complain of the hardest lots, sharing them equally with his men. Trusted and respected by all who knew him, he was loved by those who knew him best. He seldom asked to be excused from duty; if you

found the regimental camp, you usually found him. He was entrusted with responsible and even difficult tasks by his superior officers. At Mine Run, Colonel Jewett entrusted to him such a part. We all remember the night of December first, 1863, or rather it was the morning of December second, when General Meade withdrew his army from Mine Run, and recrossed the Rapidan to Brandy Station. The whole regiment was on picket, and was among the last troops to be withdrawn. The order which General Carr whispered into the ear of Colonel Jewett, was to move noiselessly at three o'clock A. M. We waited through the cold night silently, or spoke in whispers of the dangers of getting off—waited patiently for the telling of the hour, then a few moments more for Lieutenant Newton to bring in our advanced picket from a dangerous post. Then we went with as little noise as possible, but went lively.

He was in every battle of the regiment until he was killed. The first of June, 1864, found him in his place at the battle of Cold Harbor. While the column was charging the enemy, by brigades, the Tenth Regiment, in advance of its proper position, halted a moment for its supports, he was seen bending forward, looking towards one of the exposed flanks, and heard to say: "I see the scamps! I see them!" and in that instant, in the attitude described, his throat was cut by a minie ball. It was instantaneously fatal. We gave him the rites of Christian burial, amid the thunders of the next day's battle, a short distance from the place where he fell, beneath a mulberry and a sassafras tree, which grew up strangely into a common trunk. It was a patriot's and a Christian's grave; but it has been disturbed, and his dust gathered to his native town, and afflicted parents and loving sisters keep the vigils of his grave.

Lieutenant Newton never received promotion, although not because he was not thought to deserve it. Few of our officers had been promoted at that time, no vacancies occur-

ring except by resignation, and they had not been frequent. Had he lived he surely would have been honored with higher rank.

LIEUTENANT HILL.

DANIEL GILBERT HILL was born in Hubberton, Rutland County, Vermont, in the year 1844, and at the time of his death was about twenty years old. Some years previous to the breaking out of the rebellion his parents settled in Wallingford, a town in the southern part of the county, where his father, Arnold Hill, now a merchant of that place, engaged in agricultural pursuits. Gilbert was reared upon the farm tilled by his father. His home was situated in one of the pleasantest and most romantic villages in the State. The place is nestled down between the hills which flank it on the east and west, in the valley and upon the banks of the Otter Creek, where every inch of soil is equal to just what the tiller may demand of it. In the centre of the valley flows the clear but somewhat sluggish stream. Its course is so regularly crooked that it is with great difficulty that one following its course can determine upon which bank he is. However, its general course is thought to be north, and it empties into Lake Champlain, a hundred miles to the north of the place where its headwaters separate with those of the Battenkill, which flow south.

On this creek are some of the best farms in New England, and upon one of them Gilbert was bred to that muscular toil which gave him such an admirable physique and his robust constitution, that could endure everything. At the beginning of the war he was in the employ of Messrs. Lewis and Fox, druggists, in Rutland. Here, it may be supposed, he cultivated, under the excellent tuition of Doctor Lewis, habits of carefulness and method so necessary to success in the business, and so often required in the details of military life. Under the call of the President for three hundred thousand men, in July, 1862, young Hill enlisted.

in the company of which Captain John A. Sheldon was chosen commander and Major Salisbury First Lieutenant, and actively engaged in the recruiting service until the company was full. Upon the organization of the Tenth Regiment he was made Commissary Sergeant. But his desire that the service which he rendered to the country should be more intensely soldierly, and his ability really seconding this ambition, recommended him to the notice of Captain L. T. Hunt, who, upon a vacancy occurring in his command, sought him to fill it. He was, therefore, commissioned Second Lieutenant in Company H, January nineteenth, 1863, after he had been barely three months in the service. June seventeenth, 1864, he was promoted a First Lieutenant in Company G. During the year 1863 he was *aide-de-camp* to Brigadier-General W. H. Morris, and served on his staff in the battles of Kelley's Ford and Locust Grove. In the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac, under General Grant, Hill returned to his company, where he became a very efficient officer, who was greatly respected for his soldierly and gentlemanly qualities. He fought bravely in all the battles where his regiment was engaged, until he fell seriously wounded at Winchester, September nineteenth, 1864.

A description of this battle, with this and all the casualties in the Tenth, has been heretofore given and need not be repeated. He was wounded in the early part of the action, while leading a charge upon one of the enemy's batteries, and received a part of the contents of a case-shot in his thigh, one of the small iron balls of the missile splintering the bone and necessitating amputation. The limb was taken off at the upper third of the thigh, and he was placed in the hospital at Winchester, where, under the most diligent nursing, he began to recover. He rallied so speedily, and apparently so surely, that his friends thought him out of danger a week before he died. But his wound, after all,

which had the appearance of healing rapidly was only deceiving us. He was obliged to submit to a second amputation, which, in such cases, frequently had to be done after the most skillful operations in the first instance, and it so reduced his only partially recovered vitality that he very soon died. His body was borne to Wallingford, Vermont, where it now rests in his grave within sight of the home of his childhood.

Rev. Dr. Walker, Pastor of the Congregational Church, preached an able discourse on the sad occasion, and a large concourse of people assembled to join in the solemn honors justly paid to the memory of the brave young soldier! This officer possessed many qualities to be admired. Under age, he might have escaped military service; but he was eager to forego the comforts of home and fair business prospects, to encounter the exposures of the camp, the trials of the march and the deadly shock of arms—thus to give up all and himself a victim upon his country's altar! Such is the stuff that makes good soldiers. He never shrank from any kind of military service. Always cheerful and eager to be foremost in positions trying to men of larger experience, he never thought himself unequal to any task assigned him. Ever kind and considerate of the lives of his men, when no sacrifice was called for, he asked them to do no more, nor venture where he did not lead. So he fell in the fore front of the battle that cost the best offerings of the brave. His comrades will recall the erect form and the gallant bearing of this young soldier, and think of the sacrifice that he so cheerfully made, with tearful memories, while emotions of patriotic pride will swell the heart, when they remember that with their struggles, his was one of the lives that the Nation sought for its redemption.

ADJUTANT READ.

The following excellent biographical sketch of Adjutant Read was written by Chaplain John B. Perry, and first published in *The Vermont Record* of June tenth and seventeenth, 1865.

Adjutant Read, who fell in the late fight before Petersburg, having been highly esteemed as an officer, and much beloved by the regiment to which he belonged, is thought deserving of more than a passing notice. In view of these considerations, and at the suggestions of several of his surviving comrades in arms, the following commemorative notice has been prepared as a token of kindly remembrance, and is respectfully dedicated to the mourning friends of the deceased.

JAMES MARSH READ, son of Hon. David Read, was born in St. Albans, Vermont, November nineteenth, 1833. Having passed his earlier years in his native place, he removed with his father's family to Burlington, in November, 1839. When very young, he imbibed a taste for reading, which he never afterwards lost. He was fitted for college partly at the High School in his adopted town, and in part at Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts. Doctor Taylor, the able Principal of the latter Institution, always gave a flattering report of James's deportment and scholarship, while under his tuition.

In August, 1849, being then in his sixteenth year, he entered the University of Vermont, from which he was in due course graduated in 1853. While in college he stood high as a scholar; especially was he regarded by his classmates as a fine linguist, and an able and accomplished writer. Soon after his graduation, he went to Canton, Madison County, Mississippi, where he was engaged as a teacher in a private family. He continued to live in the South for about a year, fulfilling during this time the duties of an instructor.

On his return North, he was engaged for a short period in the office of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*. While connected with this paper, he became intimately acquainted with a son of the commercial editor. Young Mr. Homans, who had previously accompanied Major-General Pope, at that time Captain of the Engineer Corps, in his expedition across the plains of Western Texas and New Mexico, was about starting on a second expedition, which was then fitting out. Being under government employ, and having charge both of the Barometrical and the Astronomical Department of the expedition, he invited his friend Read to go out with him, and offered to him a position as an assistant in these Departments. Having duly considered the matter, and decided to go, Mr. Read

accepted the offer and joined the expedition, leaving New York, February second, 1855. On the passage out the company stopped for a few days in Havana, Cuba, also New Orleans, finally disembarking at Indianola, Texas. From the latter place they marched, under an escort of United States troops, to San Antonio, and thence onward to the upper waters of the Rio Peros. They finally encamped near the stream in the southeasterly angle of New Mexico, which they made their headquarters for about three years and a half.

After the lapse of some twelve months, Mr. Homans receiving a lucrative appointment in New York, returned to that city. Mr. Read was at once appointed his successor, all eyes turning to him as adapted to fill the vacancy. His mathematical attainments, and acquaintance with the physical sciences, fitted him well for the position, and made his services an invaluable help to the expedition. During their stay in this region, the experiment of sinking artesian wells was tried upon the La Lano Estuado, or staked plains; though according to my present recollection, with indifferent success.

Various expeditions were also frequently planned, and detachments sent out, for exploration in Central New Mexico, upon the Guadalupe Mountains, and the extended desert plains lying to the east of their encampment. These exploring expeditions were usually joined by young Read. While they offered him a fine opportunity for observation, and the study of the Natural History of the country, he no doubt rendered efficient aid to the parties he accompanied, by his own contributions. That he made excellent use of these means for improvement, is evident to the writer, from an essay which he heard him read some years later, on the Botany of New Mexico as compared with that of Colchester Plains. His powers of observation were unusually good; they were increased in strength and aptitude by the habit which he then formed of noting continually what fell under his eye, especially if it related to the physical features of the regions through which he passed.

These exploring expeditions were often attended with extreme hardships and peril; and sometimes they were checked with a bit of romance. This was particularly the case in one instance recounted by Mr. Read. Striking eastwardly across the desert, the party, consisting of four besides himself, all mounted on mules, came near perishing for want of drink. One man and his mule gave out. Leaving him, the rest pressed on in search of water. Having at length come to some pools in the desert, men and animals plunged into them indiscriminately, and slaked their thirst. Then, filling their canteens, they hastened back with a view to rescue their perishing comrade, who had been left about twenty-five miles in the rear. They soon met his mule on the way, and at last reached the man himself before life was extinct. Having given him water and food they took him safely back to the just discovered pools.

Mr. Read passed the winter of 1857 in Washington. While there, he was busily engaged assisting in the preparation of the Report of the Expe-

dition for the Secretary of War. Sometime during the following spring he returned to the plains of New Mexico, and continued his labors in that region until the close of the expedition. Not far from this time—I believe it was while he was at work in Washington on the report already referred to—with a view to the more accurate presentation of the results of the explorations, as well as to the better prosecution of future investigations, he was sent to Cambridge, Massachusetts, by Captain Pope, to consult Professor Bond of Harvard University, on some intricate questions relating to the scientific observations of the expedition. He was about the same time in correspondence with Professor, afterwards General, O. M. Mitchell of Cincinnati Observatory, and Professor Young of Dartmouth College; also, on other occasions, with Professors at West Point, and gentlemen connected with the Smithsonian Institute. He was likewise applied to from time to time, as appears from letters which he left on file, for information on a variety of scientific subjects.

After the close of the expedition, he maintained for several years a friendly correspondence with General Pope, who, it seems, had a generous appreciation of his services, and entertained a high opinion of his ability, and towards whom the subject of this notice ever after cherished a warm friendship and great kindness of feeling. The expedition having come to a close in the autumn of 1858, Mr. Read returned to his father's. For the greater part of the next two years he remained at home. At this time he was for the most part engaged in study and in collecting specimens in Natural History. He was also, as I am informed, more or less occupied in writing for the journals of the day.

During the autumn of 1860 and the following winter he was employed by E. M. Smalley, Esq., as an assistant in the editorial department of the Burlington *Sentinel*. It is said that the readers of that paper were indebted for some of its best contributions, during this period, to Mr. Read. The time which Mr. Read thus spent at home and in writing, was perhaps one of the richest in the fruits of culture which it bore of his life. Having leisure both for meditation and intercourse with refined society, he probably made great improvement, as well intellectually as in the cultivation of his social powers. As his memory was very retentive, he no doubt at this time laid up a vast amount of useful knowledge. He seemed to grasp and keep whatever he read. But this was not all; he seized hold of principles with more readiness than most. That he thus improved is evident from the fact that those persons who engaged in conversation with him, were often surprised at the readiness with which he would recall what he had previously learned, or the contents of the books he had perused. And to this we should add that he was not merely conversant with a few topics, but was found to be unusually well informed for one of his age, on almost every subject.

On the breaking out of the rebellion, and the issue of the President's call for seventy-five thousand men in 1861, Mr. Read enlisted for three months as private in the Howard Guards. This was the first company

raised in Burlington, and formed a part of the First Regiment of Vermont Volunteers. On the ninth of May he left with his companions for the front, and served in faithfulness his full term of service. Being present at the battle of Big Bethel, which occurred June tenth, he barely escaped with his life, a round shot from the enemy's batteries shivering a tree just above his head. On the retreat of our men, which followed the same battle, he (beyond all reasonable doubt) saved a fellow soldier from falling into the hands of the Confederate cavalry. Herman Seligan, then a private, but now Captain of Company C, of the Ninth Vermont Regiment, became greatly fatigued, and fell by the wayside. Mr. Read took the gun, haversack, and other equipments of his exhausted companion, and carried them, in addition to his own, through to Fortress Monroe. In thus relieving his brother in arms, he animated him with hope and courage by which he was enabled to pass on to the Fortress, which they safely reached in company late at night.

After the close of his three months' service, Mr. Read returned home and remained there until the President's second call for three hundred thousand men. At this crisis he felt constrained again to volunteer in defence of his country. Accordingly, July thirty-first, 1862, he re-enlisted as a private soldier for three years, and on the first of the following September he was mustered into the United States service, in Company D, of the Tenth Vermont Regiment. Having been appointed Sergeant at once, on the organization of his company, he served for some time in this capacity. He also, for a while, performed the duties of First Sergeant. To Captain Darrah, who then commanded Company D, he was of great assistance by his performance of a variety of clerical labors, in addition to the appropriate services of his position as Sergeant. During the summer of 1863, he was detailed for duty as Clerk in the Adjutant-General's office, at the Headquarters of the Division. On assuming this position, he soon became conspicuous to a very unusual degree, considering the opportunities which his subordinate grade afforded, in the management of all matters pertaining to the office. He directed the labors of some five or six clerks who were under him, and had the sole charge and supervision, as well of the entire routine duties of the office, as frequently of important special duties, and of all its books and records. The latter were kept, under his direction, in so elegant and elaborate a manner as to elicit the admiration and praise of all who saw them.

Indeed, while he was at Division Headquarters, his labors in these particulars were looked upon as almost invaluable. And these were not all the services which he performed. Both in the field, along the march, and on the line of battle, he usually noted the position of the troops, the face of the country, and whatever he thought deserving of record. This he had learned to do when out with General Pope. Accordingly, in making out their reports, the officers often resorted to his notes and usually placed implicit reliance upon them. In fact, his minutes and observations were regarded and appealed to, as authority, not only

throughout his regiment, but also at the Brigade and Division Headquarters. While in the performance of these various services, he, of course, became well acquainted with Brigadier-General Carr, and also with Brigadier-General Ricketts, who succeeded the former in the command of the division. It is said that these commanders made constant use of Mr. Read's acquirements. By them he was also frequently spoken of as qualified for any staff-duty. Both of these Generals, as I am informed, and other officers of rank, had a high appreciation of his industry and ability, as well as of his fine social qualities. Indeed, it is said that General Ricketts of his own accord promised that he should have an appointment as Aid on his staff, on the next occurrence of a vacancy.

He thus served, and continued to act, faithfully as a non-commissioned officer until he entered upon the duties of Second Lieutenant, in Company D, of the Tenth Vermont Volunteers. He was mustered in, August tenth, 1864, his commission bearing date June seventeenth of the same year. This advancement, though coming, in the opinion of most of his friends, very late, was by them all regarded as well deserved. No sooner was he promoted to the Lieutenancy than he was, at his own request, relieved from his arduous duties at headquarters, that he might rejoin his regiment. In his new position of line officer he showed the same capacity and the same power of adaptation, that he had previously exhibited under other relations. But it was now in a higher sphere. From this time forward he displayed fine ability, not only in the discharge of the ordinary duties of the grade he sustained in his own company, but also in taking upon himself at different times the combined charge and responsibility of various companies when the regiment had become reduced in the complement of its line officers by the casualties of the service. His industry and zeal in the performance of all these labors, his knowledge of military affairs, as well as his courage and coolness in action, were remarkable, and probably unequaled by any other member of the regiment to which he belonged. December nineteenth, 1864, another commission was issued in his favor. By virtue of it, he was duly promoted to the First Lieutenancy in Company E, of the same regiment, on the sixth of February, 1865. This renewed recognition of his merits, like his preceding advancement, was generally regarded as faithfully earned and richly deserved.

Adjutant Lyman having been wounded at Cedar Creek, October nineteenth, Lieutenant Read was detailed on the same day to act in his place. On the subsequent promotion of Adjutant Lyman to the Majorate, the subject of this notice was mustered in as Adjutant, February twenty-fourth, 1865, his commission bearing the date of the second of the preceding month. As thus promoted he entered afresh upon the labors of the Adjutancy, and engaged in them with all the alacrity and vigor for which he was distinguished. It is hardly too much to say that he met the responsibilities of his new position with tireless energy and unfailing skill, conducting all its wearisome and fatiguing details with comparative ease and, according to the testimony of his predecessor, dispatching more work

during the six weeks he held this grade, than is ordinarily done in as many months.

Having thus noticed the more prominent points in Adjutant Read's military career, it may be well to refer briefly to the main actions in which he figured. During his service in the army, and subsequent to the fight at Big Bethel, with which he had to do, he was in many different conflicts. Indeed, he was present at, or in some wise connected with, most of the battles in which his regiment was engaged; and it is said that in every instance he evinced a prudence, skill, and valor becoming the position he occupied.

He had some part in the spirited encounter at Kelly's Ford, November seventh, 1863, when the Confederate rifle-pits, eighty prisoners, and six hundred Enfield rifles, were taken. November eighth found him in the skirmishing which came off at Brandy Station, on the south side of the Rappahannock. On the twenty-seventh of November he was at Locust Grove, and participated actively in the severe fighting which then and there prevailed, securing the repulse of the enemy. He was also present at the battle of Mine Run, November eighteenth, his division acting as a support to the Fifth Corps.

On the opening of the spring campaign, in 1864, he was as usual at his post. From the diary which he kept while at headquarters, and in which he noted all the more important movements of the division to which he belonged, it is evident that he was in the various battles of the Wilderness in which his division was engaged, from May fifth to the eleventh, inclusive; that he was also in those of Spottsylvania, during the succeeding nine days up to the twenty-first; that he was likewise in the skirmish at Tolopotomy Creek, sometimes known as that of Gaines's Mills, May thirtieth and thirty-first; as well as in the severe fighting and amidst the dreadful carnage which occurred at Cold Harbor, from the first to the twelfth of June.

We next find him, pencil in hand, exposed to the severe shelling which occurred at Bermuda Hundreds, June nineteenth; and again on the twenty-second and twenty-third of the same month, in the hard fighting and under the seathing fire before Petersburg. July ninth he was in the conflict which took place, and the rebuff which was experienced, on the Monocacy. In the brilliant engagement which came off September nineteenth, and is commonly known as the battle of Opequan, at Winchester, he appeared in the new capacity of a Lieutenant. On this occasion he had charge of a skirmish line, performing a very hazardous and important service. A bullet struck his sword and glanced off; thus his life was saved. On the twenty-second of the same month he was present at, and took an active part in, the memorable fight at Fisher's Hill.

In the battle of Cedar Creek, which occurred October nineteenth, Lieutenant Read had charge of the color company. His command being at first repulsed, and forced to withdraw, he endeavored to preserve the line unbroken, and was the rearmost man in retiring. While thus fearlessly

engaged in securing an orderly retreat, he was also, as usual, busily occupied, compass in hand, observing the various movements, and taking note of what was passing. Seeing his men moving hastily from the battle ground in his advance, and himself likely to be left in the rear, sketching an outline of the battle, he said, as the bullets were whizzing by: "Be cool, boys; don't hurry; it's no time for haste; I'm going fast enough." As he was afterwards advancing, a spent bullet hit the calf of his leg and bruised it considerably. Upon this he exclaimed: "I'm hit, boys, but it isn't much; let us on." Although suffering not a little pain, he refused to leave the field, and continued with his men through the day. During the following winter he was absent a few weeks on leave. He then visited his home, sought recreation in social pleasures, had early recollections revived, and enjoyed many pleasant chats with old friends and associates. Soon, however, he was back again with his regiment, which was at that time lying before Petersburg, in the vicinity of Warren Station. He wished to be with his companions, engaged in getting ready for the approaching campaign.

Shortly after this, and while the troops were still in camp, the writer of this memorial met Adjutant Read for the first time since the beginning of the war. During the few weeks that followed, before active operations commenced, he had several interesting interviews with Mr. Read, who spoke of by-gone days, of experiences in the army, and of his present duties and studies.

But anon the campaign opened in earnest—and it was more than a month earlier than that of the preceding spring—and this brings us to the closing scenes in the life of Adjutant Read. After the fighting of March twenty-fifth, it was decided that there should be an early effort to break the rebel lines. This was to be made, in part, by Brigadier-General Seymour's division of the Sixth Corps. With this end in view, a movement was initiated on the night of April first, and brought during the following day to a glorious issue, in which the Tenth Vermont largely participated. The troops moved out a little before midnight, and formed in front of Fort Welch, which lies to the southwest of Petersburg, and on the left of Fort Fisher. At about four o'clock on the morning of the second, they made their first charge and were successful. They advanced, both officers and men being on foot, athwart dense abatis, through the mud and water of deep trenches, over immense earthworks, and made themselves masters of a redoubt which had formed part of the rebel line in their front. Then, wheeling to the left, they took another redoubt, and still another. It was between seven and eight o'clock in the morning—after the capture of the third work, and in the vigorous attempt made to hold it—that the Adjutant fell, struck in the heel by a ball which passed through his right foot. Upon the reception of this wound he was immediately placed in a log-cabin which chanced to stand near by. Our men being soon compelled to fall back for a season, the rebels entered the cabin, seized the Adjutant, rifled his pockets of his money, watch and the like, and took from him his

sword and belt, "but otherwise," as he said afterwards, "treated him well enough." At the loss of his sword he felt, and subsequently expressed, especial regret, as it bore the marks of a bullet by which it was indented in the fight at Winchester. Our forces again advancing, he was retaken, the Confederates not having time to remove him; and thence he was conveyed in an ambulance to the division hospital, where he suffered the loss of his foot by amputation just above the ankle joint.

The assault made on the morning of the second required in all, and especially in the officers, great energy and coolness, no less than real bravery and firm persistency of effort. It was well known to the men generally, that the Confederate works were on well-chosen ground, of elaborate construction, and of vast strength. It was also supposed that they could never be taken without immense effusion of blood and great sacrifice of life. Then, again, it was the trial time long looked forward to with hope, and constantly kept in view with ever growing interest, as the gigantic preparations had been steadily pushed forward with unabating zeal. It was, so to speak, the pivot on which, if all went right, the successful issue of the war seemed about to turn. Under these circumstances it is no wonder that the men were burdened with anxiety, and that they marched out full of trembling solicitude, and with hesitating steps. So it is not a matter for surprise that the officers felt that a double burden rested upon themselves. But the Adjutant, as was the case with many others, seemed to rise with the emergency and to be equal to it. Making ready for the exigencies of the occasion, he was most assiduous in his own special field duty. He exerted himself more, as many have remarked, and showed far greater efficiency than usual in bearing dispatches, in rallying the faint-hearted, and urging all onward to victory. And in the entire action, as I am informed, he united dash with his characteristic coolness and steadiness, falling at the extreme front, at the most critical moment of the day, disabled by a wound, from the effects of which he afterwards died.

And here it may be proper to refer to the feelings which the Adjutant experienced in view of the loss of his foot, and of the results of the victory won. They will be best expressed in his own words, taken from a letter, probably his last, which was written on Monday, April third, while he was in the hospital near Warren Station. The letter was found in his pocket-book, which, with his other effects, was sent home after his death. He wrote substantially as follows: "Dearest Father and Mother: We had a glorious day yesterday; captured thousands and thousands of prisoners. We charged and took the strong lines of the enemy, on which he depended to hold Petersburg, and we took all his artillery. It was a second Fisher's Hill, only far more glorious and important a victory." Again, sending a message to his sister, he says in the same missive, "Give her my dearest love, and tell her that yesterday's work fully pays us all for what we have lost. I can give my foot in such a cause with a good will."

The writer having returned from the front to Warren Station early

Monday morning, saw the Adjutant six or eight times during the day, and endeavored to do all in his power to make him comfortable and alleviate his suffering, which at times was intense. His loss of blood had been small. Most of the preceding night he was able to sleep. His stump was not swollen and seemed to be doing well. All things considered, he appeared to be in an unusually good condition. It should, however, be added that he had been previously somewhat weakened by a severe affection of the bowels, and was still suffering considerably from it. On his being taken to the cars there was a delay of several hours, which, with his subsequent ride, no doubt increased his weakness. He was furnished with a good supply of coffee and food. His lassitude being observed, a stimulating drink was also prepared for him, which he was indisposed to take. As the writer was unable in person to accompany the Adjutant on the train, on account of the great number of wounded men constantly arriving, he secured the services of the best man he could find, who agreed to look after him carefully by the way, to see him safe in the General Hospital at the Base, and report when the cars returned next morning.

A visit being made to City Point on Wednesday, April fifth, the Adjutant was at once looked up, and found to be in a more critical condition. According to the Surgeon-in-Chief, his system had never experienced a full reaction, and thus had failed to recover its tone since the amputation. Appearances seemed to indicate that there had been adequate nursing, and all due exercise of medical skill. During the afternoon and evening the writer was in to see the Adjutant four or five times, and did all he could to make him comfortable, not supposing for a moment that he would reach his earthly end for days, or even for several weeks. Under these circumstances it is more easy to imagine than to express the surprise he experienced on going into the hospital the next morning, and learning that at twelve o'clock the preceding night, which was that of April fifth, Adjutant Read breathed his last. His body was embalmed and sent to Burlington. It arrived there safely in a good state of preservation on Tuesday, April eleventh. The funeral took place on the afternoon of Friday, the fourteenth,—an eventful day, and not soon to be forgotten by the family of the deceased or by the people of the United States. Yes, even in the annals of our country, it will long stand memorable at once for the restoration of the Union flag to Fort Sumter, and for the awful tragedy enacted at Washington, which deprived the nation of its honored dead. On this red-lettered day in connection with appropriate exercises, the remains of Adjutant Read were duly deposited in the family burial place, by the side of those of a departed brother and sister, amid the tears of his dearest surviving friends and the silent tokens of the sympathy and heartfelt sorrow of the citizens of his adopted town.

Thus Adjutant Read has passed away, his removal adding another to the large number of sad casualties connected with the closing scenes of the great rebellion. And in view of the event this hasty memorial has been

prepared, the aim being neither to praise nor to blame, but to weave together the more prominent incidents of his life, and to give as correct a transcript as possible of the estimate in which he was held by his companions in arms. That he had faults and deficiencies none would be disposed to deny ; that he also possessed marked excellences, both natural and acquired, all are ready to acknowledge. As to the general correctness of his religious opinions and sentiments no one acquainted with his early training, who ever talked with him on divine realities, need have a doubt. Respecting his personal experience in relation to God and eternity, the conversation had with him was while he was in pain, and the data furnished are too inadequate to authorize much definiteness of statement. Of his character and general bearing, his regiment speak with uniform commendation.

In his early departure we accordingly have occasion for unfeigned grief. A young man is cut down who is deeply mourned by surviving compatriots who have known him at home, by the fireside, in the camp and on the battlefield. That he was beloved in the army, no one need have better assurance than the writer. It was his fortune to bear the tidings of the Adjutant's untimely death to many of his regiment, thus to witness the deep emotion they evinced, and to gather evidence of the strong attachment which bound them to the departed. Indeed, one has been taken who could ill be spared ; one whose powers of observation were superior, whose coolness and intrepidity are not often surpassed, and who was regarded as by far the best office man in the regiment. When the news of his death came there was a general feeling that in the latter particular no one left could make good his place. His true position, as his friends have well observed, was that of a staff officer. For this he was fitted by his native bent and by long training ; he was exact and had an aptness for the investigation of minutie ; while his working capacity was of a marked kind. With more than ordinary insight into principles, and the clear foresight which pertains to their distinct apprehension, he united a remarkable accuracy in particulars, and a willingness to delve in the investigation of those minor details which is often very irksome to otherwise superior minds. This union in him of these two opposite tendencies kept his mind clear and free from confusion. In fact few persons of as high intellectual power are so ready as was he to undergo the drudgery of the Adjutant's Office, and few succeed so well in the fulfilment of its duties. More than this, however, it should be borne in mind that the vicissitudes of war have taken from us a man of fine social qualities, of refined literary taste, and for one so young, of high scholarly attainments. Of these latter points no more can now be said for lack of time and of materials necessary to an adequate estimate.

But last though not least, in the death of the departed the army has experienced the loss of a skillful tactician and an intrepid soldier. He was more than ordinarily well read in the science of war, and able to bring his knowledge to bear with practical efficiency. Says a companion in

arms : "Taken all in all, Adjutant Read was a brave and efficient officer, filling every position to which he was assigned, with fidelity, credit and skill." But not merely as an officer was he deserving of praise ; he was equally, perhaps more, conversant with the duties and trials of the private soldier. Through the larger portion of his army experience he was without a commission. Thus, during the progress of the war he saw much active and hard service, and under a variety of circumstances. Like every other true man in the field he was exposed to many and frequent dangers ; but for the most part he was remarkably fortunate ; although his garments were occasionally rent by flying missiles which carry ruin in their train, he almost entirely escaped harm and remained without a scar.

Finally, however, he received the fatal stroke which has forever removed him from our mortal sight. Although he passed through many dangers unscathed, he has at last fallen. He is now cut down in his early prime, and just as a triumphant people is preparing to enjoy the fruits of a dearly bought and long wished peace. And as we think of his premature death, sorrow surges in our souls. Indeed, how can it well be otherwise ? In his departure, we—his kindred and acquaintances generally—experience the loss of a genial companion ; one who to good native ability added rare industry, fine culture and a high promise, accompanied by an assurance of hope that if his life were spared he would prove an honor to his friends, an adornment to his country, and render important aid to his day and generation. Yes, he is gone, offered as a sacrifice on the altar of his country ; but, though he be gone, he yet lives—his memory is freshly embalmed, is warmly cherished, and will long continue to flourish—in the hearts of many surviving friends.

A P P E N D I X .

ROLL AND ROSTER OF THE TENTH REGIMENT VERMONT VOLUNTEERS,

MUSTERED INTO THE U. S. SERVICE SEPT. 1, 1862.

O F F I C E R S .

COLONELS.

Albert B. Jewett. Resigned April 25, 1864.

William W. Henry. Major Aug. 26, 1862. Lieut. Col. Oct. 17, 1862. Wounded June 1st, 1864. Resigned Dec. 17, 1864. Brevet Brig. Gen. March 7, 1865.

George B. Damon. Capt. Co. G, Aug. 12, 1862. Brevet Major Oct. 19, 1864, for gallantry at Opequan and Cedar Creek, Va. Major Dec. 19, 1864. Lieut. Col. Jan. 2, 1865. Brevet Col. April 2, 1865, for gallantry before Petersburg, Va. Mustered out of service as Lieut. Col. June 28, 1865.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

John H. Edson. Resigned Oct. 16, 1862.

William W. Henry. Promoted Col. April 26, 1864.

Charles G. Chandler.

George B. Damon. Promoted Col. June 15, 1865.

Wyllys Lyman. Adjutant Aug. 8, 1862. Wounded severely Oct. 19, 1864. Major Jan. 2, 1865. Mustered out of service as Major June 28, 1865.

MAJORS.

William W. Henry. Promoted Lieut. Col. Oct. 17, 1862.

Charles G. Chandler. Promoted Lieut. Col. April 26, 1864.

Edwin Dillingham. Capt. Co. B, Aug. 4, 1862. Killed at Winchester, Va., Sept. 19, 1864.

Lucius T. Hunt. Capt. Co. H, Aug. 8, 1862. Wounded June 3, 1864. Honorably discharged as Capt. Dec. 1, 1864, for disability.

George B. Damon. Promoted Lieut. Col. Jan. 2, 1865.

Wyllys Lyman. Promoted Lieut. Col. June 15, 1865.

John A. Salisbury. 1st Lieut. Co. C, Aug. 5, 1862. Capt. Co. I, Nov. 8, 1862. Brevet Major Oct. 19, 1864, for gallantry before Richmond and in the Shenandoah Valley. Mustered out of service as Capt. Co. I, June 22, 1865.

ADJUTANTS.

Wyllys Lyman. Promoted Major Jan. 2, 1865.

James M. Read. Private Co. D, July 31, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. D, June 17, 1864. Wounded Oct. 19, 1864. 1st Lieut. Co. E, Dec. 19, 1864. Brevet Capt. April 2, 1865, for gallantry in the assault on Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. Died April 6, 1865, of wounds received in action April 2, 1865.

George P. Welch. Mustered out of service June 28, 1865.

QUARTERMASTERS.

Alonzo B. Valentine. Promoted Capt. and Com. of Subsistence, U. S. Vols., March 2, 1864.

Charles H. Reynolds. Private Co. I, Aug. 5, 1862. Reg. Qr. M. Sergt. Jan. 1, 1863. Promoted Capt. and A. Q. M., U. S. Vols., Dec. 12, 1864.

Charles W. Wheeler. Private Co. I, Aug. 5, 1862. Corporal Jan. 3, 1863. 1st Sergeant July 4, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. I, Aug. 9, 1864. Wounded Oct. 19, 1864. 1st Lieut. Co. K, Feb. 9, 1865. Mustered out of service June 28, 1865.

SURGEON.

Willard A. Child. Asst. Surgeon 4th Vt. Vols., Aug. 15, 1861. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

ASSISTANT SURGEONS.

Joseph C. Rutherford. Promoted Surgeon 17th Vt. Vols., March 6, 1865.

Almon Clark. Promoted Surgeon 1st Vt. Cavalry, March 6, 1865.

CHAPLAINS.

Edwin M. Haynes. Resigned Oct. 9, 1864.

John B. Perry. Mustered out of service July 7, 1865.

CAPTAINS.

Edwin B. Frost. Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.

Henry H. Dewey. 1st Lieut. Co. A, July 7, 1862. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

Edwin Dillingham. Promoted Major June 17, 1864.

Merritt Barber. 1st Lieut. Co. E, Aug. 7, 1862. Appointed Capt. and A. A. G., U. S. Vols., Dec. 31, 1864. Brevet Major Oct. 19, 1864, for gal-

lantry in every action since May 5, 1864, and particularly at Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864.

Daniel Foster. Private Co. B, July 14, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. B, June 6, 1864. Wounded Sept. 19, 1864. 1st Lieut. Co. B, Dec. 19, 1864. Mustered out of service June 29, 1865.

John A. Sheldon. Promoted Capt. and Com. Subsistence, U. S. Vols., June 28, 1864.

Rufus K. Tabor. 2d Lieut. Co. K, Aug. 12, 1862. 1st Lieut. Co. A, June 6, 1864. Mustered out of service June 29, 1865.

Giles F. Appleton. Resigned Jan. 26, 1863.

Samuel Darrah. 1st Lieut. Co. D, Aug. 5, 1862. Killed near Cold Harbor, Va., June 6, 1864.

Lucian D. Thompson. 2d Lieut. Co. B, Aug. 4, 1862. 1st Lieut. Co. G, Dec. 27, 1862. Killed at Cedar Creek, Va., Oct. 19, 1864.

George E. Davis. 2d Lieut. Co. D, Aug. 5, 1862. 1st Lieut. Co. D, Jan. 26, 1863. Wounded Sept. 19, 1864, and Oct. 19, 1864. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

Madison E. Winslow. Resigned Dec. 25, 1862.

Pearl D. Blodgett. 1st Lieut. Co. G, Aug. 12, 1862. Wounded severely, June 1, 1864. Honorably discharged Nov. 22, 1864, for wounds.

John A. Hicks, Jr. Sergt. Maj. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. B, Dec. 27, 1862. 1st Lieut. Co. B, June 6, 1864. Honorably discharged May 2, 1865, for disability.

Henry G. Stiles. Private Co. H, Aug. 6, 1862. 1st Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862. Sergt. Major March 24, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. G, June 6, 1864. Prisoner from June 1, 1864, to Nov. 19, 1864. 1st Lieut. Co. E, Feb. 9, 1865. Mustered out of service, June 29, 1865.

Hiram Platt. Resigned April 1, 1864.

Chester F. Nye. 1st Lieut. Co. F, Aug. 6, 1862. Wounded Oct. 19, 1864. Discharged Dec. 27, 1864, for wounds.

Henry W. Kingsley. Reg. Qr. Mr. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. F, Dec. 27, 1862. Wounded severely Nov. 27, 1863. 1st Lieut. Co. F, June 6, 1864. Appointed Captain and Com. of Subsistence, U. S. Vols., Jan. 23, 1865.

James S. Thompson. Private Co. A, May 30, 1862. 1st Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. A, Jan. 19, 1863. 1st Lieut. Co. H, Nov. 2, 1864. Wounded April 2, 1865. Mustered out of service June 29, 1865.

George B. Damon. Promoted Major Dec. 19, 1864.

Lemuel A. Abbott. Private Co. B, July 28, 1862. 1st Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. D, Jan. 26, 1863. 1st Lieut. Co. E, June 17, 1864. Wounded severely Sept. 19, 1864. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

Lucius T. Hunt. Promoted Major Nov. 2, 1864.

Salmon E. Perham. 2d Lieut. Co. H, Aug. 8, 1862. 1st Lieut. Co. H, Jan. 19, 1863. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

Charles G. Chandler. Promoted Major Oct. 17, 1862.

John A. Salisbury. Promoted Major June 15, 1865.

William White. Private Co. I, Aug. 9, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 1st Sergt. Dec. 5, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. I, April 2, 1864. 1st Lieut. Co. I, Aug. 9, 1864. Wounded June 1, 1864, and Oct. 19, 1864. Mustered out of service as 1st Lieut. June 22, 1865.

Hiram R. Steele. Wounded May 12, 1864. Appointed Capt. and Com. Subsistence, U. S. Vols., May 18, 1864.

Alexander W. Chilton. 2d Lieut. Co. F, Aug. 6, 1862. 1st Lieut. Co. I, Dec. 27, 1862. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

Henry H. Dewey. Promoted Capt. Co. A, June 6, 1864.

Rufus K. Tabor. Promoted Capt. Co. C, March 22, 1865.

William R. Hoyt. Private Co. I, Sept. 23, 1863. Corp. Feb. 26, 1864. Sergt. Aug. 31, 1864. Sergt. Major Feb. 9, 1865. 2d Lieut. Co. C, Feb. 9, 1865. Mustered out of service June 29, 1865.

Ezra Stetson. Killed at Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864.

John A. Hicks, Jr. Promoted Capt. Co. E, Dec. 19, 1864.

Daniel Foster. Promoted Capt. Co. B, March 22, 1865.

Edward J. Stickney. Private Co. B, July 30, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862. Sergt. March 27, 1864. 1st Sergt. Sept. 1, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. B, Dec. 19, 1864. Mustered out of service June 29, 1865.

John A. Salisbury. Promoted Capt. Co. I, Nov. 8, 1862.

William H. H. Sabin. 2d Lieut. Co. C, Aug. 5, 1862. Resigned Jan. 19, 1863.

Charles D. Bogue. Private Co. I, July 14, 1862. 1st Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. C, Nov. 8, 1862. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

Isaac L. Powers. Private Co. A, June 9, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 1st Sergt. Jan. 19, 1863. Wounded June 3, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. H, June 1864. Mustered out of service as 1st Sergt. Co. A, June 22, 1865.

Samuel Darrah. Promoted Capt. Co. D, Jan. 26, 1863.

George E. Davis. Promoted Capt. Co. D, Nov. 2, 1864.

Silas H. Lewis, Jr. Private Co. I, July 23, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 1st Sergt. June 1, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. F, June 6, 1864. Brevet Capt. April 2, 1865, for gallantry in the assault on Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

Merritt Barber. Promoted Capt. Co. B, June 17, 1864.

Lemuel A. Abbott. Promoted Capt. Co. G, Dec. 19, 1864.

James M. Read. Promoted Adjutant Jan. 2, 1865.

Henry G. Stiles. Promoted Capt. Co. E, May 11, 1865.

Ezekiel T. Johnson. Private Co. H, Aug. 6, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862. Sergt. Dec. 28, 1862. Wounded July 9, 1864. 1st Sergt. 2d Lieut. Co. E, Dec. 19, 1864. 1st Lieut. Co. G, March 22, 1865. Transferred to Co. E, May 20, 1865. Mustered out of service as 1st Serg. Co. H, June 22, 1865.

Chester F. Nye. Promoted Capt. Co. F, June 6, 1864.

Henry W. Kingsley. Promoted Capt. Co. F, Feb. 9, 1865.

Samuel Greer. Private Co. C, Aug. 5, 1862. Corp. Sept. 25, 1863. Sergt. July 23, 1864. Wounded Oct. 19, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. C, Dec. 19, 1864. Mustered out of service June 22, 1865.

Pearl D. Blodgett. Promoted Capt. Co. E, Dec. 27, 1862.

Lucian D. Thompson. Promoted Capt. Co. D, June 17, 1864.

Daniel G. Hill. Reg. Com. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. H, Jan. 19, 1863. Died of wounds received at Opequan, Va., Sept. 19, 1864.

Edward P. Farr. Private Co. G, Aug. 8, 1862. 1st Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 2d Lieut. Co. E, Jan. 19, 1863. Promoted Capt. and A. Q. M., U. S. Vols., March 6, 1865.

Ezekiel T. Johnson. Transferred to Co. E, May 20, 1865.

Almon Ingram. Private Co. G, July 25, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 1st Sergt. Oct. 11, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. G, Feb. 9, 1865. Mustered out of service as 2d Lieut. June 22, 1865.

Jerome C. Dow. Resigned Jan. 5, 1863.

Salmon E. Perham. Promoted Capt. Co. H, Nov. 2, 1864.

James S. Thompson. Promoted Capt. Co. F, March 22, 1865.

Artemas H. Wheeler. Private Co. H, Aug. 7, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 1st Sergt. April 3, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. D, Dec. 19, 1864. Mustered out of service June 29, 1865.

Charles M. Start. Resigned Dec. 5, 1862.

Alexander W. Chilton. Promoted Capt. Co. K, Aug. 9, 1864.

William White. Promoted Capt. Co. I, June 15, 1865.

Darwin K. Gilson. Private Co. I, July 23, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 1st Sergt. Feb. 26, 1865. 2d Lieut. Co. I, Feb. 9, 1865. Mustered out of service as 1st Sergt. June 22, 1865.

Lyman C. Gale. Private Co. F, 4th Vt. Vols., Aug. 20, 1861. 1st Sergt. Sept. 21, 1861. Honorably discharged July 30, 1864, for disability.

George P. Welch. Private Co. D, Aug. 20, 1862. Sergeant-Major Jan. 1, 1863. 2d Lieut. Co. C, March 3, 1864. Wounded severely Oct. 19, 1864. Honorably discharged Dec. 27, 1864, for wounds.

Charles W. Wheeler. Promoted Qr. Mr. March 22, 1865.

Edward Vinclette. Private Co. F, July 12, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. 1st Sergt. Jan. 1, 1864. 2d Lieut. Co. K, Feb. 9, 1865. Mustered out of service June 29, 1865.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Maximilian Hopkins. Resigned Jan. 15, 1863.

James S. Thompson. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. H, Nov. 2, 1864.

Joseph H. Clark. Private Co. A, June 26, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862. Sergt. Dec. 8, 1863. Wounded April 2, 1865, severely. Discharged as Sergt. July 1, 1865, for wounds.

Lucian D. Thompson. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. G, Dec. 27, 1862.

John A. Hicks, Jr. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. B, June 6, 1864.

Daniel Foster. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. B, Dec. 19, 1864.

Edward J. Stickney. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. B, March 22, 1865.

- Jerome Ayers. Private Co. B, July 14, 1862. Corp. March 27, 1864. Sergt. July 5, 1864. Wounded June 1, 1864, July 9, 1864, and Sept. 19, 1864. 1st Sergt. May 20, 1865. Mustered out of service as 1st Sergt. June 22, 1865.
- Wm. H. H. Sabin. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. C, Nov. 8, 1862.
- Charles D. Bogue. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. C, Jan. 19, 1863.
- George W. Burnell. Private Co. F, July 15, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. Discharged Jan. 1, 1864, for promotion in U. S. colored troops.
- George P. Welch. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. K, Aug. 9, 1864.
- Alexander Wilkey. Private Co. G, Aug. 8, 1862. Corp. Sergt. 1st Sergt. May 21, 1864. Deserted Jan. 10, 1865.
- Samuel Greer. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. F, Feb. 9, 1865.
- William R. Hoyt. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. A, March 22, 1865.
- Thomas H. White. Private Co. G, Aug. 6, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862. Sergt. 1st Sergt. Feb. 26, 1865. Mustered out of service June 29, 1865.
- George E. Davis. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. D, Jan. 26, 1863.
- Lemuel A. Abbott. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. E, June 17, 1864.
- James M. Read. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. E, Dec. 19, 1864.
- Artemas H. Wheeler. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. H, March 22, 1865.
- George P. Shedd. Private Co. D, Aug. 9, 1862. Corp. Jan. 17, 1863. Sergt. Jan. 1, 1864. Wounded severely Sept. 19, 1864. Mustered out of service as Sergt. June 22, 1865.
- Stephen D. Soule. Resigned Jan. 12, 1863.
- Edward P. Farr. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. G, Aug. 9, 1864.
- B. Brooks Clark. Private Co. K, Aug. 8, 1862. 1st Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. Wounded Sept. 19, 1864. Died Nov. 2, 1864, of wounds received in action Oct. 19, 1864.
- Ezekiel T. Johnson. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. G, March 22, 1865.
- Walter Graham. Private Co. E, July 19, 1862. Corp. Nov. 29, 1862. Sergt. Dec. 27, 1862. 1st Sergt. Dec. 31, 1862. Mustered out of service as 1st Sergt. June 22, 1865.
- Alexander W. Chilton. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. I, Dec. 27, 1862.
- Henry W. Kingsley. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. F, June 6, 1864.
- Silas H. Lewis, Jr. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. D, Nov. 2, 1864.
- Henry C. Irish. Private Co. D, Aug. 2, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862. 1st Sergt. Jan. 1, 1864. Wounded severely Sept. 19, 1864. Discharged as 1st Sergt. Co. D, May 9, 1865, for wounds.
- Albert N. Nye. Private Co. F, Aug. 4, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862. Sergt. June 5, 1864. Wounded severely, Sept. 22, 1864. 1st Sergt. May 14, 1865. Mustered out of service as 1st Sergt. June 22, 1864.
- Charles G. Newton. Killed near Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864.
- Henry G. Stiles. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. E, Feb. 9, 1865.
- Almon Ingram. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. G, June 15, 1865.
- Andrew J. Clogston. Private Co. G, July 21, 1862. Corp. Aug. 18, 1864. Sergt. Oct. 27, 1864. 1st Sergt. April 14, 1865. Mustered out of service as 1st Sergt. June 22, 1865.

Salmon E. Perham. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. H, Jan. 19, 1863.

Daniel G. Hill. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. G, June 17, 1864.

Isaac L. Powers. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. C, Feb. 9, 1865.

Henry H. Adams. Private Co. C, July 16, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862.

Sergt. Aug. 6, 1863. Regt. Qr. M. Sergt. July 1, 1864. Mustered out of service as Qr. M. Sergt. June 22, 1865.

Ernest C. Colby. Resigned Jan. 16, 1863.

Justin Carter. Private Co. B, July 12, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. Resigned Feb. 24, 1864.

William White. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. I, Aug. 9, 1864.

Charles W. Wheeler. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. K, Feb. 9, 1865.

Darwin K. Gilson. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. I, June 15, 1865.

George Church. Private Co. I, Aug. 12, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862.

Sergt. June 1, 1864. Sergt. Major Feb. 26, 1865. Mustered out of service as Sergt. Major, June 22, 1865.

Rufus K. Tabor. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. A, June 6, 1864.

Austin W. Fuller. Private Co. I, Aug. 9, 1862. Sergt. Sept. 1, 1862. Reg. Com. Sergt. Jan. 19, 1863. Wounded severely Oct. 19, 1864. Honorably discharged Dec. 15, 1864, for wounds.

Edward Vinclette. Promoted 1st Lieut. Co. K, March 22, 1865.

Charles P. Hadlock. Private Co. K, July 29, 1862. Corp. Sept. 1, 1862. Sergt. Nov. 2, 1864. Mustered out of service as Sergt. June 22, 1865.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF,

At the time of muster, Sept. 1, 1862.

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

John A. Hicks. Promoted 2d Lieut. Co. B, Dec. 27, 1862.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT.

Henry W. Kingsley. Promoted 2d Lieut. Co. F, Dec. 27, 1862.

COMMISSARY-SERGEANT.

Daniel G. Hill. Promoted 2d Lieut. Co. H, Jan. 11, 1863.

DRUM-MAJOR.

Russell Fisk. Discharged Jan. 8, 1863.

HOSPITAL STEWARD.

Thomas G. Underwood. Finally assigned to Co. C.

ENLISTED MEN.

Company A.

SERGEANTS.

James S. Thompson. Promoted 2d Sergeant Co. A, June 19, 1863. Prisoner June 1, 1863. 1st Lieut. Co. H, Nov. 2, 1864. Wounded April 2, 1865.

Isaac L. Powers. Wounded June 1, 1864.

Benjamin F. Quimby. Promoted to colored troops.

Moses W. Sawyer. Promoted to colored troops.

Stephen Knight. Died Dec. 15, 1862.

CORPORALS.

Jonathan Hoyt. Promoted Sergt. Died of wounds received in action June 3, 1864.

Ira B. Cole. Promoted Sergt. Died Dec. 1863.

Lyman Bemis, Jr. Promoted Sergt.

George Labaree. Promoted Sergt. Wounded April 2, 1865.

Merritt S. Packer.

Henry Gannon.

Emery Kelley.

Joseph H. Clark. Promoted 2d Lieut. Co. A, Dec. 19, 1864. Wounded April 2, 1865.

MUSICIANS.

William Hall.

Calvin Dewey.

WAGONER.

Martin Hardy.

PRIVATES.

Hiram Aikin. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.

George Bailey.

Henry J. Bailey. Wounded May 10, 1864.

Jacob Bailey. Wounded May 13, 1864 and June 1, 1864.

Kimball Ball. Died Dec. 11, 1862.

George Butler. Killed in Action Nov. 27, 1863.

Joseph Bean. Died in Richmond, Va., March 23, 1864.

John Berthiaume. Promoted Corp.

George T. Blanchard. Died.

John Bokart.

Olin B. Bridge. Promoted Corp.

Henry G. Brown. Deserted.

Thomas Cable. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

William H. Cade. Wounded and died of wounds Nov. 2, 1864.

Alonzo P. Carr. Died Nov. 5, 1862.

Benjamin P. Carr. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Edwin C. Clement. Killed June 1, 1864.
 John T. Cole. Both eyes shot out April 2, 1865.
 Orra C. Cole. Enlisted in Reg. Army.
 Charles W. Conley. Promoted Corp.
 George H. Conley.
 John Conley. Prisoner May 18, 1864—so died Aug. 10, 1864.
 Landou Cram. Died Oct. 18, 1863.
 Isaac Crooker. Deserted.
 George M. D. Douse. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Thomas J. Drew. Killed at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.
 William Drew. Wounded May 11, 1864.
 Edward Duval. Died Jan. 1, 1863.
 Robert W. C. Farnsworth. Promoted Corp.
 Clark Field. Died Nov. 4, 1862.
 Michael Fitzgerald.
 Charles W. Flanders. Wounded at Cold Harbor.
 Nelson Flinton.
 Joseph Brown. Transferred to U. S. Navy.
 William S. Folger. Died Dec. 27, 1863.
 John Folsom. Died Oct. 31, 1862.
 James Gordon.
 George A. Griswold. Enlisted in Regular Army.
 Plummer B. Hall. Killed Sept. 22, 1864, in action.
 John Harris. Wounded May 10, 1864, afterwards deserted.
 Robert Haskell.
 James Hickie. Wounded at Cold Harbor.
 John Hill. Deserted.
 Charles R. Hoag. Wounded May 9, 1864.
 Albert W. Hudson.
 Frank W. Hudson.
 Solomon S. Hudson.
 Nelson Hunt.
 Nathaniel M. Johnson.
 Frederick F. Kendall.
 Henry A. Lawrence. Promoted Corp.
 Charles A. Lyford. Died Oct. 6, 1863.
 Samuel S. Mann. Died Aug. 5, 1863.
 Alvin T. Martin. Died Dec. 9, 1863.
 Charles W. Mason.
 Lyman Maxfield.
 Joseph Maxfield. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Martin McCormick.
 Arthur McLaughlin. Died Dec. 8, 1863.
 Samuel E. Merriam. Enlisted in Regular Army.
 Solomon Mitchell.

Atkins S. Moore.

Joseph A. Morrill. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

Daniel Morse. Killed at Cold Harbor.

Oliver Morse. Killed at Cold Harbor.

Thomas B. Morse.

Robert Murray. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

William Murray. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

Nelson Noyes. Died in Richmond, Va.

Jefferson Packard.

Edgar Palmer.

Trefly Paquin. Died May 7, 1865.

Noah S. Powers. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Robert Reed. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

William D. Root. Died Dec. 13, 1862.

George Stevens. Died Sept. 5, 1864.

Joseph F. Tyler. Enlisted in Regular Army.

William J. Utley.

William H. Wallace. Wounded May 9, 1864.

George C. Walter. Promoted Corp.

James Webb. Died Nov. 25, 1863.

William H. H. Whitehill.

Charles Woodruff. Promoted Corp. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

RECRUITS.

Francis Bailey. Died of wounds received in action.

Daniel D. Barber.

Lewis Batchelder. Died Oct. 14, 1864.

Samuel C. Chaplin.

Abner H. Church. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

Henry R. Conger. Wounded at Cold Harbor. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Samuel J. Covey. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

Alburn L. Currier.

Samuel P. Drew. Wounded May 11, 1864.

F. B. Eaton.

Reuben S. Hurd.

Benman A. Kelley.

Chillian H. Lackey. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

George W. Lackey.

Huntington M. Lamb. Promoted Corp.

Edwin Moore. Died at Danville, Va., Dec. 25, 1864.

Edwin C. Morey. Deserted.

Charles D. Newell.

Robinson Rich.

William T. Richards. Wounded at Cold Harbor.

William Robinson. Died Oct. 15, 1864.

Newell F. Stevens.
 Frank Willey.
 Flinton Harrison.
 John Gleason.
 Arthur Kincade.
 Edward H. May.
 Oren P. Rogers.

Company B.

SERGEANTS.

Lemuel A. Abbott. See officers' roster.
 Justin Carter. See officers' roster.
 Daniel Foster. See officers' roster.
 Hiram M. Pierce. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Chester S. Dana. Promoted 1st Sergt.

CORPORALS.

Abraham H. Holt. Promoted Sergt. Wounded at Cold Harbor.
 Edwin Parker.
 James M. Carr. Promoted Sergt. Died July 1st, 1864.
 Albert F. Dodge. Promoted Sergt.
 Quincey A. Greene. Promoted Sergt. Wounded Nov. 27, 1864, again
 at Cold Harbor.
 Edward J. Stickney. See officers' roster.
 Chaney W. Beal.
 Henry L. Marshall. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

MUSICIANS.

Lucas Downing. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Ebenezer J. Foster.

WAGONER.

Alpha M. Austin. Died Aug. 18, 1863.

PRIVATES.

Albert J. Ayer. Died Sept. 16, 1863.
 Jerome Ayers. Promoted Corp. and Sergt. Wounded at Cold Harbor.
 Frank A. Anstin.
 Gustavus Bailey.
 Dan Barker.
 Robert S. Bickford.
 John Blanchard. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Peter Bayer. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863. Deserted.
 James M. Boyce. Died Oct. 6, 1863.
 Henry M. Bradley.
 James Briggs.

- Robert Brooks. Died a prisoner at Danville, Va., Dec. 23, 1864.
 George Brown.
 George G. Brown. Promoted Corp.
 Charles Burgess.
 John Burke. Died Nov. 9, 1863.
 Tuffield Cayne. Killed at Cold Harbor June 1, 1864.
 Henry L. Clark. Died Jan. 29, 1863.
 Osman G. Clark. Wounded May 12, 1864. Died July 11, 1864.
 William Clark.
 Curtis A. Coburn. Transferred to Signal Corps. Taken prisoner.
 Ezra W. Conant. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863. Transferred to Vet. Res.
 Corps.
 Edwin C. Crossett.
 George Crossett. Died Aug. 18, 1863.
 Henry W. Crossett. Died of wounds received Nov. 27, 1863.
 Holmes Cushman. Died.
 Louis Darent.
 Larrey Dodge. Died Oct. 28, 1864.
 Robert Eagan. Died March 1, 1864.
 Edward P. Evans. Wounded in Wilderness Campaign.
 Ira H. Evans. Transferred to colored troops.
 Perley Farrar. Killed May 19, 1864.
 Leonard R. Foster, Jr. Promoted Corp. Killed at Cedar Creek, Oct.
 19, 1864.
 Joseph O. Freeman. Wounded in Wilderness Campaign.
 Henry P. Gale.
 Joseph A. Gilman. Wounded. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Andrew J. Glysson.
 Isaac Godfrey. Wounded in Wilderness Campaign.
 Jacob Godfrey.
 Allen Greeley. Promoted Corp. Wounded. Died of wounds July 1,
 1864.
 Peter Guyette.
 Lewis A. Hall.
 Calvin Holt.
 Martin Honan. Promoted Sergt. Wounded April 2, 1863. Died April 10.
 George J. Hubbard. Promoted Corp.
 John Jerome.
 Ira J. Johnson.
 Felix H. Kennedy. Died Dec. 8, 1863.
 Charles B. Lee. Promoted Corp.
 Hiram A. Luce.
 James M. Mather. Died of wounds received at Cold Harbor.
 George Mathews. Promoted Corp.
 Dexter Moody.
 John Morrisette.

Walter H. Nelson. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863, and at Spottsylvania.
 Tabor H. Parcher. Promoted Corp.
 Alfred H. Parkhurst.
 Horatio Parkhurst.
 Robert Patterson.
 Lafayette G. Ripley. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863. Transferred to Vet.
 Res. Corps.
 John H. Rublee. Wounded in Wilderness Campaign.
 Seth T. Sargent.
 Fabius Scaribo.
 Prentiss S. Scribner.
 Julius Selina.
 Abel Shonio. Promoted Corp.
 Charles Smith. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Hiram S. Smith. Promoted Corp.
 John G. Smith.
 Rufus Streeter.
 Gilman D. Storrs. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.
 Stephen G. Stewart.
 Edward Tylor.
 Willard M. Thayer. Promoted Corp.
 Abel M. Town. Wounded at Cold Harbor.
 Ezekiel S. Waldron. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Nelson W. Wheelock. Died Dec. 3, 1864.
 Hiram Williams. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Joseph Wood, Jr. Promoted Corp. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Sidney H. Woodard. Promoted Corp.
 Ira S. Woodward. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 William Woodward. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

RECRUITS.

David Barton. Prisoner.
 Nelson Beach. Wounded.
 Alonzo Bragg.
 George Brown. Died at Andersonville, Ga.
 Haverhill S. Burley. Died June 20, 1864, of wounds received in action.
 Martin Cane. Died a prisoner at Danville, Va.
 Willis H. Crossett.
 Edwin H. Dana. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Thomas F. Dwyer.
 Hamilton Glines. Died June 18, 1864, of wounds received in action.
 Hial Hill.
 James W. Jones. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Austin J. Lewis. Prisoner.
 Alva Rowell. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 John W. Sawyer. Deserted.

Abner Smith. Killed at Cold Harbor.

George Tatro. Deserted and returned under Pres. proclamation.

Charles Wheeler.

Liberty White. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Hiram Young. Committed suicide.

Joseph E. Young. Wounded May 10, 1864.

John V. McCartney.

George G. Rice. Died Jan. 17, 1864.

Benhard F. Schellburg.

Company C.

SERGEANTS.

Henry G. Post. Enlisted in Regular Army.

William Peabody. Died of wounds received at Monocacy, Md., July 9, 1864.

John E. Huntoon. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Charles M. Noble. Promoted Sergt.

Charles M. Edgerton. Promoted to colored troops.

CORPORALS.

John W. Dike. Wounded. Promoted Sergt.

Adin H. Greene. Promoted Sergt.

James Blair.

Harrisson Law. Color Guard. Wounded at Cold Harbor, June 1, 1864.

Edwin R. Buxton. Wounded. See officers' roster.

Henry H. Adams. See officers' roster.

Christopher Rice.

Christopher George.

MUSICIANS.

Charles H. Burr.

William H. Hoadley.

WAGONER.

Jacob Dion.

PRIVATES.

Alonzo Atwater.

Marcus Atwood. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.

Peter Avery. Mortally wounded April 2, 1865.

Joseph Ayers. Killed at Cold Harbor.

George N. Badger. Deserted.

Henry Barce. Died June 17, 1865.

Martin H. Barney.

Herman D. Bates.

William H. Brackett. Promoted Hospital Steward.

James Burns.

Oliver F. Churchill.

John Coffee.
 Job H. Colvin.
 William Corey. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Thomas Cunningham.
 Charles H. Dayton. Died Sept. 26, 1862.
 John M. Dorsett. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Charles R. Dyan. Promoted Corp. Wounded twice.
 Albert Falk. Wounded at Cold Harbor.
 Henry M. Ferris.
 John S. Ford. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.
 John Fortier. Died Oct. 27, 1862.
 David Gouley. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 William H. Grace. Deserted.
 Edwin Green. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Samuel Greer. See officers' roster.
 Lewis Gregory.
 Philip Gregory. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Edward Harvey. Deserted.
 Erwin Haskins.
 Rufus K. Headle. Died Oct. 27, 1862.
 Charles L. Hilliard. Promoted Corp.
 Francis H. Hoadley.
 Squier H. Holden.
 Edward Holton. Died Aug. 15, 1863.
 John G. Housey.
 Curtis Howard. Promoted Corp.
 James Hoy.
 Michael Hubbard. Promoted Corp. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Edwin S. Hudson. Died Aug. 22, 1863.
 Francis Kennedy.
 Edward P. Kimberly. Promoted Corp.
 Nelson King.
 Henry J. Langsyne.
 Aranah Leffingwell.
 Harlan P. Leffingwell.
 Charles Leonard.
 John H. Lewis.
 Thomas Mann. Died Nov. 4, 1862.
 Lewis S. Maranville. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Joshua B. Martin. Twice wounded.
 Warren McClure.
 James McGue. Promoted Corp.
 Cyrus H. Mead. Deserted.
 Henry Miner.
 James Miner.
 Eli A. Moers.

Byron D. Morgan.
 David Oney, Jr.
 Charles Packard.
 William A. Peirce.
 Allen Rogers.
 John Salger. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Isaac E. Sawyer. Died Dec. 17, 1863, of wounds received in action.
 Charles Schaffner. Prisoner.
 William Schollar.
 Harry G. Sessions. Wounded.
 John L. Shannon. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863. Missing in action Oct. 19, 1864.
 George R. Streeter. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Franklin B. Swan. Missing in action Oct. 19, 1864.
 William H. H. Thompson. Died a prisoner at Richmond, Va.
 William A. Townsend. Transferred to Signal Corps.
 Thomas G. Underwood.
 Andrew Vasser.
 Francis Vedell. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Adin G. Wellman. Wounded July 9, 1864.
 Nathan N. Wescott. Died Nov. 13, 1862.
 Philander C. Wetmore.
 Joseph H. Winn.
 Willard Wood. Drowned at White's Ford, Md., May 7, 1863.
 Daniel Woods.
 Robert A. Woodward. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Edward Yarton. Wounded. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.

RECRUITS.

James N. Buel. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Columbus C. Churchill. Promoted Corp. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Lorenzo Ford. Died March 15, 1864.
 Joseph Ginger.
 Harvey Green.
 John Hopkins.
 Patrick Hopkins. Died Aug. 7, 1864.
 Alva Hubbard, Jr.
 Orrin Huggins. Wounded March 25, 1865.
 Dennis Locklin. Died of wounds received in action.
 Charles W. McClure.
 Stephen M. Packard. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Abel Peters. Twice wounded.
 Edmund R. Stiles. Died June 12, 1865.
 Mitchell Vasa.
 Joseph White.
 Leland J. Williams. Prisoner.

John Carroll.
 Abram Densmore.
 Judah D. Hall. Died June 21, 1865.
 Thomas J. Hennaey.
 Scott Maynard.
 Jesse Parkhurst.
 Edward Stanton.
 William Welch.

Company D.

SERGEANTS.

Haskell M. Phelps.
 Andrew Dougherty. Died a prisoner at Danville, Va., Nov. 6, 1864.
 Lyman Bullock, Jr.
 James M. Read. See officers' roster.
 George W. Rines.

CORPORALS.

Henry C. Irish. Promoted Sergt. 1st Sergt. See officers' roster.
 Michael Kehoe. Died of wounds received Nov. 27, 1863.
 Thomas Kiley. Promoted Sergt. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 William H. Cobb. Promoted Sergt.
 Homer Lyman. Promoted Sergt.
 Charles Dougherty. Promoted Sergt.
 Willis S. Simonds. Promoted Sergt.
 William A. Griswold. Promoted Sergt.

MUSICIAN.

Cornelius O. Colby.

WAGONER.

Thomas McMahon.

PRIVATES.

Martin V. B. Alger.
 Robert Alexander. Deserted.
 Robert J. Alexander. Died Dec. 23, 1863.
 John Bissett.
 James P. Bixby.
 Luman L. Bixby.
 Alfred Boucher.
 Philetus Brace.
 Oscar G. Brown. Promoted Corp. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Lyman Bullock.
 Willaby Z. Burdick. Wounded. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 George Burnett. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Martin Butler.
 James Codogan.

James H. Cain. Died of wounds received Oct. 19, 1864.
 Rollin M. Carl. Wounded.
 Augustus J. Crane.
 Augustus H. Crown. Promoted Corp.
 Martin L. Currier.
 John Daley.
 Louis Darent. Transferred to Vt. Res. Corps.
 Albert B. Day. Died Oct. 27, 1862.
 William Dimick.
 John Dolan.
 Francis Douglass. Died Dec. 15, 1863.
 William G. Doyne. Died March 22, 1863.
 Oral C. Dudley. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 William Edwards.
 Henry Falkins.
 George Gabaree. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 James Gardner. Died Oct. 1, 1863.
 Joseph Garron. Died Nov. 28, 1863.
 Patrick Gilluley. Promoted Corp.
 Haley H. Hall. Died Dec. 27, 1862.
 Joseph Henry. Died April 26, 1864.
 Hiram W. Hicks. Died of wounds received in action.
 Roswell Hunt. Promoted Corp.
 William Johns. Died Nov. 3, 1862.
 Joseph Joslin. Killed near Cold Harbor June 10, 1864.
 Albert R. Keyes. Wounded.
 Stephen Lajoie.
 John Lamoine.
 Joseph Lander. Prisoner July 9, 1864.
 Francis Laporte.
 Joseph J. Lyons.
 Thomas Maguire.
 James Manley. Wounded May 14, 1864.
 Nathan Marsells. Deserted.
 Lyman Maxfield. Died Aug. 13, 1864.
 John Mayo. Died of wounds received at Cedar Creek.
 Augustus Mercy. Deserted.
 James Morgan. Prisoner July 9, 1864.
 Joseph Muer. Died Nov. 22, 1863.
 Thomas O'Brien. Taken prisoner July 9, 1864.
 Alfred M. Osborn. Wounded and transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Gregoire Patenode. Deserted.
 Timothy Pippin. Promoted Corp.
 Archibald S. Poole.
 William H. Ramsey. Deserted.
 Robert Rankin. Taken prisoner July 9, 1864. Died at Savannah, Ga.

Ogden B. Read. Promoted to colored troops.
 Joel N. Remington. Died July 26, 1864.
 Joseph B. Riddick. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 John Rivers. Deserted.
 Pearl S. Robinson.
 Joseph Riley. Died of wounds received in action April 2, 1865.
 Charles Sawyer. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Alexander Scott, Jr. Promoted Corp.
 Andrew Sears.
 Frank L. Severance. Died March 29, 1864.
 George P. Shedd. Promoted Corp. 1st Sergt. See officers' roster.
 Royal M. Sherman.
 John Swail. Deserted.
 William H. Swail.
 Joseph Tatro.
 Albert C. Vandeusen.
 Albert Washburn. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Jay Washburn. Killed in action May 5, 1864.
 Milton Washburn.
 Richard Watson. Promoted Corp. Wounded.
 Lyman Weeks.
 George P. Welch. See officers' roster.
 Colburn E. Wells. Wounded. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 John C. Wells. Died Jan. 3, 1863.
 Daniel Wright. Deserted.

RECRUITS.

Alfred Y. Ayers. Prisoner June 12, 1864.
 Theodore Beach.
 Hiram R. Bickford. Died Dec. 1, 1864.
 Alexander Billings. Deserted.
 Hiram C. Child.
 Edgar Crossett.
 Charles J. F. Cushman. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Daniel Dalley.
 Emerson C. Fay. Died of wounds received in action.
 Roby N. Fay.
 Thomas Fitzsimmons. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 William Hurley. Deserted.
 Thomas Linehan.
 Joseph Monock.
 John O'Neil. Died at Andersonville, Ga.
 Homer W. Ring. Promoted Corp.
 Randall W. Wells.
 Eli Boyce.
 George Brown. Deserted.

James Burns. Deserted.
 James Carroll. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Michael Carty. Deserted.
 Jerome B. Casavant.
 George W. Davis. Deserted.
 Charles Dexter. Deserted.
 Silas Dickenson. Deserted.
 Thomas Farmer. Deserted.
 Charles Howard. Deserted.
 James Jackson. Died Jan. 2, 1865.
 James G. Law. Deserted.
 John Ryne. Deserted.
 Joseph Smyth. Deserted.
 James E. Whitney. Deserted.
 John Morris. Deserted.
 Samuel Morse. Deserted.

Company E.

SERGEANTS.

James Lamper. Deserted.
 Charles D. Currier. Captured.
 Edward Bushnell. Promoted Com. Sergt.
 Thomas Reid. Captured July 9, 1864.
 Lyman B. Pike. Killed at Monocacy July 9, 1864.

CORPORALS.

John G. Wright. Killed at Monocacy July 9, 1864.
 William J. Graham. Missed in action Nov. 7, 1863.
 William Mahoney. Promoted Color Sergt. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Judson W. Bentley.
 Squire J. Matteson.
 Charles E. Morse.
 Lewis Cary.
 Thomas S. Bailey.

MUSICIANS.

Milton D. Stewart.
 Norman M. Puffer. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

WAGONER.

Conrad Appel.

PRIVATEES.

Harvey H. Allen.
 Lorenzo D. Axtell. Wounded. Died June 10, 1864, of his wounds.
 William H. Axtell.
 James P. Babcock.
 Royal P. Barber.

George W. Bartlett. Died Jan. 19, 1863.

Robert Benjamin. Wounded April 2, 1865.

George W. Bennett.

Augustus A. Boutwell. Died Aug. 2, 1864.

Philander Brownell.

Zimori Brownell.

Albee Buss.

George Camp. Captured Dec. 3, 1863. Said to have died in Richmond,

Va.

Allen S. Canady. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

Hugh Carr. Died Dec. 7, 1862.

George H. Coburn. Wounded.

Selden H. Coburn. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Erskine E. Cole. Deserted.

Patrick Cone. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

John Cressa. Died Dec. 14, 1862.

Orriek Cressa.

Henry C. Dawson. Wounded April 2, 1865.

John J. Dunlap.

John B. Farnum. Died Dec. 7, 1862.

David O. Felt.

Charles P. Fitch. Died of wounds received in action.

Læcian A. Foot. Promoted Corp. Promoted Sergt. Died of wounds received at Cedar Creek.

Robert M. Forsyth. Promoted Corp. Promoted Sergt.

James C. Foster. Captured Oct. 12, 1863. Said to have died in Richmond, Va.

Fred C. French. Captured.

George O. Germain. Wounded. Promoted Corp.

Walter Graham. Promoted Corp. Promoted Sergt. 2d Lieut. Captured July 9, 1864.

Charles Green.

Bishop C. Guilder. Wounded April 2, 1865.

Henry Haley. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

John Hayden.

Parley Hill.

William Hughes. Died Dec. 27, 1862.

Edward Jaro. Promoted Corp.

James W. Jolley. Deserted.

Edward Kelley. Promoted Corp. Promoted Sergt.

Edwin L. Keyes. Promoted Corp. Wounded.

Myron Lillie. Promoted Corp. Killed at Cold Harbor.

Andrew J. Mattison.

John McBride. Died Nov. 16, 1862.

John McDonald.

James McKay. Promoted Corp. Wounded.

Orrin A. Montgomery. Captured. Died at Andersonville, Ga.
 William H. Montgomery. Promoted Corp. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Richard Moon. Promoted Drum Major. Transferred to Non-Com.
 staff.

Erwin W. Niles. Killed at Cold Harbor.

Thomas Pier. Lost or deserted.

John Rafferty. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Dennis Rafter.

Peter R. Randall.

Francis Reynolds. Mortally wounded June 3, 1864, at Cold Harbor.

Lucas Reynolds.

William E. Reynolds. Died Jan. 20, 1864.

Charles Rice. Died Sept. 3, 1864.

William Savage. Died Oct. 31, 1863.

Alfred Sears. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863; also again in 1864.

William H. Sears. Died Nov. 19, 1862.

Solon Shaw. Died Oct. 26, 1863.

Joseph J. Sherman.

Henry A. Silver.

Philander E. Smith. Deserted.

Thomas D. Sprague.

Orlin B. Sprague.

Henry Stafford. Promoted Sergt. Wounded.

John A. Stafford. Promoted Corp. Captured July 9, 1864.

Joseph C. Strobe. Wounded.

Andrew J. Torrance.

Andrew V. Turner. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.

Joel Walker. Wounded. Promoted Corp.

John L. Waters. Wounded. Promoted Corp.

Ira N. Warner. Wounded. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

George O. Warren. Died a prisoner at Andersonville, Ga.

Harvey Wheeler. Died Nov. 28, 1862.

James B. White. Deserted.

Stephen T. White.

Stephen R. Wilkinson. Died Dec. 10, 1862.

Henry C. Youngs. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.

RECRUITS.

Royal H. Barber. Died July 5, 1864, of wounds received in action.

Hiland L. Bentley.

Joseph S. Blodgett.

Hosea B. Curtis.

Richard Jordan.

John J. Jordan.

Charles H. Lampson.

Crossman M. Lincoln. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

James E. Lockwood. Died at Lynchburg, Va., a prisoner.
 Marcellus Mattison.
 Charles Mears. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 William H. Perkins.
 Thomas Rafter. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 William H. Stannard.
 John R. Steward. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Michael Sullivan.
 George H. Tomb. Died.
 Joseph T. Tomb. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Ezra M. Torrance.
 Henry E. Torrance.
 Alonzo Walters. Wounded.
 Harmon Whitton. Died June 6, 1864.
 James H. Wilkey. Wounded and transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Ammi N. Wyatt.
 Luther Moffitt. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Emory Wheeler.
 George F. White.
 James F. Wilcox.
 Charles Woodard.
 Patrick Grogan. Deserted.

Company F.

SERGEANTS.

Edward H. Powell. Promoted Lieut. Col. in colored troops.
 George W. Burnell. Promoted Capt. in colored troops. See officers' roster.
 Edward Vinelette. See officers' roster.
 Erastus Carpenter. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Levi H. Robinson. Wounded and promoted to colored troops.

CORPORALS.

John T. Willey. Deserted.
 Orcemer R. McGowan. Promoted Sergt. Killed at Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864.
 Stephen B. Maynard.
 Bernis A. Himes. Died Sept. 18, 1862.
 Philip Arsino. Wounded. Died July 3, 1864.
 Albert N. Nye. See officers' roster.
 William Chatfield. Died a prisoner at Andersonville, Ga., May 20, 1864.
 Albert James. Promoted to colored troops.

MUSICIANS.

Milo E. Royce. Died Oct. 27, 1862.
 Dawson W. Johnson.

WAGONER.

Emanuel Burnett.

PRIVATES.

Albert H. Allen. Died Sept. 14, 1864.
 Alanson M. Aseltyne. Wounded. Promoted Corp.
 John M. Aseltyne. Promoted Corp. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Merritt B. Aseltyne. Wounded. Died Dec. 27, 1863.
 William H. Bailey.
 Nathaniel A. Bangs. Deserted.
 Albert Belloir. Died of wounds received in action.
 Phillier Belloir. Deserted.
 Joseph Brooks.
 Charles M. Brow. Died July 18, 1864.
 Benjamin F. Brow. Promoted Corp.
 Lawrence Burke. Promoted Corp.
 Adolphus Burt. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.
 James Caldwell. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Peter Campbell.
 Joseph Casvant. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Erastus Cheney.
 John Cosgrove. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Carlos L. Cray. Died Dec. 13, 1863.
 Levi R. Darling. Died March 10, 1864.
 George Dart. Promoted Corp. and deserted.
 Jacob Decker.
 Jules Derex.
 Charles Dingman.
 William S. Dingman.
 Charles Downey. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Marshall H. Downey. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Azro R. Doyon. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 John Doyon.
 William East. Deserted.
 Silas E. Farnsworth. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Alvin J. Folsom.
 Johnson Gibson.
 Hugh Green.
 Michael Greene. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863. Captured April 2, 1865.
 Elijah Grover.
 Charles Hackett.
 Daniel P. Hamilton.
 Hermon H. Hamilton.
 Myron W. Hickok. Promoted Corp.
 George C. Himes. Missing June 1st, 1864. Died of wounds.
 John Hines.

George B. Hogaboom. Promoted Corp.
 Edgar O. Howard.
 Fred W. Howard. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863. Promoted Corp. Killed
 at Cold Harbor.
 William A. Jewett. Promoted Corp.
 John Lafountain. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Peter Lafountain. Captured July 9, 1864, at Monocacy.
 Henry Lagro. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Joel Lagro. Wounded.
 Newell Lambert. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Theodore Lambert.
 Francis Lapierre. Deserted.
 Henry Larose. Deserted.
 John Larose.
 Charles Lature. Deserted.
 John Louiselle. Promoted Corp. Killed at Winchester.
 Charles T. Magee.
 Ranald McDougall. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 John McNally 2d. Promoted Corp.
 William Miner. Captured April 2, 1865.
 George W. Monteith. Wounded March 25, 1865.
 John Monteith. Taken prisoner at Monocacy.
 Washington W. Munsell.
 George A. Parker. Promoted Corp.
 Smith J. Peacock. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.
 Thomas L. Phelps. Promoted Corp., do. Sergt.
 Charles A. Powell. Promoted to colored troops.
 Rasmus H. Rice. Promoted Corp., do. Sergt.
 Thomas D. Riley. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Charles Roby, Jr.
 Jean B. Rouilliard. Promoted Corp.
 Loyal P. Sheldon.
 Lucius Shepard.
 Lewis Shiney.
 Peter Shora.
 Richard Smith. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 William G. Smith. Deserted.
 Horace L. Stimets. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Michael Tatro. Dropped Aug. 31, 1864.
 Alanson Watson. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Hannibal Whitney. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

RECRUITS.

Roderick Chapin.
 Cassius M. C. Doton. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Frank Gainley.

Edward Gorman.
 Reuben Hamblet. Transferred to Vet Res. Corps.
 Nathan Hamilton.
 Frank P. Hibbard. Died June 9, 1864.
 Joel L. Hoag. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Heman Jackson.
 Lyman Kenney. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 William H. Mitchell. Wounded and deserted.
 Lucien B. Parker.
 Adian C. Proctor. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Matthew Quinn. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 John Rice. Died Oct. 15, 1864.
 Loren M. Rice. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Joseph Russell. Died Aug. 18, 1864.
 Lewis B. Vincent. Captured July 9, 1864, and died at Danville, Va.
 Marshall Bliss.
 Martin D. Cavanaugh. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Martin M. Downing.
 Peter Gallagher. Probably captured.
 Barrett W. Goff.
 James M. Goff. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Francis F. Hopkins.
 Enos W. Smith. Died June 5, 1865.
 James W. Smith.
 William Proctor. Killed at Cedar Creek.

Company G.

SERGEANTS.

Edward P. Farr. See officers' roster.
 Charles N. Martin. Wounded May 12, 1864.
 Almon Ingraham. See officers' roster.
 Van H. Bugbee. Transferred Signal Corps.
 Alpheus H. Cheney. Promoted colored troops.

CORPORALS.

Moses W. Leavitt.
 Thomas H. White. Promoted Serg. and 2d Lieut. See officers' roster.
 Levi N. Fullman. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.
 William C. Scruton. Died Sept. 19, 1863.
 Burns L. Center. Promoted Sergt. Died Feb. 28, 1864.
 Dennison L. Hopkins. Died of wounds received in action.
 Sargent A. Paige. Wounded May, June, 1864.
 Charles L. Rice.

MUSICIANS.

James H. George. Prom. to principal musician and leader of Band.
 Garom C. Getchell.

WAGONER.

Ralph Kendrick.

PRIVATEES.

Sylvester G. Abbott.

Moses C. Bacon. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.

Ira J. Badger. Wounded Wilderness Campaign. Killed at Winchester.

Alonzo F. Bartlett. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

Oscar F. Bartlett. Promoted Corp.

Edwin S. Battles. Wounded, afterwards killed at Winchester.

Peter Bingham. Killed at Winchester.

Almon C. Boutwell. Promoted Corp., wounded Wilderness Campaign.

Joseph A. Ballard. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863, died Jan. 27, 1864.

Henry P. Burnham. Killed at Cedar Creek.

Charles H. Carley.

Benjamin G. Chatfield.

Smith C. Cheney. Died Sept. 5, 1863.

Josiah Clark. Wounded Wilderness Campaign. Killed at Winchester.

Uriel A. Clark, Jr. Promoted Sergt.

Andrew J. Clayston. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.; do. 2d Lieut. See officers' roster.

John F. Corliss. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.

Leander Decamp. Died of wounds received Wilderness Campaign.

Jason Densmore. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863. Promoted Corp.

Simon Dewey. Wounded Apr. 26, 1865.

Newell F. Doten. Died Oct. 22, 1864.

Charles A. Edson. Died Mar. 7, 1864.

Edward Emory.

John Fimm.

Edward Fitzgerald. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt. Wounded Apr. 2, 1865.

George L. Flanders. Killed in action May 18, 1864.

Napolean Foucrean.

Daniel B. Freeman. Promoted Corp. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.

Henry F. Freeman. Wounded May, 1864. Promoted Corp., do. Sergt. Killed at Cedar Creek.

Julius Freeman. Promoted Corp. Wounded.

Dan B. Fuller. Wounded mortally at Winchester.

Charles H. George.

Osman C. B. George. Died Dec. 2, 1863.

John A. Griswold. Wounded and transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

James W. Hadlock.

Benjamin Hall.

Charles V. Haynes. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.

Milan Hebard.

Jonathan Hosford. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.

Benjamin F. Hyde.

David M. Jillson. Wounded Wilderness Campaign. Wounded Apr. 2, 1865.

Lucius M. Kent.

Loren G. Kidder. Wounded. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.

George F. Kinney. Died Nov. 24, 1862.

Alpha H. Luce. Killed at Cold Harbor.

Harvey B. Luce. Died Nov. 21, 1864.

Arthur W. Marston.

George E. Mason.

Hugh H. McIntyre. Transferred to Signal Corps.

Edward J. McKillip.

Azro P. McKinstry. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

Archibald McMurphy.

William J. Merritt. Died Feb. 8, 1865.

George B. Miles.

Edwin Z. Patterson. Wounded and transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Warren Pepper. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

George W. Perry. Died Feb. 24, 1864.

Justin J. Phelps. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.

John C. Place. Captured at Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864.

George L. Poor.

John H. Poor. Wounded and transferred Vet. Res. Corps.

Albert H. Porter. Wounded. Promoted Corp. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Andrew J. Pride. Promoted Corp.

Chester L. Reed. Died of wounds received Wilderness Campaign.

Ira A. Rice. Deserted and returned under President's Proclamation.

Erastus B. Rowell.

William Sanborn, Jr.

David Seymour. Promoted Corp.

Jotham Sherman. Died Mar. 7, 1863.

Harvey J. Spragne.

George Temple. Promoted Corp. Died Feb. 22, 1864.

Henry M. Tenney. Died Feb. 9, 1864.

Charles Thompson.

Otis Tiffany. Captured July 9, 1864. Died at Staunton, Va.

Edwin C. Tuttle. Promoted Corp. Wounded Apr. 2, 1865.

William Watt. Promoted Corp.

Alonzo B. Whitney. Promoted colored troops.

Alexander Wilkey. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.; do. 2d Lieut. See officers' roster.

Joseph K. Williams. Died of wounds received Wilderness Campaign.

Robert D. Winter. Promoted to colored troops.

George W. Wise. Promoted Corporal. Wounded Apr. 2, 1862.

Thomas L. Wood.

RECRUITS.

Jesse Clark. Died Feb. 10, 1864.
 George A. Emory.
 Lewis W. Flint.
 Edwin C. Hall. Wounded Apr. 2, 1865.
 Perry Hopkins. Wounded May 12, 1864.
 Cornelius Kellogg.
 David Lyman. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 George W. Martin.
 Samuel D. Parker. Died of wounds received at Petersburg Apr. 2, 1865.
 John F. Pearson. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Horace T. Smith. Wounded Apr. 2, 1865.
 David Whitney. Wounded Apr. 2, 1865.
 Lyman G. Woodbury. Captured July 9, 1864. Died at Danville, Va.,
 Nov. 4, 1864.
 Henry E. Campbell.
 Alfred Clark.
 John Clough. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Charles H. Crocker. Killed Cedar Creek.
 Thomas Dunn. Never joined the company.
 George G. Edson. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Charles Emery.
 Lewis E. Fisher.
 Jere N. George.
 Olin W. Goodale. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Charles Hallenbeck. Never joined the company.
 Charles A. Kelley.
 George Kingsbury.
 Asa H. Pepper.
 Charles E. Porter.
 John W. Raymond.
 George E. Rich.
 Aaron K. Smalley.
 Alfred B. Smalley.
 Smith Taylor.
 George H. Woodard. Wounded Apr. 2, 1862.
 Darius Whitcomb.

Company H.

SERGEANTS.

Henry G. Stiles. See officers' roster.
 Frank B. Davis. Promoted to colored troops.
 George C. Mead. Wounded in Wilderness Campaign.
 Edwin A. Pease.
 Artemus H. Wheeler. See officers' roster.

CORPORALS.

Jonathan C. How. Promoted Sergt.
 Warren P. Tenney. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Ezekiel T. Johnson. Promoted Sergt. Wounded.
 William A. Clement. See officers' roster.
 Sylvester H. Parker. Promoted Sergt. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Wilmer C. Barnard. Detailed to Hosp. Dept.
 William A. Chapin, Jr. Detailed to Hosp. Dept.
 Thomas Hadley.

MUSICIANS.

Thomas C. Ball. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 George H. Whitcomb.

WAGONER.

Charles S. Goddard.

PRIVATEES.

Alexander Abbott. Died Feb. 1, 1864.
 Wayland Adams.
 William B. Ashley.
 Alonzo Baker. Promoted Corp. Died Dec. 15, 1864.
 James T. Baldwin. Died of wounds received at Cedar Creek.
 Owen Bartley. Wounded in Wilderness Campaign. Killed at Winchester Sept. 19, 1864.
 Daniel F. Bennett. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Levi T. Blake. Deserted.
 Thomas C. Bond.
 John G. Bostwick. Detailed to Com. Dept.
 Zenas C. Bowen. Wounded in Wilderness Campaign.
 Charles H. Boyd.
 Laroy A. Britton. Died Dec 17, 1862.
 George A. Bucklin. Promoted Corp. Died of wounds received at Petersburg, April 2, 1865.
 Dwight E. Clement. Promoted Corp.
 William N. Cobb. Promoted Corp. Wounded.
 George Colby.
 George L. Colpoys. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Charles E. Colston. Promoted Corp.
 Nelson O. Cook. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Azro Craigne. Died June 21, 1864.
 Israel T. Croff. Died Jan. 6, 1863.
 John Daley. Promoted Corp.
 Isaac N. Davidson. Wounded.
 Ezra S. Dean. Promoted Corp.; do. colored troops.
 Edward A. Dickerman.
 Erwin M. Dunbar. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.

Jasper W. Dutton.
 Addison F. Eaton. Wounded.
 Samnel H. R. Emery.
 George H. Farnsworth.
 Austin Fenn. Promoted Corp.
 Patrick Finnegan. Promoted Corp.
 Joseph W. Fletcher. Promoted Corp. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Albert Gassett. Died July 15, 1864.
 Oscar Gassett. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863. Transferred to Vet. Res.
 Corps.
 John Gauthier.
 James H. Goldsmith.
 James Hale. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Austin Harlow. Died Feb. 20, 1864.
 Oscar Hemenway. Promoted Corp.
 Elijah J. Herrick. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.
 Adelbert R. Hill. Captured July 9, 1864.
 Charles Humphrey.
 Ira E. Hutchinson. Died of wounds received in Wilderness Campaign.
 William M. Jones. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Daniel Keating.
 Patrick C. Kennedy.
 Frank Larbush.
 Simon Lesage. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt. Killed at Winchester.
 Henry M. Lull. Died Nov. 4, 1862.
 Timothy B. Messer. Died of wounds received Apr. 2, 1865.
 Samuel E. Mower.
 Franklin W. Newman.
 Selden A. Nichols.
 Charles Oliver.
 William B. Paul. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Loren H. Pease.
 George P. Risdon. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Ulric T. Ross. Promoted Corp.
 Franklin Roys. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.
 David W. Sanderson. Deserted.
 Erastus Sargent. Deserted.
 William A. Sloane. Wounded Sept. 19, 1864, at Winchester.
 John Smith. Killed at Petersburg Mar. 25, 1865.
 Joseph A. Smith. Killed at Petersburg Mar. 25, 1865.
 Horace W. Stevens.
 John Stevens. Wounded Wilderness Campaign. Transferred Vet.
 Res. Corps.
 Dan E. Stone. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Sylvester C. Tarble.
 Joseph Upham.

Arthur T. Ware. Died Sept. 17, 1863.
 Daniel W. Ware.
 James H. Webster. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Frederick D. Whipple. Died Oct. 14, 1862.
 Franklin B. Whitcomb. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Elmore R. Whitney. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.
 Alvin Woodruff. Promoted Corp. Died Sept. 20, 1864.
 Charles H. Wyman. Wounded.
 Seneca Young.
 Francis Zuille. Promoted Corp.

RECRUITS.

Duncan Carron. Killed at Winchester.
 Daniel Dunn.
 Freeman J. Hale.
 Samuel S. Hall. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Horatio Holmes.
 Reuben S. Kirk. Promoted Corp.
 Rufus Noyse. Captured July 9, 1864, and died Sept. 14, 1864.
 William B. Nutting.
 Norman B. Read. Supposed killed at Cedar Creek.
 Martin V. Robbins. Died Jan. 29, 1864.
 Cileston Sylvester. Promoted Corp. Wounded Apr. 2, 1865.
 Henry F. West. Wounded.
 William L. Whitcomb.
 Chauncy L. Corbin.
 Alba Dart.
 Rufus B. Kirk.
 Aaron P. Knight. Killed at Winchester.
 Clarence E. Ware. Wounded at Petersburg Apr. 2, 1865.

Company I.

SERGEANTS.

Charles D. Bogue. See officers' roster.
 Austin W. Fuller. See officers' roster.
 Silas H. Lewis, Jr. See officers' roster.
 Darwin K. Gibson. See officers' roster.
 William White. See officers' roster.

CORPORALS.

Andrew Stevens. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 David Foster. Died March 18, 1863.
 John W. Carpenter. Promoted Sergt. Wounded at Cold Harbor.
 Died in transit to Washington.
 William S. Shepard.

William W. Garvin. Died March 7, 1865.

Stephen D. Hopkins. Wounded.

Thomas Hogle. Promoted Sergt. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.

MUSICIANS.

Ransom J. Smith.

Charles H. Watson.

WAGONER.

James Burns.

PRIVATEES.

John B. Atwood. Wounded.

Alba M. Banks.

John Barabo. Died Sept. 22, 1864.

Ira M. Barnes. Died Sept. 24, 1863.

Sheldon J. Barnes. Died Jan. 3, 1863.

Edward E. Bates. Promoted Corp.

William Bates. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.

Henry D. Batchley. Captured July 9, 1864. Died at Danville, Va., a prisoner, Jan. 2, 1865.

Robert R. Blood. Deserted before muster.

William P. Brown. Promoted Corp. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

Luther Burnham. Promoted Corp.

Michael Cavanaugh.

George Church. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.; do. Sergt.-Maj.

Peter W. Crady. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.

John Cross 1st. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.

John Cross 2d.

William Curtis.

Allen E. Daniels. Promoted Corp.

Noble B. Daniels. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

Albert Davis. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863, and Wilderness Campaign. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Benjamin B. Davis. Died a prisoner at Richmond, Va.

Hiram H. Davis. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Norman Dunbar. Died May 26, 1863.

John Dunn. Promoted Corporal. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

Stephen A. Eldred. Wounded and transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

Cyrus J. Easterbrook. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.

Gardner Fay. Pro. Corp. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.

Lewis L. Fisher. Killed at Cold Harbor.

Woster S. Flood.

David Goehy. Promoted Corporal.

Carlos Garron.

Hannibal H. Gould. Died Dec. 22, 1863.

Felix Hackett. Died Jan. 16, 1863.

Clark A. Hull.
 Theodore Hutchinson. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Charles H. Ives. Died Dec. 19, 1863.
 William Kelley.
 Edson B. Larabee. Promoted Corp. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Charles Lavalie. Died Feb. 19, 1863.
 David Lawrence.
 Palmer C. Leach. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Alvah N. Learned.
 Nelson Leonard. Deserted.
 Leander C. Levens. Promoted Corp. Promoted to colored troops.
 Joseph Martin. Died Jan. 28, 1863.
 John Martin. Deserted.
 James McNany.
 John Millington.
 Joseph Minor. Died Aug. 16, 1863.
 Jay O. Mudgett. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Edward Nailor.
 Joseph Nailor.
 Sanford Newell.
 Freeman E. Norris. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.
 Jacob E. Norris. Died Oct. 29, 1862.
 Patrick C. O'Neal. Promoted Corporal and killed at Cold Harbor.
 Anson S. Ormsby. Promoted Corporal. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Henry H. Ormsby.
 Charles Paine. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.
 Luther Perigo.
 Orin S. Powers.
 Charles H. Reynolds. See officers' roster.
 Ibra Schoolcraft. Died Feb. 29, 1864.
 Harmon H. Searles. Missing in action Oct. 12, 1863.
 DeWitt B. Sexton.
 Albert M. Smith. Died Aug. 8, 1864, of wounds.
 Franklin B. Smith.
 James T. Smith.
 Romeo Smith. Killed Nov. 27, 1863.
 Peter Sour. Promoted Corp.
 Asa A. Start.
 Charles St. Germain. Died Dec. 14, 1862.
 John St. Germain. Deserted.
 John Taylor.
 Joseph Theberge. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Moses Vancore. Died March 10, 1863.
 Oscar E. Wait. Promoted Corp.
 Charles W. Wheeler. Prom. Corp.; do. Sergt.; see officers' roster.
 Addison Wheelock. Promoted Corp. Wounded.

Alden D. Wheelock. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Charles H. Whittemore. Prom. Corp.; do. Sergt. Wounded Apr. 2, 1865.
 Gideon D. Williams. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

RECRUITS.

Philander Allen. Deserted.
 Charles Billings. Died July 8, 1864.
 Alonzo N. Clark.
 Franklin Columbia. Missing in action June 1, 1864.
 Francis Delancy. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 William H. Dutton. Killed at Monocacy.
 Almon W. Hale. Mortally wounded June 1, 1864.
 Hollis H. Hood. Died Feb. 9, 1864.
 William R. Hoyt. Prom. Corp.; do. Sergt.; do. Sergt. Maj.; do. Lieut.
 John Hussey, Jr.
 Charles Jandreau. Died June 7, 1864.
 Albert W. Lang. Died Aug. 4, 1864.
 Lafayette Lucas.
 Plummer F. Lunt. Died July 1, 1864.
 Edgar D. Mudgett.
 George R. Newton. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 George W. Porter. Died March 22, 1865.
 Thomas Proper.
 Charles Rich. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 James Shaw, Jr. Missing in action June 1, 1864.
 John Shaw. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Edwin W. Skeels. Captured at Monocacy. Died at Danville, Va., Oct. 11, 1864.
 Samuel W. Smith.
 Silas J. Smith.
 George Austin.
 John Brasier.
 John Chabanneaux. Deserted.
 Joseph R. Cornell.
 Abel A. Heath.
 Patrick Kelley.
 Amos W. Samson.
 Mike Sower.

Company K.

SERGEANTS.

P. B. Clark. See officers' roster.
 William H. Blake. Prom. 1st Sergt. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Sylvester B. Ball. Died May 6, 1865.
 George S. Newcomb. Died Dec. 14, 1862.
 Chester S. Stevens. Died Dec. 21, 1862.

CORPORALS.

Edward Meek. Died Oct. 2, 1864.
 George H. Lawrence. Died of wounds received in action.
 Ebenezer J. Bruce. Promoted Sergt.
 Charles P. Hadlock. Prom. Sergt.; do. 2d Lieut. See officers' roster.
 Zophar M. Mansur.
 John W. Baneroft.
 Maschil Hunt. Promoted Sergt.
 Charles H. Gray. Promoted Sergt.

MUSICIAN.

Nelson J. Lee.

WAGONER.

Ivora S. Goodwin. Promoted Corp. Wounded and transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.

PRIVATEES.

Thomas Alford. Killed May 5, 1864.
 Ambrose Allard.
 Alonzo Allen. Died May 3, 1863.
 Daniel W. Allen.
 Alonzo Amsden. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Austin Betters.
 John B. Betters. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 John E. Betters. Lost in the Wilderness.
 Jotham A. Black. Promoted Corp.
 James Blodgett.
 George W. Blodgett. Promoted Corp. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 B. F. Bowen. Wounded in Wilderness. Killed at Cedar Creek Oct. 19, 1864.
 Lysander A. Braynard. Promoted Corp. Wounded in Wilderness.
 George W. Bruce. Deserted.
 William Bruce.
 Dawson ~~Desert.~~ *Burt-*
 Joseph N. Calhoun. Wounded.
 William H. Calkins.
 Orsin Cate.
 George A. Chaffee.
 Richard W. Chaplin. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 Lemuel R. Chase. Deserted.
 Kimball Clifford.
 Joseph N. Daggett. Promoted Corporal.
 Alden O. Dane. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Ephraim Danforth. Deserted.
 William Dennison.

Calvin Dunn. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Joseph P. Dutton.
 David Dwire. Killed at Petersburg Apr. 2, 1865.
 James B. Ellis. Died Jan. 26, 1864.
 John W. H. Evans. Died Oct. 16, 1862.
 Plummer Foss.
 Mozart Foss. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Arba A. Freeman. Died Nov. 26, 1862.
 John C. George.
 Rimmon T. Griffin.
 Robert Gummer.
 Johnson B. Hart. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Hiram Harvey.
 Samuel E. Harvey. Died Nov. 19, 1863.
 Henry W. Hazeltine. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 John Heath.
 Lewis H. Ingerson.
 William P. Johnson.
 Albert G. Lawrence. Wounded Nov. 31, 1863. Died Jan. 8, 1864.
 Ezra L. Litchfield.
 Jacob C. Mansur.
 David F. Marston. Killed Nov. 28, 1863.
 John A. McCay. Transferred Vet. Reserve Corps.
 Joshua B. McCay. Wounded Nov. 27, 1863.
 Chancey C. Meacham. Killed at Cedar Creek.
 Riley C. Merriam. Fell out by the way and shot by guerrillas.
 Ira A. Moulton.
 John G. Moulton.
 William S. Moulton. Missing in action June 1, 1864.
 Isaac Musk. Died Nov. 3, 1862.
 Alexander T. Norris. Promoted Corp. Transferred Vet. Res. Corps.
 George Norris. Died Oct. 13, 1862.
 John Piper 2d. Died April 22, 1864.
 Lucien C. Piper. Promoted Corp. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 David W. Rogers. Promoted Corp. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Peter A. Smith. Died of wounds June 15, 1864.
 Judson Spofford. Wounded March 25, 1865.
 Gordon Stanford.
 Albert H. Stoddard.
 James Stratton. Died April 18, 1864.
 Harrison Switzer. Died Dec. 5, 1862.
 Edward J. Thomas. Died Dec. 2, 1862.
 George H. Tice. Promoted Corp.; do. Sergt.
 Alanson J. Tinker. Died of wounds June 2, 1865.
 Henry J. Titus.
 Ira F. Varney. Promoted Corp.

Calvin F. Wallis. Transferred to Vet. Res. Corps.
 Edward Warner. Died Dec. 23, 1862.
 Curtis H. Waterman.
 Charles Williams.
 Lewis Wood. Died of wounds June 6, 1864.

RECRUITS.

Homer Bradley.
 Joseph Braynard. Died of wounds June 21, 1864.
 Lyman J. Brown.
 Harry Cheney.
 Joseph A. Colby.
 Leander Davis. Missing in action July 9, 1864. Died at Danville, N. C.
 Herbert A. Drown. Died Sept. 10, 1864.
 Edwin Foster.
 Noah W. Gray. Wounded Wilderness Campaign.
 Edward S. Gillman.
 John D. Griffin.
 Bradbury A. Hunt.
 James Hussey. Missing in action Sept. 23, 1864.
 William Lowe. Deserted.
 John Lunderville. Missing in action July 9, 1864.
 Charles F. Martin. Killed at Cold Harbor.
 Hiram Morse. Died June 10, 1864.
 Nathaniel Piper.
 Eli M. Quimby. Wounded April 2, 1865.
 Andrew Richards.
 Anthony Rollins. Deserted.
 Fred W. Root. Wounded April 6, 1865.
 Charles Wilder. Wounded April 2, 1865.

FINAL STATEMENT.

TENTH REGIMENT.

Original members—

Commissioned officers, 38

Enlisted men,	977	Total,	1015
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GAIN.

Promotion from other regiments—

Commissioned officers,	
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Transfer from other regiments—

Enlisted men.	1
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Recruits—

Appointed Commissioned officers. 2

Enlisted men,	284	Total,	286
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Total gain,	280
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Aggregate,	1304
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LOSS.

Promotion —

To other regiments, Commissioned officers, . . . 2

To U. S. Army, " " 8

Enlisted men, . . . 20 Total, 28

Total by promotion.	30
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Transfer—

To Vet. Reserve Corps, Enlisted men,	. . .	75
--------------------------------------	-------	----

To Signal Corps,	"	"	.	.	.	4
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To Signal Corps,					
To Navy,	"	"	.	.	1

To Navy,					
To Regular Army,	"	"	.	.	13

To Regular Army,					
To other regiments.	"	"	.	.	\$

Total by transfer.	99
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Death—

Killed in action,	Com. officers,	7
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Enlisted men, 76 Total, 83

Wounds received in action, Com. officers, 2

Enlisted men.	56	Total,	58
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Disease.	“	“	.	.	153
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Disease,	“	“	.	.	36
Prisoners,					

Prisoners,					
From accident,	"	"	"	"	"

Total by death,	332
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Discharge—

Resignation,	Com. officers,	.	.	.	13
Disability,	“	“	.	.	4
	Enlisted men,	131	Total,		135
Wounds received in action,	Com. officers,	6			
	Enlisted men,	70	Total,		76
Dishonorable,	Com. officers,	2			
	Enlisted men,	2	Total,		4

Total by discharge, 228

Deserted, 66

Not finally accounted for, 3

Total loss, 758

Mustered out of service, Com. officers, 37

Enlisted men, 509 Total, . . . 546

Aggregate, 1304

Total wounded, . . . 356

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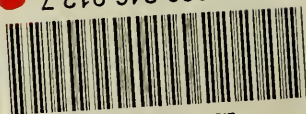
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